Modern Screen

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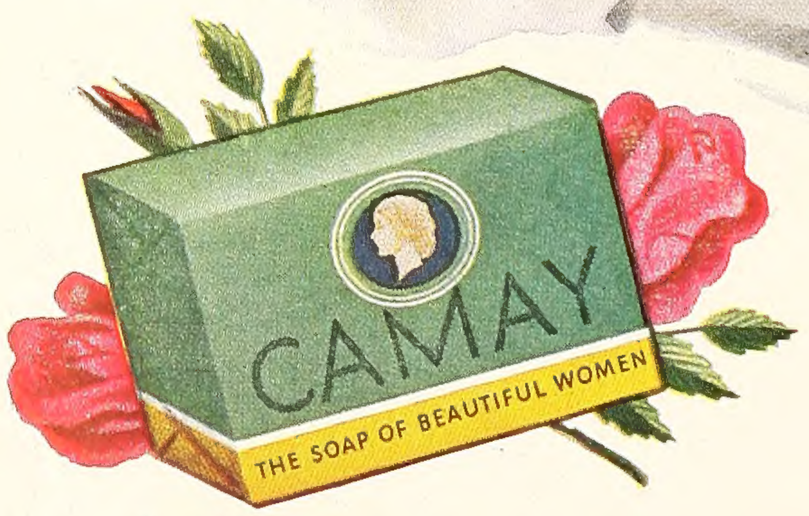
EGORY PECK

Just One Cake of Camay Brings Softer, Smoother Skin!



MRS. RUSSELL FLAGG GREER
the former Gloria Harpe of Coral Gables, Fla.
Bridal portrait painted by MAWICKE

Like a dream come true, your complexion is clearer, fresher—with your very *first cake* of Camay! Yes, new loveliness can be yours when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores of complexions. And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother, younger-looking skin!



Cherish Camay—use every sliver. Precious materials go into making soap.

NOTES ON THE ROMANCE OF THE GREERS

Shell-hunting on the golden Florida sands, Russ wooed and won lovely, blue-eyed Gloria. Her complexion is fair as the skies that smiled down on their romance! "Camay is my standby for skin care," Gloria discloses, "since my very *first cake* of Camay brought out a real sparkle in my complexion!"



Gay goings-on at the Greers'! And the fresh beauty of this charming hostess rates applause. "Russ often compliments my complexion—thanks to *mild* Camay care!" So Gloria promises, "to *keep* my skin winning praises, I'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." You can make *your* skin lovelier, too! Every Camay wrapper tells you how.



You can't wash away the future, Sis!

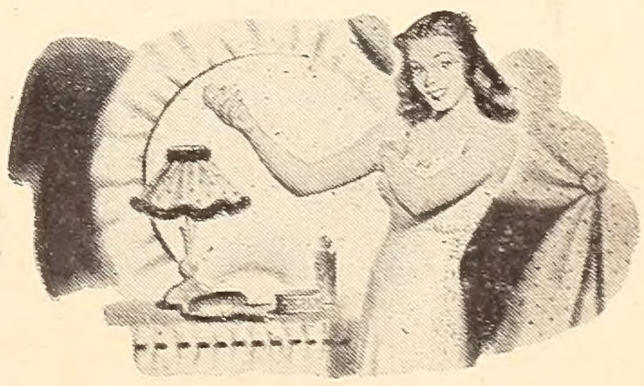
Your bath just brought you up to date. Now give that freshness a future with Mum

SEEMS SILLY to worry about being dainty when you're fresh as a baby from your bath. And there's no need to, either, if you clinch that charm at the start with Mum.

True, your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but it can't protect you against risk of underarm odor *to come*. So why take chances—play safe with Mum.

Creamy, snow-white Mum takes just half a minute to smooth on. Just 30 seconds to guard your band-box freshness—to keep you free from offending—for the whole day or evening ahead.

Safe, quick, sure—Mum prevents underarm odor *without* irritating your skin or injuring fine fabrics. And Mum won't dry out in the jar or form irritating crystals. Not too late to use Mum even *after* you're dressed. So get a jar of Mum today.



Mum — MUM — takes the odor out of perspiration

Product of Bristol-Myers

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We can dream, can't we? Our favorite daydream goes something like this . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

We sing a beautiful love song and immediately Esther Williams rushes to our side. We leap lightly to the dance floor and do a terrific rhumba with the lovely star in our arms . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, Van Johnson actually does all that and *more* in M-G-M's great new Technicolor musical, "Easy to Wed"!



Yes, Van sings, dances and romances with *two* of Hollywood's glamour-girls —Esther Williams and Lucille Ball.

★ ★ ★ ★

And with Keenan Wynn to round out an unbeatable foursome, "Easy to Wed" is easily the most light-hearted laugh-fest to come rippling your way.

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has given it a grand supporting cast including Cecil Kellaway, Carlos Ramirez, Ben Blue—and Ethel Smith at the organ for an extra treat.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Easy to Wed" is easy to take. A lot of credit goes to Director Edward Buzzell and Producer Jack Cummings. And to Dorothy Kingsley who adapted it from the screenplay "Libeled Lady" by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers and George Oppenheimer.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's not easy to top such musicals as "Anchors Aweigh" or "The Harvey Girls."

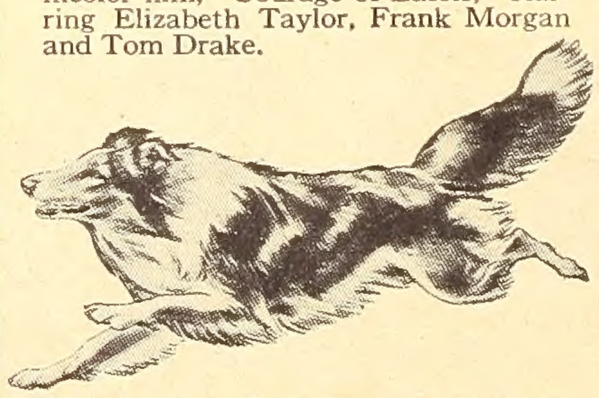


★ ★ ★ ★

But "Easy" does it!

—Leo

BARGAIN PORTRAIT! Paul Bransom, famous painter, has done a magnificent new color portrait of Lassie. It was inspired by Lassie's new Technicolor film, "Courage of Lassie," starring Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Morgan and Tom Drake.



There's only a limited supply, but you may have an 8" x 10" reproduction by writing Lassie, Box 1084, Dept. A, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Please send 15c to cover mailing costs.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

modern screen

AUGUST, 1946

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THROUGHOUT HOLLYWOOD



the talk today is about an M-G-M picture that will probably win prizes and trophies and acclaim for its very sincere, warm and human story. It's called THREE WISE FOOLS and it tells of a little Irish-girl-with-a-brogue (played by Margaret O'Brien) who brings a flood of sunshine into the lives of three hard-bitten bachelors. It is so rich with laughter and tears that for years to come it will be enjoyed again and again by millions of Americans.



"Three Wise Fools"

IS ONE OF THE GREAT COMING M-G-M PICTURES!

M-G-M presents "THREE WISE FOOLS" with Margaret O'BRIEN • Lionel BARRYMORE • Lewis STONE • Edward ARNOLD • Ray Collins
Jane Darwell • Charles Dingle • Cyd Charisse • Harry Davenport and Thomas MITCHELL • Screen Play by John McDERMOTT and James O'HANLON • Story by John McDermott
Based Upon the Play by Austin Strong • Staged by Winchell Smith • Presented by John Golden • Directed by Edward Buzzell • Produced by William H. Wright • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



■ In a blaze of "Bernard Shawiana," superb photography and panoramic dazzle, "Caesar and Cleopatra" have arrived in the celluloid; bag, baggage and clatter of magnificent trappings.

No spectacular circus ever thundered more portentously into town than Caesar and his goings-on. This G.C.F. Technicolor presentation of Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," starring Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains, is scenarioed by the author, and produced and directed by Gabrial Pascal.

After you have seen it, hold on to your sense of direction when you leave the motion picture theater, because it is going to take you quite some time to get down to earth sufficiently to figure out in what direction lies your bus line home.

For two hours you will have been transplanted to the bleached desert sands of Egypt, moving in the immense shadow of the Sphinx.

All hail Claude Rains' imperial performance as Julius Caesar! This artist, who once played a tenement father in one of my own motion pictures, is brilliantly authentic, at least to this reviewer's concept of the head on the Roman coin. From the moment of his entry into the picture, where he faces the stunningly dramatic Sphinx under a star-spangled desert sky, he sets the pace for an unfalteringly first rate performance.

And what (*Continued on page* 8)



Dreams of great conquest tempted rulers of centuries ago. Brittanus (Cecil Parker) watches as Caesar (C. Rains) and Cleopatra (V. Leigh) plot to conquer the world.

FANNIE HURST

SELECTS

"CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA"

Let's Celebrate!

. . . a summertime of joyous romance!
. . . a screen full of stars and spectacle!
. . . a story full of glorious new Kern songs!



JEANNE CRAIN
as starry-eyed JULIA!



CORNEL WILDE
as fascinating PHILIPPE!



LINDA DARNELL
as sultry EDITH!

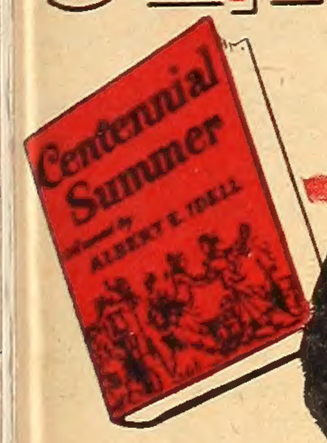


WILLIAM EYTHE
as good old BEN!

JEROME KERN'S

CENTENNIAL SUMMER

IN TECHNICOLOR





WALTER BRENNAN
as irascible JESSE!



CONSTANCE BENNETT
as man-grabbing ZENIA!



DOROTHY GISH
as lovely HARRIET!

Songs
BY JEROME KERN

"All Through The Day"
Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II

•

"In Love In Vain"
"Up With The Lark"
"The Right Romance"
"Railroad Song"
Lyrics by Leo Robin

•

"Cinderella Sue"
Lyrics by E. Y. Harburg



Screen Play by Michael Kanin • Based on the Novel by Albert E. Idell • Music by Jerome Kern • Dances Staged by Dorothy Fox

Produced and Directed by
OTTO PREMINGER

20th CENTURY-FOX

M-G-M Star on the Cover



★ Seldom has a star skyrocketed so quickly into the favor of fans throughout the country as has Gregory Peck. In the short space of three years, and in four pictures, Gregory Peck has become the screen idol of millions and is recognized as one of Hollywood's outstanding stars.

★ That record would be good enough reason, in itself, for Greg to appear on the cover. But this is the year of "The Yearling", and after you have seen Greg's magnificent performance in "The Yearling", you'll say that this is also 'The Year of Gregory Peck'.

★ "The Yearling", Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, was in production for four years. It is not often that a studio spends so much time on a picture, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer knew they had a story so humanly great, it would rank as one of the all-time best.

★ The part of Penny Baxter, a pioneer farmer in the wild Florida scrub country, presented a very difficult casting problem—until Gregory Peck came along. His lanky 6′ 2½″ frame, lithe 170 pounds, unruly brown hair and thoughtful brown eyes bring the earthy, hardworking, philosophical Penny to pulsing, vivid life.

★ Greg was born at La Jolla, Calif., and during his early schooling there and in San Diego, he planned to become a doctor. After a year at San Diego College, he entered the University of Southern California. Versatile at almost everything, Greg was on the crew and starred in college plays. By graduation time, Greg had abandoned medicine to major in English and Drama.

★ A scholarship to the New York Neighborhood Playhouse School of Dramatics gave him additional dramatic training and Broadway parts followed. Katherine Cornell and Guthrie McClintic recognized his unusual talent, and Greg was given lead roles.

★ Then came Hollywood—and by the time Greg had finished his first picture, he was under contract to make fifteen pictures in the next four years. Gregory Peck's success story probably has no rival in all filmdom's history . . . any wonder?

Watch for his next M·G·M film hit

☆ ☆ "THE YEARLING" ☆ ☆

FANNIE HURST SELECTS "CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA"

(*Continued from page 6*)

does that Sphinx conceal within its claws? A kitten! A kitten the size of a lynx-eyed child of such high power motion picture voltage that you slide incredulously forward on your seat.

But even though the ingredients for warmly human story telling may not rest in the story of Caesar's trip to Egypt, from the moment Vivien Leigh, as the young Cleopatra, reveals herself in the claw of the Sphinx, the dazzle is on!

There may be plenty of picture making that surpasses this Shaw-Pascal version of "Caesar and Cleopatra" in magnitude and cunningness of device, but I have yet to see its consistent splendor duplicated. There is not one moment of this two-hour picture which is not exciting and rewarding to the eye. Its taste and beauty are just about impeccable. And that holds for most of the acting of the caste, and all of the acting of Miss Leigh and Mr. Rains. Yet it must be conceded that the production overpowers the story.

Well, what can you expect of a plot which never quite reaches its love interest? To be sure, the central figure is a Roman conqueror who has what it takes, and who conceals beneath his laurel wreath and bald head, brain convolutions of no mean depth. To be sure also, the girl whom he encounters hiding within the Sphinx's claw from the invasion of his armies, is a very young and very beautiful kitten of destiny, with her mind set on being Queen of Egypt. This, of course, is the theme of the Shaw play; and played it is for all it is worth with the artistry and faithfulness to detail for which Pascal is so renowned.

Despite the fact that Rains never seems less than Emperor, Cleopatra, beautiful as love, and fleeing the approach of the invaders, fails to recognize him. Instead, she accepts him as a pleasant enough old dodo and treats him accordingly.

But later on, in her dream-like desert palace where she is living in the most exquisite state of exile conceivable by Mr. Pascal, her eyes are opened to Caesar's identity and she hurls herself in his arms, as he promises to make her a real Queen.

Now the story moves into the phase of her rivalry for the throne of her young brother, Ptolemy, a role finely played by young Francis Sullivan. The boy-king's followers have the support of a standing Roman army. With this group, however, the great Caesar has little traffic. He flays them as scoundrels and with his secretary, Britannus, to whom Shaw characteristically gives his most Shavian speeches, maneuvers the delighted Cleopatra into her brother's place on the throne.

Don't think that Cleopatra accomplishes all this without time out for costume changes beyond the pale of ordinary description. Cleopatra must have been the ten best-dressed women of her time! Feline beyond the point of subtlety, she is also gowned beyond the point of subtlety, but beauty remains the word for her raiment. An ornamental adder dips its head toward her lovely bosom. A lotus flower encircles her incredibly slim waist. As she develops from kitten into Egyptian cat of slit-eyed, lithe-flanked splendor, she likewise emerges into a realization of her own powers. By now she has learned to slap, instead of be slapped by the maid, Ftatateeta (Flora Robson). To flog. To crack whips.

Miss Leigh now plays her role not only as Queen, but as more than Queen among warring forces that surround her.

The historic aspects of Caesar and Cleopatra, for the most part satisfactorily authentic, take their subordinate place beneath the glare and dazzle of the two personalities who dominate the story.

To be sure, the Egyptian forces, Ptolemy; his guardian, Pothinus; Caesar's second-in-command, Rufio, (Basil Sydney); the young Sicilian gallant, Apollodorus; all contrive to give historic setting for the invasion of the Roman forces into Egypt.

The narrative leads up to the lurid, melodramatic scene where Caesar and Rufio plan to seize the Pharus Lighthouse, and thus make themselves masters of the Alexandria harbor. Against Caesar's orders, Cleopatra, naughty little wench, contrives to join him at the lighthouse by having herself rolled in a carpet, and rowed across the harbor by the young Apollodorus, whose exquisiteness matches her own.

Then comes the slightly ridiculous, but wholly amusing escape of the entire party, including Cleopatra, in cloth of gold beyond king's ransom, jumping into the sea and swimming to the Roman galleys, Caesar, of course, carrying the dripping Queen in his arms.

Somehow the picture making comes off more happily than the Shavian writing which, however, is still so brilliantly distinctive that the lines of Shaw intone like a euphonious and impudent bell.

Well, as the textbooks have it, Caesar defeats Ptolemy and Achillas in the desert, and he does it in a pictorial series of sequences as beautiful as classical paintings. The sunlight of the Pascal desert lingers with you for days; color has poured in such profusion across the screen that it, too, stains the memory.

Acting which raises Claude Rains to heights also lingers, and Vivien Leigh is as perfect as the lotus flower at her waist.

Leaving Rufio to assist Cleopatra in her plans to govern the Egyptians, Caesar finally sails for home.

The child Cleopatra, "Caesar's most dangerous conquest," weeps with her sea-green eyes as he goes—weeps as she watches—weeps as she plots. . . .

Hail to Caesar and Cleopatra!

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While Lon McCallister was visiting Philadelphia during the showing of "Winged Victory," he appeared before the student body of our high school. After the assembly was dismissed, an admiring audience watched Pvt. McCallister make his way up the aisle toward the principal's office. Not certain which way to go, he looked for guidance. There were hundreds who would've been more than glad to escort him, but Lon turned to a little crippled girl and asked her assistance. Taking his hand, the girl took him to the main office before an envious crowd of onlookers. Expressing his thanks, Lon bent down and kissed the girl on the cheek. That high school student will never forget that day. I should know, for the girl was yours truly!

Claire Elliott
Philadelphia, Pa.

Barbara Stanwyck
Van Heflin
Lizabeth Scott



FATE DREW THEM TOGETHER AND ONLY MURDER COULD PART THEM!

There's a tender side to this drama, too, and lovely Lizabeth Scott is it!

Hal Wallis'
Production

"The Strange Love of Martha Ivers"



(whisper HER NAME...)

with
Kirk Douglas
A brilliant new find
Judith Anderson
Directed by Lewis Milestone
Screenplay by Robert Rossen
A Paramount Picture



Stronger Grip



Won't Slip Out



Try again next time if your store is out of *DeLong Bob Pins* today. We're making more now, but still not enough to meet the demand.

by Virginia Wilson

MOVIE REVIEWS

Sister Kenny

■ This is a truly great picture. I'm glad it was filmed, and I'm especially glad that Rosalind Russell stars in it. She makes Sister Kenny as human and wonderful a woman as she must be in real life—the woman whose revolutionary treatment for infantile paralysis has saved thousands of children from life long deformity. That treatment originated pretty much by accident. In 1909 we find Liz Kenny (Rosalind Russell) just graduated from nursing school in Australia. Doctor McDonnell (Alexander Knox), the head of the hospital, would like her to work there with him. But Liz has other ideas. She knows that in the back country, the "bush" region, where her family lives, there are neither doctors nor nurses. She has decided her work lies there.

It's tough going for a girl. The patients are widely scattered and it means many miles in the saddle each day. It means working without proper equipment. And Liz is no doctor, remember. She isn't even a really experienced nurse—just a girl who wants to do what she can to help. It's no wonder that when little Dorrie McIntire gets sick, Liz isn't sure what's the matter. She telegraphs a description of the symptoms to Doctor McDonnell, and he wires back his diagnosis. "Infantile paralysis. No known treatment." So Liz goes ahead as best she can. Hot packs, and then later, massage and exercise of the muscles. How is she to know that what she's doing is the direct opposite of what every doctor believes in—complete immobilization of the patient? An epidemic of the disease develops. Liz isn't surprised that her patients recover complete use of their limbs, because she doesn't realize that infantile paralysis is usually crippling.

When the epidemic is over, Liz makes plans to marry Kevin Connors (Dean Jagger), whom she has loved for years. Kevin is humorously plaintive about the way Liz has neglected him for her patients. It's just as well that in Australia nurses must retire when they marry. He goes with Liz to the city hospital to meet her old friend, Doctor McDonnell. It's then that Liz learns the facts about infantile paralysis. McDonnell (*Continued on page* 18)



Sister Kenny (R. Russell) and Dr. McDonnell (A. Knox) have no time for love—just science.

FLASH TO ALL FANS!
The world premiere has broken every record at the Hollywood Theatre on Broadway!

THIS IS PATRICIA WHO WAS TROUBLE



BETTE DAVIS

TWICE AS THRILLING IN HER DOUBLE ROLE!

THIS IS KATE WHO WAS TRUE



Twin Sisters so alike in looks... so different in heart!

WARNERS'

"A STOLEN LIFE"





WITH GLENN FORD · DANE CLARK · WALTER BRENNAN · CHARLIE RUGGLES

DIRECTED BY CURTIS BERNHARDT

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TALKING PICTURES — Warner

SCREEN PLAY BY CATHERINE TURNEY • ADAPTED BY MARGARET BUELL WILDER
FROM A NOVEL BY KAREL J. BENES • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

By LEONARD FEATHER





Hot saxophonist Charles Daly Barnet, of "Cherokee" and "Redskin Rhumba" fame.



Fran Warren, the Barnet thrush, used to warble for Art Mooney, is an ex-N.Y. gal.

■ First of all, many apologies for the caption in the June issue which identified Paula Kelly of the Modernaires as Paula Stone. Miss Kelly was the sweet singing lady in question, and a Paula by any other name is not half so sweet to the Modernaires. Also, in the July issue, Chesterfield Supper Club maestro Lloyd Shaffer wasn't identified in the caption under that picture of him and Carole Landis and Perry Como in back of a microphone.

Now, since I am in a very lovely humor, having just had a small vacation, I shall let you in on some superior records. (You'd think I didn't get paid for this, wouldn't you?) First of all, for the best popular stuff of the month, I suggest you try "Youmans Memorial Salute"—a few of the late Vincent Youmans' best things, on four Victor sides by Russ Case. A little more extravagant than the usual one-tune choice, but if you can possibly manage to get them, you'll be awfully glad.

For the best hot jazz record of the month, try "Boyd Meets Stravinsky." More about that later.

BEST POPULAR

YOUMANS MEMORIAL SALUTE—Russ Case (Victor)—You might call this a Case history, because it's all about Mr. Russ Case, the one-man-band-and-then-some. Once upon a time, he was a trumpet player; he's conducted for the Metropolitan Opera's Dorothy Kirsten; he's the director in charge of popular music at RCA-Victor, and in between times, he rounded up his own band and recorded (*Continued on page 16*)



Rex Ingram (left) and Ruby Hill, stars of "St. Louis Woman," partying with Duke Ellington.

RKO

BACK... at last... eager to get their arms around a girl!

Here is the "at home" story of your fighting men... and the loves that spur them on!



YOU "discovered" these three new stars!

GUY MADISON
The sailor in "Since You Went Away"

•

ROBERT MITCHUM
in "The Story of G. I. Joe"

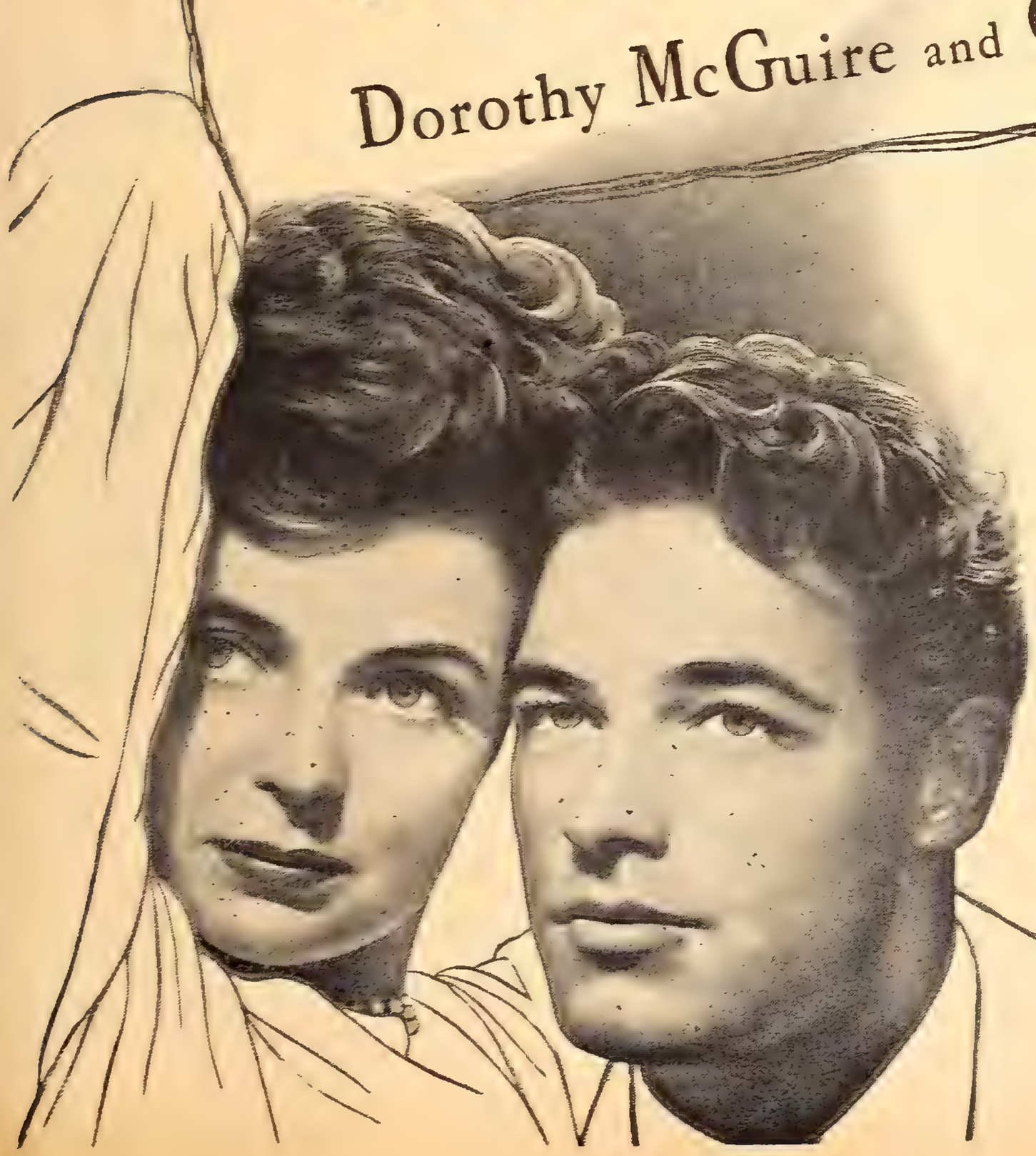
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BILL WILLIAMS
in "Those Endearing Young Charms"

Till the End of Time

starring

Dorothy McGuire and Guy Madison



Robert Mitchum
Bill Williams

with

Tom Tully • William Gargan

Jean Porter • Johnny Sands

Loren Tindall

A Dore Schary Production

Directed by Edward Dmytryk

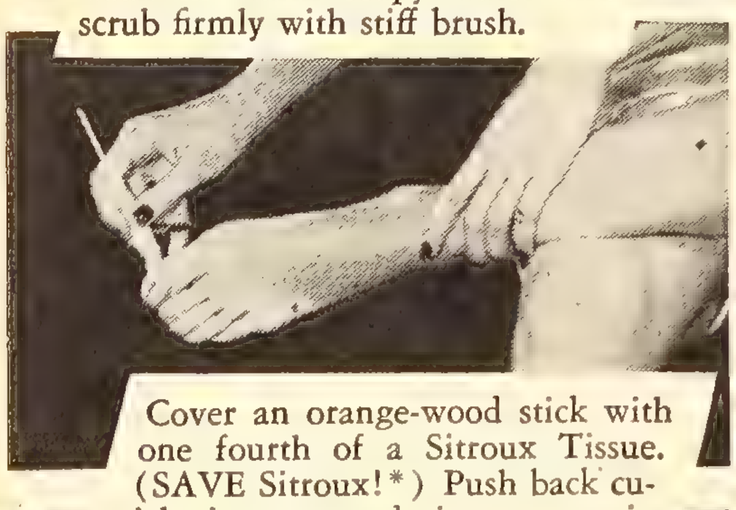
Screen Play by Allen Rivkin

RKO RADIO PICTURES

FOOTSTEPS to BEAUTY!



Give yourself a really *good* pedicure at least once every two weeks. First — use emery board to shape nails to modified oval — and keep them *short!* Next, massage feet with rich lubricating cream. Then, soak in warm soapy water and scrub firmly with stiff brush.



Cover an orange-wood stick with one fourth of a Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Push back cuticle, just as you do in your manicure — using firm, gentle touch.



Apply polish in three strokes, covering entire nail. Remove excess with Sitroux Tissue, just as in manicure. Keep soft, absorbent Sitroux handy for blotting lipstick, facial cleansings—as well as "sniffles" and sneezes.

* Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

CO-ED

Summertime's when you do the spadework for next year's prom, expand your stag line, and contract your waistline!

Summer love is kind of a specialized business, so if this is your first grown-up summer, maybe it would help to know some of the ropes. Maybe you don't know how to meet any guys; could be you're torn between going steady with a certain tall, blond and Vansome and tearing around with the whole darn junior class; p'raps you need first aid for a broken heart. Same old year-'round problems, but comes summertime, the solutions are different. Keep reading, and you'll see what we mean.

Meet the People: The lads used to be all over the place. Down at the cokery, over at Janie's of an afternoon, prowling around Main Street—but they're not there any more. They've got a new beat now. You'll find 'em down at the beach and around the tennis courts, screaming like crazy for the local Tigers or Braves, off in the country on their coon-tailed bikes. And who's the honey with 'em? Why, the chick with the smashing serve and sunburned puss, the little gal who looks slick in a swim suit and doesn't mind if her hair gets wet, the dreamdust who's not *too* scared of poison ivy or slightly unseaworthy sailboats or snakes. Does that sound like you? If it does, you're in. All you have to do is go where they are and let them see you in action. If it doesn't, get busy and summer-ize your personality. Learn to play tennis—even if it means getting down to the courts at dawn so that no one witnesses your first distraught efforts. Learn to swim at the Y. W. or get one of your athletic chums to instruct you. Take poison ivy shots, dab on some sunburn cream, pin back your ears and wallow in nature. Summertime is when the regular gals come into their own, and the swoony kids with white hands and exotic hairdo's are strictly on the bench. *(Continued on page 96)*



JEAN KINKEAD

CO-ED LETTERBOX

Every summer our gang talks about going "hosteling," but this year we're really going. Please tell us what arrangements we should make. Y. C., Stroudsburg, Pa.

First thing to do is write to American Youth Hostel National Headquarters, Northfield, Mass., asking for a list of hostels so that you can plan your hiking or biking tour around that. Then secure an AYH pass from the same place for $1.50. After you've charted your course, write for reservations at the hostels of your choice, giving alternate dates in case they're cram-jammed on the first date you suggest. As for equipment, don't take very much. A sleeping sack, silverware and a cup should suffice, plus one change of clothing. You buy your groceries at your destination, so don't bog yourself down with food. Big selling point for your mothers is this: All hostels are chaperoned by house-parents —usually a minister and his wife or a teacher, so you'll be very well looked-after.

(Continued on page 15)

I am eighteen years old and the boy I'm engaged to is twenty. We have gone around together for two years and have been terribly in love. All of a sudden, though, I think I've stopped loving him. He simply leaves me cold. What should I do? H. H., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Before you give him the well-known brush, be very sure that this new coolness is permanent. Practically all our relations with people blow somewhat hot and cold, it being emotionally impossible to sustain a state of ecstasy indefinitely. If over a period of a month or two you find yourself annoyed by things that never bothered you before, bored where you were once enthralled, completely indifferent when he raves over some other gal, we'd say the torch was pretty much out. In which case, tell him, but gently. Leave his pride intact by letting on you think it's a mutual cooling, then go on your way with dignity and consideration. Don't tell everyone what a creep he turned out to be, don't act all blushy and ill at ease every time you run into him thereafter, don't wax tragic and pale about the whole thing. It's a world shattering business right this minute, but a few months from now you'll each probably have found your true, true love and be well on yaur way to living happily ever after.

I would like to get a job on a movie magazine when I get out of school next year. What preparation can I be making? A. S., Cambridge, Mass.

You can be learning shorthand and typing, both of which are invaluable training for any sort of job. Then you can be learning about proof-reading and allied skills—either out of a book or from some kind soul connected with your local newspaper. You can be working for your school newspaper and yearbook and possibly be doing a young people's column for your town newspaper. (For free, if necessary. The experience is what counts.) Lastly, start reading the Hollywood columns so that you acquire a movie background. When you apply for your movie job, this last item is what will probably sell the boss on you, so don't just ignore it.

My two sisters and I have started a service called "Ask the Kellys," on the proceeds of which we hope to send ourselves to college. We plan to be available at all times for baby-sitting, dog-walking, dish-washing, etc. Can you suggest other services? Also what should we charge and how can we publicize ourselves? The Kellys, Redwood City, Calif.

It sounds like a wonderful deal, kiddies. You might include in your list of services, telephone answering, gardening, darning, birthday cake-making, typing, marketing, painting, and—if any of you are very athletic, very musical, very good at a language—teaching. You'd probably have to have one fixed hourly price, your time—presumably—having a static value. Between fifty cents and a dollar an hour seems like a fair price to us, depending on your locality. On items like the birthday cake, charge for the ingredients plus your time. For typing manuscripts, ten cents a page. Publicize yourself by running ads in the local paper, by clever little handbills which you can make yourselves and distribute around town, by putting an ad in the classified section of the phone book—if you ever get quite prosperous. Loads of luck to you!

There's a new girl in our town who is muscling in on my guy. We've gone together for six months and now suddenly he's dividing his time between us. I am furious! What can I do? Tucson, Ariz.

Your first move is to camouflage your rage and curb your possessive instincts. Nothing so alienates a guy. Be your same sweet self if it KILLS *you, and go out of your way to be nice to the other gal. It's not going to be easy, but it's your only salvation. Whenever you're with your fella, talk* HER *up. He'll be stunned, he'll be fed up with hearing about her, he'll come back to you more enchanted than ever.*

* * *

In case we missed your particular summer problem, why don't you weep on our shoulder via the mails? Tales of woe are our meat, and we've got dozens of smile-making solutions up our sleeve. Please let us help. Write to Jean Kinkead, Modern Screen, 149 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was a warm August day outside the M-G-M studio. A dark convertible emerged and autograph hunters converged upon the driver. A dark haired, smiling young man pulled up to the curb and obligingly signed scraps of paper, books, and snapshots. Then the blow. A shrill, childish voice piped, "Please, could you tell us when Van Johnson is coming out?" The dark young man turned and grinned, "Who said that—you traitor, you!" And amid much laughter from admiring fans, Peter Lawford got in his car and drove away.

Lois Kirkpatrick
San Diego, California



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Your own Bev Linet in H'wood with Laddie!

INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

Your Info Desk went Hollywood—and had herself a Time. Was greeted by dreamboat ROSS HUNTER, who whizzed me off for a spree. Then followed in rapid succession, the DANNY KAYE and BOB HOPE shows, a day at JANIE WITHERS' scrumptious home . . . a long argument (friendly, of course) with KEENAN WYNN about the merits of the stage vs. screen . . . a visit with DON TAYLOR and his Phyllis . . . tour of Universal with DANNY (Don in "Smooth as Silk") MORTON, heightened further by gabfests with KIRBY GRANT, CHARLES KORVIN, and PETER COOKSON. At the opening of the Ice-capades sat behind the LADDS, WILLARD PARKER, and JANIE WITHERS who introduced me to escort FARLEY GRANGER, now out of service and handsomer 'n ever. Went over to GLENN FORD, whom I hadn't seen for 5 years and before I even uttered a word, he said, "Hello, Beverly, how've you been?" Ran into PETER LAWFORD, MARILYN MAXWELL, LEW AYRES, and LEONARD SUES after the show at Dave's Blue Room . . . and Leonard and I dinner-dated at the Derby the next week. Friday brought Ross Hunter again, and a visit to United Artists, with mad introductions to ANN DVORAK, JOAN BENNETT, and gee . . . oh gosh . . . oh golly . . . GREGORY PECK. To the park for lots of pix with ROSS, and a Sunday evening dinner party given by gracious hostess, actress ANNE STEWART, Fox starlet. Spent another lovely day at the McCALLISTERS' and spoke to Lon about his new film, "No Trespassing". . . and gorged on Granny's luscious lemon pies...A visit at Paramount with BILLY DANIEL, meeting la HUTTON, der BINGLE, JOHNNY DEAUVILLE, and ELLIOTT REID among others . . . a gay talk with FRANK LATIMORE and as a final fling, dinner at the GLENN LANGANS' (Jeff in "Dragonwyck"). Glenn's wonderful sense of humor and charm almost made me forget that the next day was partin' time. A last breakfast before the train pulled out with ROSS . . . and so goodbye . . . dern it. But I got an awful lot of info for you, so do send your questions to Beverly Linet, Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

SWEET AND HOT

(*Continued from page 12*)

this salute to Vincent Youmans. The Youmans album contains "Tea For Two," "Great Day," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and the famous "Hallelujah!"

THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL—Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Andy Russell (Capitol)—"They Say It's Wonderful" was written by Irving Berlin, and it's sung in the new Ethel Merman show, "Annie Get Your Gun," and no less than *sixteen* (count 'em, sixteen) companies have recorded it.

JEROME KERN ALBUM—Walter Gross (Musicraft)—Walter Gross got out of the Army last year, and went to Musicraft, to be musical director. He got the band together and played piano on this Jerome Kern album, and he was enthusiastically telling me about it at the big cocktail party Musicraft threw for Duke Ellington, backstage at the Paramount Theater. Some album!

DICK HAYMES-HARRY JAMES ALBUM (Davis)—Re-issue of eight tunes made when Dick Haymes was vocalist with the old Harry James band, in 1940. Some of them are: "Maybe," "How High the Moon," "The Moon Won't Talk," and "Secrets in the Moonlight." Funny thing about these records—Harry made them with a small company called Varsity, after Columbia had dropped him, thinking he had no future. Well, anyway, the story had a happy ending, with Harry and Mr. Haymes both very big names indeed.

SWAN LAKE—Skitch Henderson (Capitol)—An adaptation of Tschaikowsky's "Swan Lake" ballet music, with Henderson at the piano. Skitch is a Hollywood star, has done lots of broadcasting from the coast. This record starts out classically, but becomes more rhythmic, and hits a semi-jazz groove in the middle. Henderson has a very unusual band, including three French horns, which may indicate a trend, because Benny Goodman has just added a French horn to *his* band.

BEST HOT JAZZ

ALL TOO SOON—Tony Scott (Gotham)—This is a lovely Duke Ellington tune, sung by Sarah Vaughan, whose vocal on "It Might As Well Be Spring" is the reason I recommended the John Kirby album. You may have deduced that I don't think Sarah's half bad. The label on this record is full of phony names. Tony Scott is a promising young clarinet player who's known along 52nd Street as Tony Sciacca. The trumpet player, listed as B. Bopstein, is actually Dizzy Gillespie. "Old Tram," the trombone, is the former Benny Goodman star, Trummy Young. And the featured sax player is Ben Webster.

LAGUNA LEAP—Herbie Haymer (Sunset)—This was named for Ed Laguna, who runs Sunset Records. Herbie Haymer plays tenor sax; Charlie Shavers, trumpet; John Simmons, bass; Buddy Rich, drums—and the piano player, listed as Sam Schmaltz, is really Nat Cole. King Cole plays sensationally here. So do Shavers and Rich, who were with Tommy Dorsey when the record was made. "Black Market Stuff," on the other side, is also fine.

BOYD MEETS STRAVINSKY—Boyd Raeburn (Jewel)—In spite of the title, this was written not by Raeburn, but by Eddie Finckel, the former Gene Krupa arranger. It's a sensational illustration of how the best in jazz can be combined with classical influence. And it bears out everything I've said about Raeburn, and what he's doing for modern jazz.

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

CENTENNIAL SUMMER—In Love In Vain—Johnny Desmond (Victor), Mildred Bailey (Majestic)—Johnny Desmond, the latest young man to make young women keel, squeal and poison their husbands, is a very talented kid who plays piano and tap dances. He used to be a dramatic actor just a few years ago, and did parts on radio shows in Detroit—the "Lone Ranger" and "Green Hornet," to mention two. On one of his recent broadcasts, as usual, all the fans came dashing up to beg for his script. He noticed one kid he'd seen a million times, and he got curious. After all, nobody can work his way through college selling old Johnny Desmond scripts. So he asked the kid, "What do you do with them, paper the wall?" "Yeah," said Junior, "and in two more weeks, I'll have enough for the whole room." You ask foolish questions, you get foolish answers.

RECORDS OF THE MONTH
Selected by Leonard Feather

BEST POPULAR

A WOMAN'S PREROGATIVE—Mildred Bailey (Majestic), Pearl Bailey (Columbia)
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE—Helen Forrest and Dick Haymes (Decca)
DOIN' WHAT COMES NATURALLY—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca), Dinah Shore (Columbia)
DICK HAYMES-HARRY JAMES ALBUM—(Davis)
JEROME KERN ALBUM—Walter Gross (Musicraft)
SURRENDER—Woody Herman (Columbia), Tony Pastor (Cosmo)
SWAN LAKE—Skitch Henderson (Capitol)
THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL—Perry Como (Victor), Bing Crosby (Decca), Frank Sinatra (Columbia), Andy Russell Capitol)
THE GIRL THAT I MARRY—Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
YOUMANS MEMORIAL SALUTE—Russ Case (Victor)

BEST HOT JAZZ

PAGE CAVANAUGH—Don't Blame Me (Encore)
BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET SESSION—(Columbia)
LIONEL HAMPTON—Hamp's Salty Blues (Decca)
HERBIE HAYMER—Laguna Leap (Sunset)
STAN KENTON—Painted Rhythm (Capitol)
JOHN KIRBY-SARAH VAUGHAN ALBUM (Crown)
RED NORVO—Blues A La Red (Keynote)
BOYD RAEBURN—Boyd Meets Stravinsky (Jewel)
TONY SCOTT—All Too Soon (Gotham)
CHARLIE VENTURO—Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen (Black and White)

BEST FROM THE MOVIES

CENTENNIAL SUMMER—In Love In Vain—Johnny Desmond (Victor), Mildred Bailey (Majestic)
FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION—I Don't Know Why—Georgie Auld (Musicraft), Tommy Dorsey (Victor), Bobby Sherwood (Capitol), Frank Sinatra (Columbia)
NO LEAVE, NO LOVE—Love On A Greyhound Bus, All The Time—Kay Kyser (Columbia)
ONE MORE TOMORROW—One More Tomorrow—Frankie Carle (Columbia)
PINOCCHIO—Re-issue Album—Cliff Edwards, Victor Young Orch. and Ken Darby Singers (Decca)
POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—He's Funny That Way—Connie Haines (Mercury), Mary Osborne (Continental)
STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS—Strange Love—Randy Brooks (Decca), Tex Beneke (Victor)


ALAN LADD
At his
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in the screen's
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adventure!
ALAN LADD
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FITZGERALD
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He never lived so dangerously
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DERMATOLOGISTS say the shampoo a woman uses is vitally important to a healthy scalp and beautiful, luxuriant hair. They warn against harsh, cleansing irritants that may dry the scalp and cause hair to break off, making it look *thin* and shaggy.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 10*)

believes in her but the other doctors jeer at the treatment she has given her patients. So begins a battle that is to last for the next forty years between organized medicine and the "Kenny System." A battle that is to leave Liz no time for marriage or anything but work.—*RKO*

P. S.

Sister Kenny's own Girl Friday acted as technical advisor on the picture, accompanying Rosalind Russell to the costume fittings. They clad Roz in the official costume of the Australian nurse, then clapped a cap on her head with a chiffon veil trailing behind. "Now don't tell me," said Roz, "that Australian nurses go clomping around the bush country in these fluffy veils!". . . RKO was three years trying to get Sister Kenny's story on the screen. Rosalind Russell, from the day she first heard the nurse's story, wanted to do the title role. . . . The script called for a set to portray the railroad station of Toowoomba, a small town in Australia, in the year 1912. In insisting on accuracy, the studio contacted the U. S. representative of an Australian firm, who in turn contacted his home office, who contacted a Melbourne newspaper, who searched its picture morgue and finally turned up a picture of the depot taken in 1912. Within 11 days of the request, the studio had the picture in the hands of the set designer . . .

O. S. S.

A young man saunters casually into the office of the head of a war plant. As he leaves, he tucks a vital paper into his pocket. Simple, isn't it? Only he gets caught. The cops give him a workout, then hand him over to the F. B. I., who pass him on to the Office of Strategic Services. That, oddly enough, is where he came from in the first place. His name is John Martin (Alan Ladd) and he's learning to be a secret agent. And does he get hell for letting himself be caught stealing that paper! "If that had happened in enemy territory, you'd be dead by now," Commander Brady (Patric Knowles) tells him briskly. "Enemy territory is where you're going. You'll be part of Operation Applejack in Normandy. Let's not have any mistakes like that one today." Team Applejack consists of four people. The leader is Gates, (Don Beddoe) plump and middle-aged and confident. There is Martin. There is Bernay (Richard Benedict) a big athlete who knows all there is about radio. And there is Elaine (Geraldine Fitzgerald). Martin hadn't counted on this last factor. "A girl is liable to slow us up," he says. "I'll take care of myself," Elaine tells him. Soon they are parachuting down to the soft grey-green fields of Normandy—to suspicion and danger and maybe even death. *Maybe* death? It is more than maybe for Gates. The Gestapo take care of him that very first night. Colonel Meister (John Hoyt) of the German Army takes a fancy to Elaine. He believes her to be a French sculptress who has spent her summers for years at Orleans. He believes it so completely that when she begs him to take her with him on a trip of inspection, he does it. Along with them goes a bust she has done of the Colonel—in clay made from explosive. She and Martin work together on the trip and an important German railroad bridge becomes a mass of shattered stone. But now Colonel Meister is on their trail . . .

You'll be proud of Alan Ladd in this picture. He's come a long way.—*Par.*

P. S.

This picture is the authentic dramatization of America's super-spies and saboteurs. Extraordinary precautions surrounded the production. Studio guards were doubled in and around sound stages where the picture was shooting. ALL visitors, including the press, were barred. . . . One of the weapons Alan Ladd uses with telling effect in this picture is a cleverly contrived one-shot pistol which to all appearances is a harmless ordinary pipe; tobacco pipe, that is. . . .Geraldine Fitzgerald says of her role, "For once I play a pleasant person. I don't poison anyone and I don't go blind or out of my mind." . . . One of the high points of the picture is Patric Knowles' scene with Geraldine Fitzgerald, a tensely emotional one in which they shatter a 19-year record for the longest screen kiss—(studio spokesmen say). . . . Thirty or more real-life, bemedalled heroes of the O.S.S. have actively contributed to the realism of the picture as technical advisers or bit players. . . . Wally Westmore, ace make-up man, had a number of unique problems, among them the many disguises for the players, such as those on whom he had to place wounds, and a horribly mutilated "corpse."

THREE WISE FOOLS

"Three Wise Fools" is composed of three parts whimsy to one of reality. The title roles are played by Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Edward Arnold. Other pixie-beholders, or non-beholders, are Thomas Mitchell, Jane Darwell and Harry Davenport. It all begins back in 1870 when beautiful, wealthy Rena Fairchild elopes with a strolling Irish singer, over the strident protests of her three devoted swains. In answer to their protests, the handsome singer gives them an ironic Irish blessing. He wishes them great success but adds a special curse which will nullify the success. Then off he rides with the fair Rena in his arms.

Forty years later, Rena's three ex-beaux are doing fine by worldly standards. Richard Garnet (Lionel Barrymore) is a skillful, expensive surgeon. James Trumbull (Lewis Stone) is a judge of a high court. Ted Findley (Edward Arnold) has one million dollars in the bank. Good, eh? But the curse is working, too, for they are three lonely old men, living together but disliking each other.

They decide to purchase affection by giving the town the old Fairchild estate as the site for a Greek open-air theater. But just then, Rena Fairchild's little granddaughter turns up from Ireland. Sheila (Margaret O'Brien) is only seven and she has no relatives left in the world. So she has come to live with them because her grandmother Rena always told her what nice people they were. Her servant, O'Daverin (Thomas Mitchell) has brought her.

The old gentlemen don't like children—not even charming, grave-eyed little girls like Sheila. She senses this immediately, and goes next door where her grandmother used to live, and consults the pixies. (Yeah, I know, but that's what it says!) Meanwhile, the three old men realize she's the real owner of the property they were so blithely giving away. They rush after her, and beg her to come back

She atttibutes this to the influence of the pixies, and things go on like that. Honest. —*M-G-M*

P. S.

Maggie O'Brien takes on Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold and Lewis Stone, three veterans of greasepaint, and did so well that the three men sat around after scenes and discussed their co-star's amazing ability . . . The script called for a pixie, which threw the entire company into a state of perplexity. Nobody had the dimmest idea what a pixie looked like. Makeup man Jack Dawn solved the problem with his makeup for Harry Davenport, who emerged with a bald pate sprouting wisps of silver, an uptilted nose with flaring nostrils, gray chin whiskers and matching eyebrows, and long, pointed ears. Davenport created a sensation by wiggling his ears quite forcibly, and didn't divulge the secret of his new talent until the picture was over. Small rubber tubes ran from the ears down inside his coat-sleeves, and ended in a rubber bulb which he pressed with his hands. "Wish I'd known this trick in grammar school," said Davenport. "I'd have been a sensation."

NEVER SAY GOODBYE

It's tough when you're seven years old, and you have to live with your mother six months and then your dad six months. Gosh, why couldn't your dad, who's so wonderful and exciting, get along with your mother who's so *pretty!* Why did they have to go and get divorced!

Well, there are several reasons. One of them, Philip Gayley (Errol Flynn) is convinced, was his mother-in-law. But Ellen Gayley (Eleanor Parker) points out that she has been writing to a Marine in the Pacific. The marine doesn't know she's only seven. He thinks she's at least twenty and he wants her picture. "Send him one of your mother," Phil suggests. "She's the best looking gal I know."

He promptly forgets about it, but Flip doesn't. With disastrous consequences later. Phil sees Ellen when he brings Flip to the house, and realizes how much he still loves her. Ellen has never for a moment been able to persuade herself that she *didn't* love *him.* She agrees to go out with him that night, and for an hour or so everything is a beautiful mixture of martinis and moonlight. Luigi (S. Z. Sakall) who runs their favorite restaurant, is delighted to see them together again. But Phil has unfortunately forgotten one small detail. The blonde (Peggy Knudsen) who is his current model, was expecting him to take her to dinner. She shows up at Luigi's, and Ellen stalks out in a fury. "I never want to see you again," she informs Phil. Then comes Christmas, and Flip wanting her father to play Santa Claus.

Until you've seen Errol Flynn as Santa Claus, you haven't lived.—*War.*

P. S.

This picture marks the first time 8-year-old Patti Brady is seen on the screen. The youngster astonished her co-workers on the set. She took direction with such adult rapidity that the title "One-Take" Brady, was bestowed upon her. . . . Errol Flynn put the finishing touches to his second book during production. The book received its name on the day the picture ended—"Showdown".... The most difficult role to cast was that of Fenwick Lonkowski, the mammoth marine who must be big enough and strong enough to maltreat Flynn, no small man himself. Fifteen actors were tested

I SAW IT HAPPEN



During Vic Mature's appearance in "Tars And Spars," I attended one performance and had to sit way over on the side. Everyone was looking for Vic, when I spotted him in the wings, waiting for his cue. Nobody but me could see him, because of the angle at which I was sitting. He was standing alone, and on a sudden impulse, I waved to him. Much to my surprise, he promptly waved right back! Then his cue brought him onstage, and in the middle of a joke about a cousin of his, he stopped suddenly, pointed to me, and said, "There she is. That's my cousin." Picture that! Me, his cousin! After the show, I went to the stage door to get his autograph. There he was, busily signing books. Looking up at me, he said, "Well, whaddya know? Even my own cousin wants my autograph!" Me? I was speechless!

Miriam Bredwell
Muncie, Indiana

icily, that she couldn't be expected to stay married to a Casanova. Phil is a commercial artist, but he doesn't have to have models around *that* much. So now they are divorced and little Flip (Patti Brady) finishes her last day at her daddy's and goes back to her mother. She confides in daddy at their farewell luncheon

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You see, Lustre-Creme contains *secret ingredients* that bring out the true, hidden radiance of your hair—that *discipline* your hair so it stays well-groomed throughout a busy, active day—or all evening long. Look charming, *feel* charming—with a chic new hair-do that stays lovelier longer. Try this *different* cosmetic — Kay Daumit's Lustre-Creme.

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for the part until the six-foot-six Forrest Tucker was found to fit the bill. . . . Donald Woods and Tommy D'Andrea were the busiest people in the cast. Both had roles in "Night and Day," the biography of Cole Porter, and were continually on the jump commuting between pictures. . . . Peggy Knudsen played the part, and rightly so, of a model, as she was formerly a model in New York.

CANYON PASSAGE

You had to be tough to be a pioneer in Oregon in 1856. But you could be an idealist underneath the toughness, and that's the way it is with Logan Stuart (Dana Andrews). Maybe that's why Lucy Overmire (Susan Hayward) is in love with him, even though she's engaged to George Camrose (Brian Donlevy). The people of Jacksonville, Oregon, respect Logan for his toughness and like him for his idealism. He hates dishonesty and brutality, and there's plenty of both in Jacksonville.

Take Bragg (Ward Bond), for instance. He's big and cruel and vicious—a crook who should be run out of town. Logan decides to do it, when Bragg picks a fight with him. And when it's over, Bragg gets out of Jacksonville.

Logan doesn't wait around for congratulations. He goes quietly back to his job of running the general store, and trying not to think too much about Lucy, who's engaged to his best friend. He tries to distract himself by taking pretty Caroline Marsh to a dance, and by the time the evening is over, he has asked her to marry him. That, he tells himself firmly, settles the question of Lucy once and for all. He will be a good husband to Caroline and everything will work out fine.

Love has a way of upsetting nice little plans like that. Lucy doesn't feel in the least happy over Logan's engagement and Camrose suspects her feeling. He decides the thing to do is to get her out of Jacksonville—away from Logan. But that will take money, and Camrose has been losing heavily lately at poker. He decides to "borrow" some from a miner who brings him a poke of gold dust to put in his safe. The miner asks for it back and never lives to know why he doesn't get it. Camrose is arrested for murder, and Logan insists on defending his friend, until an Indian uprising brings a terrific climax.

Gosh, I almost forgot the most important thing. Hoagy Carmichael is in the picture, with some new songs.—*Univ.*

P. S.

One of the greatest fights ever filmed in Technicolor is seen in a saloon sequence of the picture with Dana Andrews and Ward Bond as participants. Unlike previous fights where the hero uses only fair tactics and the heavy resorts to foul means, this fight shows both Andrews, the hero, and Bond, the villain, using every foul trick known to bar room brawling . . . The film serves as the vehicle in which Patricia Roc, borrowed from the British, makes her American debut. Miss Roc, who spent the entire war in England, was fascinated by the comparative abundance of food in this country. . . .Great care was taken to costume the picture in proper period. One snood worn by Susan Hayward is precisely the same as those worn by pioneer women in the 1850's. . . . Miss Hayward's fiery red tresses photographed so well in Technicolor, that the hairdressing department snipped several locks for reference, against the day when an actress not so naturally endowed will have to have her hair dyed for a Technicolor appearance. . . .

CLOAK AND DAGGER

In 1944, a long way from Washington, in the Basque country, an American secret agent is killed. Before his death, he manages to get a message through. That message confirms what Colonel Walsh in Washington has been afraid of. Germany is working on an atom bomb and quite possibly may have it before our own scientists do. Walsh knows of one man who might find out. He isn't an agent—he's a professor. Professor Jesper (Gary Cooper) knows all there is to know about things like nuclear energy and atomic structure. If he went to Switzerland, maybe he could find out something.

So the shy, lanky professor is hurtled from his diagrams and graphs straight into a world of spies and bullets, where one false step means you don't live to take another. Doctor Katerin Lodor (Helene Thimig) is in Switzerland. She has been working with the Nazis. Or has she? If so, why does the Gestapo kidnap her as soon as Jesper arrives in Zurich? Why is she shot before he and his colleague can rescue her?

Jesper has a clue and it leads him to Italy and a scientist named Doctor Polda (Vladimir Sokoloff). Polda has definitely been doing Nazi work—there can be no question of that. But Jesper, using false German credentials, gets into his house, and discovers that it is fear for his daughter's safety which has made him do it. If he could only get his daughter out of the country. . . .

It isn't going to be easy. Jesper knows that. What he doesn't know is that it is going to be impossible. Impossible, despite the heartbreaking courage of Gina (Lilli Palmer), Italian underground worker. Impossible despite the casual, business-like suicide of young Italio-American, Pinkie (Robert Alda). Still, something may be saved. . . .*War.*

P. S.

Gary Cooper, playing the role of an atomic scientist, was visited on the set by a group of the real McCoy. He gave them a problem which he was supposed to work on in the script, and the scientists promptly went to work and all came out with a different answer . . . The gun battle scene took five days to photograph. 21,000 rounds of ammunition were fired from rifles, tommy guns and machine guns. A combat team of special effects men did most of the firing, a precautionary measure to prevent a few highpriced actors from being killed. . . .In his death scene, which takes place during this battle, Dan Seymour fell on a batch of hot bullets, and promptly shot up again. Fritz Lang told him that wasn't the way to die, and the scene was re-shot . . . Lilli Palmer, who plays opposite Gary Cooper, is the wife of British actor Rex Harrison. While Harrison was in the RAF, she was entertaining Londoners during the blitz. They married three years ago and came to the United States on the Queen Mary, along with 15,000 GIs. Lilli says she learned then what a wolf whistle meant!

THE SEARCHING WIND

In a stately Washington drawing room, three people are talking over the past. The man, Alex Hazen (Robert Young) is a famous American ambassador. His wife, Emily (Ann Richards) has invited "the other woman" there without his knowledge. Her name is Cassie (Sylvia Sydney) and she grew up with Alex and Emily.

The other two people present are Emily's father, Moses (Dudley Digges), and a young soldier. The soldier is Alex' and Emily's son, Sam (Douglas Dick), and he is completely absorbed in this conversa-

tion about the past. Because now he can understand why his father and mother made the mistakes they did. Why they failed to see the second World War coming—a war which was to cost Sam his right leg. They *should* have seen, Sam has always thought, because they were in official circles from the beginning. . . .

Mussolini's blackshirted thugs marched into Rome in October, 1922. Moses, powerful newspaper owner, is there with his daughter and her friend, Cassie. Alex is attached to the American embassy in Rome. Of them all, only Cassie really rebels against the new order of things in Italy. She loves Alex, but she sees that he will always meet life with diplomatic evasions, so she breaks her engagement, and goes to Paris to work on a newspaper. Alex marries Emily instead, and Sam is born, and Hitler begins his fantastic rise to power. Cassie is sent to Berlin to report on it. She meets Alex again there, and leaves Germany rather than let him know she still loves him. Their next meeting is an accidental encounter in Spain, where they dodge Italian bombs from German planes together. Even here, Alex refuses to face the facts of the international situation. Everything will clear up, he's sure. Cassie hates his philosophy, but she loves the man, and this time she doesn't run away. Alex would like to leave his wife and marry Cassie, but after all, he's an Ambassador now. He can't do things as he would want to. Then there's young Sam, who is thirteen and needs his father. So the whole unhappy mess drags on, with them all refusing to face the issues, either personally or politically, just as a lot of people are doing again now.

I don't know how good a picture this is, actually, but I do know it will make you think. And there is a superb performance by Dudley Digges, as Moses.—*Par.*

VAN'S TURNED TRIPLETS! AND IN OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE!

P. S.

Douglas Dick, a Hollywood newcomer who had never faced a camera before, won the prize role of Sam, the soldier son, a casualty of World War II. Douglas was discovered by Hal Wallis in a New York agent's waiting room and given a screen test. His test was shown in competition with the tests of four other Hollywood hopefuls to a group of Paramount female employees, stenographers, secretaries, file clerks, messenger girls. Douglas carried the feminine vote by a large majority and got the part. . . . This was Robert Young's seventy-fifth picture in fifteen years. . . . Sylvia Sydney has sixteen complete wardrobe changes for her role, which covers the period from 1922 to the present day. . . . Among the forty-five different sets for the picture was a Washington, D. C. mansion, a villa in Rome and a hotel in the Italian capital, a Berlin embassy office and restaurant, a cellar cafe in Madrid and an ambassadorial suite in a Parisian hotel.... Lillian Hellman expanded her original stage play considerably for the movie script by pointing up its romantic drama and adding action episodes, the greater freedom of film permitting the story to be told in action rather than speeches.

SMOKY

Smoky is a horse you won't forget. The picture, "Smoky," is in Technicolor and stars Fred MacMurray and Anne Baxter. Every now and then Burl Ives chants a mournful (*Continued on page 26*)

"RC tastes best, I know!"

says

HEDY LAMARR



HEDY LAMARR, star of
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A recipe for something very, very tasty: Take one June Haver, put an apron on her, place in kitchen full of miscellaneous groceries and leave her alone for an hour or so. Makes one grand concoction!

JUNE HAVER IS A REGULAR LITTLE TASTE-DETECTIVE, WHICH NOT ONLY MAKES HER A CRITIC OF FOODS, BUT AN EXCELLENT COOK AS WELL!

By Nancy Wood

Want a dainty summertime salad as a centerpiece for your next luncheon? You'll love Broccoli Bavarian Salad. Other vegetables can be substituted. (Photo courtesy Knox Gelatine)





This smooth, rich Cherry Ice Cream will serve your friends right! If you like, vary the recipe to use any other fruit plentiful in your community. (Photo courtesy 'Junket' Folks)

■ Pea soup and egg plant. There are two dishes that leave June Haver very cold. The egg plant because she doesn't like egg plant. The mention of "pea soup" has been a thorn in June's youthful flesh since she was in the seventh grade! They'd taught her how to make it in cooking class. That night, she went home, used the same recipe and ingredients. It turned out swell and she bore to the table exactly one cup of soup to be split among five! Her father teased her so she got a pea soup complex.

June makes fine fried chicken, salad dressings and desserts. Positively likes parsnips. Will go miles to find genuine Italian spaghetti. Loses her will power when confronted by a tray of French pastry. Is nuts about olives and always knows where to find a jar of them around the house. Loves baked potatoes with gobs of butter. If June loves some dish her mother has prepared, mother had better not monkey with the recipe next time, because June can tell and wants to know, "What did you do to it?"

She eats a sensational breakfast at 5 a. m.! A half grapefruit, 3 eggs, 4 pieces of toast, a bowl of cereal and a huge glass of milk. Youthful verve such as June's isn't developed on rain water.

As we've already stated, June's recipe list *doesn't* include pea-soup:

SUMMER SALAD COMBINATIONS

1. Fill hollowed ripe tomatoes with cottage cheese blended with mayonnaise and sliced, pimiento-stuffed olives. Or, instead of olives, use chopped crisp cucumber. Garnish with minced chives or a sprig of watercress.
2. Combine equal quantities of finely shredded cabbage and diced apple. Add coarsely chopped nut meats and mayonnaise or boiled dressing to moisten.
3. Combine 2 cups halved and seeded white grapes, 1½ cups orange pulp cut in uniform pieces. Chill. Add ½ cup sliced Brazil nuts. Mix with French dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce and garnish with fruit salad dressing.
4. Combine 1 cup diced, cold cooked veal and 1 cup diced cooked ham. Add 2 cups diced celery. Half hour before serving, toss with French dressing blended with about 2 tablespoons chutney. Chill.

BROCCOLI BAVARIAN SALAD

1 envelope unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup hot consomme
½ cup mayonnaise
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup chopped, cooked broccoli
1 cup cooked broccoli buds
4 hard-cooked eggs, sliced

Soften gelatine in cold water. Dissolve in hot consomme. Chill until slightly thickened, add mayonnaise and salt and pepper to taste. Stir until blended. Fold in chopped broccoli. Rinse ring mold in cold water; place cooked broccoli buds in bottom and egg slices around sides of mold. Spoon in gelatine mixture carefully so as not to disarrange eggs. Chill until firm. Unmold on platter garnished with romaine. Serves 6 generously.

CHERRY ICE CREAM

1 rennet tablet
1 tablespoon cherry juice
2 cups light cream
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup corn syrup
Few drops red food coloring, optional
½ cup maraschino cherries (chopped)

Dissolve rennet tablet by crushing in cherry juice. Mix light cream, sugar, corn syrup and food coloring. Warm slowly, stirring constantly. Test a drop on inside of wrist frequently. When comfortably warm (110° F.), not hot, remove at once from heat. (At the right temperature, the test drop on your wrist will feel neither cold nor warm.) Add completely dissolved rennet tablet and give it two or three quick stirs—resist the impulse to "stir thoroughly" or it won't set. Pour at once, *while still liquid* into refrigerator tray. Do not move until set—about 10 minutes. Place in freezing compartment and freeze until firm. Remove from tray and scrape into a bowl, break up with a fork and beat until free from hard lumps, but still a thick mush. Add maraschino cherries and beat into mixture. Finish freezing. Serves 6.

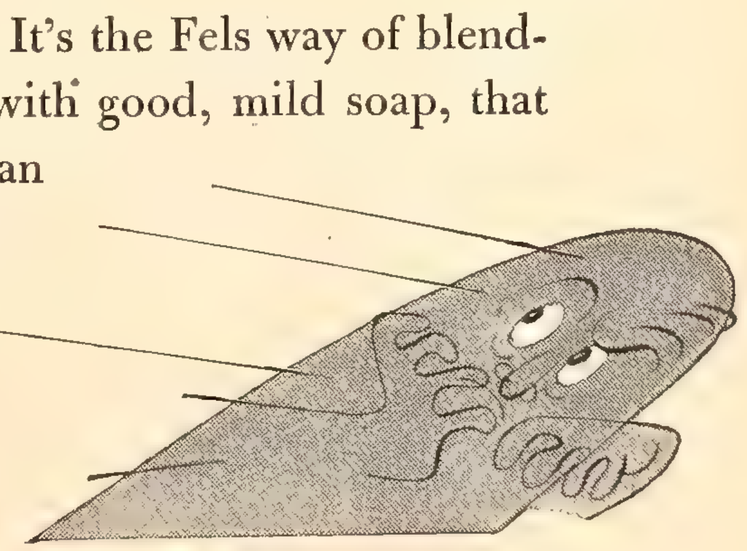


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ditty that does something to your heart.

Smoky is a wild stallion who belongs to Julie Richards (Anne Baxter), owner of the Rocking R ranch. Actually, no one on the ranch can get within twenty feet of him, except Clint Barkley (Fred MacMurray). Clint was hired the day Smoky was first chased in from the hills, and the two of them seem to belong together.

Nick, the foreman of the ranch, is a little dubious about Clint. Sure, the guy's a top bronc-buster, but he won't answer any questions about where he came from or what he did before. Nick figures a guy that won't talk has something to hide. One day a new man shows up at the ranch, looking for a job. His name is Frank Denton (Bruce Cabot), and he is Clint's half brother, but Clint isn't boasting about it. "Every time you show up, I get in trouble," he tells Frank, but reluctantly he recommends him to Nick as a good man.

Smoky has gotten used to having Clint saddle him and ride him. Nick feels that the stallion is ready to sell. He sends Frank in the corral to get him, but Smoky isn't having any. He's a one-man horse, and Frank isn't the man! At round-up time, Clint rides Smoky. He is accidentally thrown off and gored by a steer, but Smoky drags him gently all the way back to the ranchhouse. As soon as Julie sees Clint is hurt, she realizes how much she cares for him, and what a debt of gratitude she owes to Smoky.

While Clint is convalescing, Frank is busily getting him into a jam. He forges Clint's name on a check, and then rustles horses. But he makes the mistake of stealing Smoky, and lives just long enough to regret it. . . .—*20th-Fox*

P. S.

"Smoky," the classic by cowhand Will James, went through 32 editions and was translated into many languages. . . . Director Louis King took a company of 100 more than 6,000 miles; they staged cattle stampedes in Indian country; penetrated into the Moon region where few white men have gone; explored the gorges in Utah; filmed rodeos. . . . To discover Smoky, a search was made in 38 states before the 4-year old stallion who plays the title role was purchased in Arizona for $1500. . . . Director King insisted that his men players should stand at least six feet in height. Fred MacMurray reached six feet, three. The day he started work in "Smoky," he observed his tenth anniversary as a movie star. "Ten years is a long time to be around. I've been lucky," he said. On location in Utah, Fred took a chocolate bar for lunch and went trout fishing. Between "takes" one day, he caught 14. . . . For Anne Baxter, "Smoky" was her first outdoor picture, the first time she has ridden or roped and the first time she has played a bathing suit scene. The swim suit, a white one, caused complications. It faded too smoothly into the whiteness of her skin, suggesting nudity, and she ended up wearing a lipstick red suit which may be flamboyant but looks perfectly proper. . . . Burl Ives, the 270-lb., 6-foot troubador, strums away on his guitar with folk songs the hinterlands have been singing for generations, among them Abraham Lincoln's favorite, "The Blue Tail Fly". . . . After two months in the sun, Smoky began to bleach in spots and had to be blackened with walnut juice makeup.

RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE

Who makes the best chocolate cake in the world? Why, Annie, of course! Anyway, that's the opinion of Corporal Jeff Dolan (Eddie Albert). Annie (Faye Marlowe) is Jeff's wife, and they're very happy together. At least they would be if they could be together. As it is, Jeff is in England and Annie's in Woodville, New Jersey. Jeff has a three-day pass but what good is that with New Jersey three thousand miles away?

As it turns out, it's a lot of good! Because a couple of Jeff's friends are Air Transport Command pilots. They hear about Jeff's pass. They think longingly of Annie's chocolate cake. They look at their orders, which read "New York." The next thing Jeff knows, he's on a trans-continental plane disguised as a sack of mail. They stop at Iceland and pick up an unexpected passenger—General Trent (William Frawley). The pilots hastily explain Jeff's presence—"Corporal Dolan, who handles the mail, sir."

Jeff has three hours to wait before there's a train for Woodville. The fliers take him to the Bongo Club to hear (and see) Dolores Starr (Gail Patrick). So who is the first person Jeff runs into there? Everett Thorndyke, Woodville's leading banker! But Thorndyke is with a neat blonde who bears little resemblance to Mrs. T. He readily agrees *never* to mention having seen Jeff in the United States.

Our slightly slap-happy corporal has a fast and delicious ten hours with Annie in Woodville. Then his fliers whip him back to London just before the expiration of his three-day pass. So everything's just dandy, until a year later. Then Jeff is discharged and lands back in Woodville. Annie is waiting for him, and so is a new baby boy, and what Woodville wants to know is "How come?" Jeff's been in England two years and a half, hasn't he? So what about that new baby?

There's a little matter of a legacy involved, too. Pretty soon Jeff is trying to prove he was so too in America, and it's pretty tough going. It even lands him in jail. . . .—*Rep.*

P. S.

Eddie Albert, a hero in the picture, was a hero in real life too, as a Naval Lieutenant, participating in the first assault wave on Tarawa. An impressive list of war heroes heads the cast of "Rendezvous With Annie"! Philip Reed received a commendation medal from Commodore James Bosk for his morale efforts in operating a Naval Advance Base Theater in the New Hebrides. Johnnie Hoover, one of the youngest Lieutenant-Colonels of the war (winning his rank at the age of 24) was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, Bob Foy, Eddie Albert's stand-in, has the distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal. . . . When scenarists Richard and Mary Loos dreamed up the idea for their story, they had Eddie Albert in mind for the leading role, although Albert was serving with the Navy in the Pacific at the time. It was a happy stroke of coincidence that the studio signed Albert for the starring role, entirely unaware of the fact that the story had originally been created with him in mind. . . . For authenticity, the studio enlisted the cooperation of Army Air Corps bigwigs and utilized the facilities of the Long Beach Army Air Field for the flying sequences. They purchased a C-47 transport in which much of the action took place. . . . Gail Patrick, a long-time dramatic star, made her debut as a singing star in this picture. . . . Faye Marlowe arose every day during production at 4 A.M. in order to get in an hour of vocal practice before setting out for the studio. . . .

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our July issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of your 1st, 2nd and 3rd choices.

The Pure In Heart (Gregory Peck) ☐
Why Did Mildred Pierce Do It? (Joan Crawford) ☐
Pete Steps Out! (Peter Lawford date) ☐
Peter Lawford's Life Story (Conclusion) ☐
MODERN SCREEN Goes To A Wedding (Johnny Coy) ☐
Salute To Sound (20th Anniversary of Talking Pictures) ☐
"No Leave, No Love" (Production Story) ☐
Ce-Ment Mixers (Roddy McDowall party) ☐
Sweet Home (Joan Leslie) ☐
Stevens Makes His Mark (Mark Stevens) ☐
Leave Heaven To Her (Gene Tierney) ☐
Danger! Kaye At Play (Danny Kaye) ☐
Meet the People (Alan Ladd) ☐
Watch Marshall Thompson! by Hedda Hopper ☐
Good News by Dorothy Manners ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference

.

.

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TO OUR READERS...

■ Some time back in April, MODERN SCREEN decided to adopt a baby. It was a beautiful thing to do, and we get goose pimples at the very thought of it. Unfortunately, we couldn't break the news to you just then, but it would have been nice for the announcement to hit the newsstands on Mother's Day. Neither Henry nor I has ever been honored on Mother's Day, and I'm sure it would have been a glorious sensation.

For the record, the baby's name is Screen Album, and she's the finest little magazine you ever saw . . . with Cornel Wilde on the cover!

If you'll permit me to be in deadly earnest for a moment, I'll tell you why we took such a fateful step. On the table of contents of Screen Album, you'll read the phrase "A MODERN SCREEN service." To most of you, those words should be pretty familiar. You've written us for information. You've sent for our free charts. Or you've just written us for the fun of it . . . and been answered. That's service, and we love giving it.

And now, something new has been added. Screen Album isn't a chart, and it isn't a letter. It's a magazine—sold at all newsstands. It's a service because its fact crammed, delightfully written biographies and special features shoot you full of concentrated information. Every issue gives you an FBI view of at least one hundred stars. If that isn't service, I'm J. Edgar Hoover. For that matter, where else could you get 40 tall and handsome portraits in one issue of any magazine? Which is exactly what every issue of Screen Album gives you.

She'll come out six times a year, edited by our own staff and written by our writers, with a nice chap by the name of Charles Saxon in charge. All the same enthusiasm, fun and planning that's gone into MODERN SCREEN, now goes into Screen Album as well. With pardonable pride, Henry and I commend Screen Album to you. She's our baby, and we hope you'll love her like you love us!





. . . the pure in heart

■ At the Neighborhood Playhouse the students were doing improvisations. One girl stood hesitant till her eyes lighted on a fellow student, then doubt dropped from her like a cloak—

"*I* know— You be a priest, Greg, and I'll confess to you—"

The idea brought an approving ripple from the others, who wished they'd thought of it first. From then on, Greg's nickname was Father Peck.

This of course was long before "Keys of the Kingdom." Yet in making their choice, the girl and the studio must have been influenced by the same quality in Peck. It's a quality the fans have recognized, too. In fact, it's probably done more to cinch his place in their hearts than his dark good looks and acting ability combined.

Since the days when Pickford was tagged America's Sweetheart, every big movie name has stood as a symbol for something beyond itself—something you could tie your dreams to. With Gable, it's the force of the all-conquering male. With Van Johnson, it's the freckled charm of the boy next door. With Peck, it's a kindliness and inward strength whose appeal is universal. If you were to put into words the feeling he gave you, you'd say something like this: "That's a guy to trust. That's a guy you could talk to if you needed to talk to someone. He could touch a raw spot without hurting it too much. You could take courage from him—"

Apparently this impression is no screen mirage. It has a basis in fact. In fairness to Peck, however, let's get one thing straight first. He's no saint or prig or Galahad with his eyes on the Grail, but a normal young man with his own shortcomings. Just the same, when you sit down and talk to people who know him, a figure begins to emerge that doesn't clash in essentials with the one your (*Continued on page* 88)

Maybe it's not art, but it's fun! Greg and Greta's newest wrinkle in home entertainment is oil painting; they bought twin easels and smocks and vie with each other as to which can make an apple look like—an apple!





Pop, here with son Jon, didn't know about the newest addition until a radio commentator said, "The Pecks are infanticipating!" Startled, Greg asked Greta, who'd just come from her doctor's, "True?" "True!" she gurgled

With him it's all or nuthin' . . . Greg's taking up chess, pores over complicated text books and dreams of the day when he'll beat champ Humphrey Bogart. His arm's just out of a sling—yup—he was bitten by a monkey!



As soon as Greg finishes Ben Bogeaus' "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," he'll go off to Dennis, Mass. for two weeks of summer stock in order to "keep from getting rusty at live acting."

SOMETIMES A MAN'S

STRENGTH CAN COME FROM HIS HEART.

GREGORY PECK'S

FRIENDS HAVE FOUND THAT IN

HIS GOODNESS LIES HIS GREATNESS

By Ida Zeitlin



With "Humoresque" completed, Joan plans a yachting vacation with Phil Jr. (above) and daughter Chris. She's considering taking them to England if she appears in British films.

FOR TWO YEARS,

JOAN CRAWFORD GAVE UP HER SECURITY

AND STUDIED SCRIPTS. SHE FOUND

A GREAT STORY AT LAST—AND AN OSCAR.

By James M. Cain



Her divorce from Phil Terry was held up when she discovered a news paper had installed a broadcast mike in the courtroom to air th proceedings. The judge had to remove it before Joan would testif

WHY DID *Mildred Pierce* DO IT?



Though an Oscar-winner is kept busy, Joan cares for baby Phil and Christina herself. Minus 16 pounds from the flu and worry over the Award, Joan wears a year-old $15,000 mink coat in her new pic—that's worth double now!

■ I rang the bell, and nothing happened. Then I became aware of music within, not just a little soft and lowdown, but a veritable uproar from a radio, with an announcer cutting in as though he were calling trains in the Union Station. I rang again, and an old friend appeared before me: Thea Larson, who had secretaried for all of us in the old days at Paramount, and who now secretaries for the stars. She took me in the bar, explaining that picture-taking was going on, but that it wouldn't last long. She and I chatted. I noted the shiny gold Oscar, on its ebony pedestal, facing all who entered, near the liquor cabinet. Then I felt something, and when I turned, there she was, coming in with a swirl of skirts like a well-bred tornado, to take me in her arms and lead me into the living room, where the pictures were being taken. By the time we had crossed the hall we were friends, which wasn't surprising, as we had a profound bond, which was "Mildred Pierce," which I wrote and she played and the industry liked so well it rewarded with the little statue that occupies so prominent a place in her house and her heart.

It was here that the radio was blaring, and back of the camera was a little contingent from one of the New York magazines. She resumed with them as soon as she had me seated, off to one side, where I'd be clear of (*Continued on page 96*)

PETER LAWFORD ASKED HER FOR A DATE; VEDDY FORMAL. PAT KIRKWOOD ACCEPTED; VEDDY BRITISH. BUT THE JUKE BOX-JIVIN' TIME THEY HAD—STRICTLY YANKEE!

1. Peter, calling for Pat right on time, knows she's irked by late dates, pleased by posies. She hates hats, likes California informality. P. S. In England, hatless gals are kept off dance floors!



2. Everybody's happy, 'cause Pat dislikes wearing corsages, and Pete never sends 'em, totes cut flowers instead. He likes pinning flowers in girls' hair, 'specially if her hair is long and flowing.





3. Pat had never tasted hot dogs, so Peter rushed her to Hugo's where she tasted his, demanded one "with the works; onion, mustard, *and* pickle!"



4. Pat (in "No Leave, No Love") coaxed Peter into riding duds at The Westerner Shop, then confessed she loathed riding: "It's too energetic. Beach parties are my speed." Pete (in "Two Sisters From Boston") agreed, but he's got a quirk: Likes beach shindigs stag.

Pete steps out!

More date pictures ——→



5. London boasts one "java 'n' sinkers" shop, but Pat says British doughnuts are "undunkable" 'cause they're jelly filled. Pete assumed a "with-this-ring-I-thee-wed" expression as he slid cruller on ring finger.



7. Peter laughed when Pat said her pet song was "Who Put The Benzedrine In Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?", claimed she was "spoofing" him. But Pat had last laugh when musicians, overhearing, blasted them with an earful!



6. Bob Mitchum table hopped at Billy Berg's "rhythm club," which is what Pat calls American jive joints. She adores jive but doesn't jitterbug, likes to watch others.



8. "As one Briton to another," Pete asked, "what do you think of American comics?" "Aaah," sighed Pat, "that *lovely* Dick Tracy!"

PETER LAWFORD LIFE STORY, CONCLUDED - by KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ Peter Lawford had no idea, when he left Hollywood with a heavy heart, that the clouds of war which threatened the world would brew an ill wind destined to blow him back again.

The Lawfords left California for Florida, but en route they unexpectedly changed their minds. It was March, 1939. Mussolini's mock war of empire was won. Spain had cast a shadow of bloody events to come. Hitler was on the march and England, waking slowly out of uneasy sleep, lay paralyzed with inaction. Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain came back from a conference at Munich waving a treaty and smiling "Peace in our time"—even though the smile was to turn into a grinning skull.

General and Lady Lawford were suddenly homesick. It had been years since they were home. They believed the new hope. They believed war was averted, now that Hitler was satisfied. They decided to go back to London and then on to their favorite resort, Monte Carlo. There Peter would forget Hollywood and the unpleasantness with American school laws. His crippled arm, boosted along to recovery in Hollywood, would get better in the sun of Southern France, and back among his old friends, he would find himself in a career suitable for a young English gentleman. The Lawfords switched trains and headed for New York. There the (*Continued on page 107*)

modern screen goes to a wedding

IT WASN'T VERY GALA;

JUST SOME RICE AND OLD SHOES, A

FEW TEARS AND LOVING HEARTS

AND DOROTHY BABBS MIRACULOUSLY

BECOMING MRS. JOHNNY COY



1. It all started a long time ago, during rehearsals for "Ladies' Man." Johnny and Dotty became sweethearts, and months later, on the beach at Carmel, she got *the* ring.



2. When it's a good love and a true love, the motto runs, "Love me, love my family." So here (l. to r.) are: The bride's dad, G. R. Babbs, sis Evelyn Babbs, sis Mollie Coy and pianist Mom Babbs.

by virginia wilson

4. "Not that I was scared, y'unnerstan' . . ." That's Johnny's story and he's stuck with it—and did it hurt! When Dorothy's turn came, she grinned and plopped into the chair. "The weaker sex? Hah!" she sniffed.



■ Dorothy wasn't expecting him, but just the same there she was looking out of the window when he drove up to the hotel where she and her mother were staying in Carmel. Sometimes love makes you psychic. It must have made Johnny psychic, too, because he glanced up at her window just as if he'd known she'd be there. He grinned and waved, and ran with his quick, light step into the hotel.

"Mother!" Dorothy cried, "Johnny's here! I saw him out in front."

Mrs. Babbs smiled at her daughter. "I can't say I'm overcome with surprise. After all, Carmel isn't a million miles from Hollywood, and Johnny's pretty much in love." (*Continued on page 104*)

3. "No blood tests, no marriage license," decreed the City Hall man. "No birth certificate, no license. No—" Miserable, the weary kids stewed on the Hall steps in disappointment.





MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A WEDDING

5. Best man Bill Eythe decided that someone who *didn't* have six thumbs had better be the official boutonniere fastener. This time J.'s shelling out for the bride's bouquet.



6. Dressing in her room, Dorothy stole a moment to be alone with her dream. The lilies of the valley she carried for tradition, the daisies because he'd said, "They fit the way I feel about you."





7. As the strains of the Lohengrin Wedding March wafted into the study, Buff Cobb, the maid of honor, gave Dorothy's veil a final pat, tried to joke away her nervousness.



8. It *couldn't* happen to him—late for his own wedding! Johnny could've sworn he was supposed to have the ring, but after hunting it for 20 minutes, Bill Eythe smugly fished it out of his own pocket!

9. Buff, as maid of honor, took care of Johnny's wedding band. Intently, she absorbed Reverend Charles A. Weatherby's instructions concerning the ritual for the centuries-old double ring ceremony.



10. Bill couldn't resist a little grin at Johnny's jitterings as Dr. Weatherby produced the marriage certificate for signing. It was the groom's last moments as a bachelor—and he had enough spirit left to kid about it!





11. At the processional, Buffie Cobb begged, "Please, *please* don't cry until after the ceremony—your mascara'll run!" Even solemn Charles Russell, who gave the bride away, agreed that was the only way to jolt Dot out of her blissful daze.







12. (left) For the brand new Mr. and Mrs. Coy, floating down the aisle after the ceremony, Mendelssohn's recessional music had an exultant ring. Also, the lucky coin in Dot's shoe was slipping out!

13. (top) Johnny's mother, who had just come in from Canada, was an unbelievably wonderful surprise. Here Dot kisses her new mother for the first time as a full fledged member of the Coy clan.

14. (above) Alone at last. Or as nearly alone as a bride and groom *can* be at the Stork Club. But for John and Dot there were no people and no cameras—just 2 in love, with some wonderful dreams.

salute to sound

IT ALL CAME TRUE, THAT

DREAM THE WARNER BROTHERS HAD

OF MOVIES YOU COULD HEAR

AS WELL AS SEE . . .



With Helene Costello, John Barrymore took second billing to the magic word "Vitaphone" at the historic premiere of "Don Juan."



In 1926, Al Jolson rocked the world in "The Jazz Singer" when he sang much-imitated, much-loved "Mammy" for screen's first song.

■ Broadway sensed, somehow, that this night—August 6, 1926—was extraordinary. Shirt-waisted girls and their straw-bonneted swains swarmed northward through Times Square's incandescent glow. In front of the Warner Theater at Broadway and Fifty-second Street, perspiring cops strained in the heat to keep lanes open for the great and the near-great—theatrical folk, city and national officials, Wall Street brokers, sports celebrities—as they got out of cabs, or out of shiny limousines, to enter the playhouse.

Motion picture fans shrieked deliriously at sight of their screen heroes and screen heroines. They seemed heady with the rich perfumes that drifted to them on the humid air from the women playgoers' colorful evening garb. Jack Dempsey's genial grin changed to a look of sudden fear as a dozen pairs of eager hands caught Estelle Taylor's wrap. He threw his arms protectively around his wife, but part of the wrap stayed in the Taylor-worshippers' grasp. He convoyed her safely into the lobby.

The marquee under which they passed, danced with lights that proclaimed to the world "VITAPHONE and John Barrymore in Don Juan." This billing alone was a break with stage tradition. The Great Lover, of all people, was taking second place on a Broadway marquee—and second place to what? To a machine, an unknown and mysterious device. Hardly a soul in the pressing throng that reached in dense mass from Fifty-first to Fifty-second Street on Broadway knew anything about Vitaphone that night.

Next morning, though, the word "Vitaphone" and the names of Sam, Harry, Albert and Jack Warner, who had introduced it, were part of New York's common vocabulary. Within a few days (*Continued on page 102*)

by meyer berger



Before going into "those newfangled talkies," Bette Davis appeared on B'way in "Broken Dishes" with Donald Meek.



"La Bohème" starred John Gilbert and Lillian Gish in 1926. Miss Gish appeared as "Miss Susie Slagle"—in 1946!



"Ella Cinders," comic strip character, came to life in 1924 with Colleen Moore as "Ella."

Charles Farrell, who, with sound, gave up the movies, now runs a country club with Ralph Bellamy.





The art of pantomime, Charlie Chaplin thought, would be ruined by the advent of talking pictures.

It's hard to believe that Ethel Barrymore of "The Spiral Staircase" sneered at sound in 1928, said it wouldn't last.



"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"



1. Yippee, it's a furlough, so Slinky (Keenan Wynn) and Mike (Van Johnson) are heading home. Van's anxious to see his girl, Lucy, but doesn't know she got tired of waiting and wed another.



2. Shore feels good, and Mike's mellowed now, almost forgives Slinky for talking him into appearing on a quiz program. Slinky wants Mike to win a cash prize—with an agent's fee for *him!*

BY MARIS MAC CULLERS AND JANE WILKIE



3. Mike tells m.c. Susan Duncan (Pat Kirkwood, right) that Slinky is "Mike," whose answers confuse Guy Lombardo and Rosalind (Marie Wilson). But he does win a phone call home!



4. On winning call, Mrs. Hanlon explained to Susan that her son's girl is married, begged her to stall Mike till she can tell him in person. So S. puts them into her sponsor's suite.



5. Thinking it's part of the prize, they accept the suite, and Slinky, always out for a dishonest dollar, rents part of suite to its owner, sponsor Stiles (E. Arnold), part to a Countess!

STORY The tall young man came hurtling up the steps of the hospital, tore through the wide and solemnly panelled doors, crossed the dim marbled hall and plummeted into the elevator just as the startled young nurse was about to close the gate. He leaned breathlessly against the side of the car and grinned absently at the nurse.

"What floor, please?" she said.

"Babies," said the tall young man.

"Maternity?"

"No," said the tall young man. "I'm the father."

"Maternity," said the (*Continued on page 121*)

PRODUCTION Before the film had finished shooting, one of its new tunes, "Love on a Greyhound Bus," had been recorded by more than twenty artists and orchestras . . . After his visit to Washington, Van Johnson received a Southern cooked dinner by air express from the page boys to Southern senators. It arrived on the set, fried chicken packed between loaves of French bread to seal in the moisture . . . While Van was in the East, incidentally, he saw his father for the first time in five years . . . Sugar Chile Robinson, the small Negro boy who has created a sensation with his boogie (*Continued on page 99*)



6. "Popsy," who is really the tightwad Mr. Stiles, finds the Countess (Marina Koshetz) very attractive, doesn't even mind when he finds out he's been paying for rent of his own suite!



8. Mike's disgusted with romance, tries to get reservations "anywhere away from women." "Popsy" consoles him, realizes he and Susan are in love, and tricks Mike into appearing on her radio program again.



7. Mrs. Hanlon (Selena Royle) arrives, contesses plot to keep Mike away. He denounces Susan as a "professional charmer who'd pretend to love any guy to make a good program!"



9. Right on the air, Mike tells Susan he's leaving. Susan's defense is to make him admit—right on the air—that he loves her. The Marine Corps, listening in, applauds their kiss—right on the air!

CEMENT MIXERS

"PUTTI, PUTTI," THAT'S HOW THE "CEMENT MIXER" SONG GOES. "GOODY, GOODY," THAT'S WHAT THEY WHOOPED AT RODDY McDOWALL'S PARTY





It was like Grauman's Chinese Theater when they left fingerprints in Roddy's new yard. Dainty Di Lynn and Ann Blyth howled till Rod watered their gritty paws.

After Jane Powell and Liz Taylor staged wild badminton game, Liz collapsed in chair. But Farley Granger loped over and swung Janie into *sole*-searing jitterbug routine.

Loren Tindall (left to right), Roddy, Farley and Dick Long all turned cement mixers. "First you separate the eggs," muttered Roddy—but the boys insisted on using own recipe. Came out fine; then R.'s pup tracked over!



■ Remember the story of Tom Sawyer and the white-washed fence? How he got his pals to do his chores by pretending it was fun? Well, Roddy McDowall may have been brought up more on Shakespeare than Mark Twain, but he could teach Tom a thing or three! Take that party he threw: Dick Long, Farley Granger, Loren Tindall —all big, healthy boys. Jane Powell, Diana Lynn, Ann Blyth, Liz Taylor—all little, pretty girls. So-o-o, after talking up the *fun* of doing one's own repair work, Rod soon had the boys up to their ankles in cement, fixing his yard, with the girls neatly decoyed around him! Only the smell of sizzling hamburgers prevented bloodshed. "I'll help," volunteered Farley, heading toward the chef. "All of a sudden he's a Boy Scout," sneered Dick, who, though leanest of the lads, ate the most. "Eating," observed Roddy sadly, "is one job you *don't* have to talk people into!" (*More pictures on next page.*)



They huffed and they puffed till they blew the balls down—it's the lazy man's ping pong, as played by champs Liz, Roddy, Ann and Dick.

CEMENT MIXERS



Loren Tindall soaked his cement-webbed toes, but took time out with Dick Long to coax M.S.'s Jane Wilkie into the drink. "But I have no bathing cap!" she howled.

The cheesecake (only it's chocolate) is Jane Powell's, who's banked by Farley and Roddy. Water babies Jane and Rod spent hours in pool, with Rod donning rubber fins and mask to sneak under water and duck guests.





An artist friend brought along finger painting equipment, and Diana dabbled away happily, using mud-pie technique. Kids mixed paints on wet paper and dreamed up own designs.

Diana assisted boys on barber shop rendition of "Ain't It A Shame About Mame?" Loren wanted to hear the "Minute Waltz." "My life ambition," he said, "is to play it in 30 seconds!"



SWEET HOME

■ In the good old days when he was a puppy full of ballet dancer leaps, Mike (short for Microphone) had been allowed to go along on these important family journeys. Now he was old and blind, confined to the playhouse because his good disposition had dwindled with his sight.

As Mrs. Brodel, Joan and Betty drove away from the house, Joan looked back with a sigh. "It doesn't seem right to be starting somewhere without a wire haired terrier in the back seat, yelping with excitement."

Mrs. Brodel thought—It's going to be rough for Joan when Mike isn't frisking around the yard any more.

But there were other subjects to be considered at the moment: Reaching the station, for one thing. Mr. Brodel was returning from a business trip to Detroit, and the family was driving down to meet him. "It's going to be wonderful to have Dad huffing and puffing around the house again," Joan said. "I miss our *whole family* when anyone is gone."

They were standing eagerly at the rope barrier when Mr. Brodel came strolling up the long marble ramp. Joan was first to catch sight of him; she began to jump up and down, caroling, "He's mine. I know it. I know without Dad saying a (*Continued on page* 94)



Joan's slimmer and trimmer after her rest in Yosemite, gads about with a Navy lieutenant—but Mom chaperones their Saturday night dates! Joan's 21 now, trying to break her studio contracts signed as a minor.



Sister Betty carries on Dad Brodel's (he's an ex-vaudevillian) tradition of spouting very old, corny jokes. Joan's been playing the accordion since she was four, wants the address of the fan who sent her this one so she can return it—it costs $1,000!

HAPPINESS IS A CLOSED CORPORATION WITH THE BRODEL FAMILY—AND DAUGHTER

JOAN LESLIE'S JUST ANOTHER STOCK-HOLDER TO MOM, POP, HER SISTERS, AND THEIR TERRIER PUP.

by Cynthia Miller



Joan's proud of the way Betty's been forging ahead in bit parts, insists they're the only team that can chant a whole duet—off key! See J. in "Janie Gets Married."





Stevens makes his mark

Mark Stevens met the surgeon's verdict with a level look in his determined brown eyes.

"You understand, Mark," the doctor said, "this operation is only temporary. You'll have to have another one later."

Mark nodded.

"And later on another."

"Yes."

"You've got a bad back. It's a long pull to complete recovery."

"Sure—sure," said Mark impatiently. "That's okay. What I want to know is about *this* time. How soon can I be back on the set—a couple of days?"

The doctor shrugged. "It's possible—but it's not wise."

A wave of relief spread over Mark Stevens' tense face. A grin cracked his square jaw. "Who said I was wise? But I've got to finish that picture."

That was halfway through "The Dark Corner," Mark Stevens' first starring job at his home studio, Twentieth Century-Fox. It was his prove-it picture, the second hit that's always necessary to prove a Cinderella star is no shooting star. Mark had been snatched from nowhere to co-stardom with Joan Fontaine in "From This Day Forward" at RKO. The picture wasn't yet released. He didn't know yet where he stood. He was hemmed in by Hollywood skeptics, even on his own home lot. He had to make good. "I'm ready," he told the doctor, "whenever you are." (*Continued on page 100*)

A NURSE WAS WAITING IN THE AMBULANCE, BUT MARK LEFT THE HOSPITAL IN HIS CONVERTIBLE—WITH THE TOP DOWN!

By Jack Wade



Mark (with wife, Annelle) once took a few drinks to get in the mood for a drunk scene. Rushes looked silly, so he did the scene over, cold sober—and it came out fine! (Mark's latest: "The Dark Corner.")



DANGER!

KAYE AT PLAY

■ Danny Kaye and his good pal, Jack Benny, were on their way to the Hollywood Canteen one night during the war, when Jack made an injudicious remark.

"This Hollywood traffic is dynamite," said Jack. "It makes me nervous." They were riding in Danny's big gray Cadillac and Danny was at the wheel. Instantly an odd gleam came into the sharp eyes of Danny. His voice took on a strange falsetto. Right away, but too late, Jack knew he'd made a mistake.

"Nervous?" repeated Danny weirdly. "Nonsense. Look at me. I'm driving but I'm not a *bit* nervous!"

"Look out!" yelled Jack. Danny had stuck out his left hand and then whirled the wheel to his right. A car grazed by, the driver shaking his fist. "I'm calm," continued Danny. "It doesn't pay to get worked up."

"HEY!" yelled Benny this time. Danny stuck his hand out to the right and twisted the Cad on one wheel to the left. Brakes screeched on both sides. Danny loosened his collar, jittered his fingers, slapped back his mop of hair twitchily, dabbed his brow. "Cool as can be," he muttered. He ground the gears like a buzz saw. The clutch popped in and out. The car bucked and heaved like a broncho. Danny gave it a jackrabbit start, sending Jack bouncing out of his seat. A passing driver honked and cursed.

"Courtesy! Courtesy!" yelled Danny, chidingly. He got back a dark scowl. "Tch-tch . . ." clucked Danny. "What drivers need are calmness and courtesy." He (*Continued on page 73*)



May McCoy (Danny calls her "the real McCoy") hates to have her picture taken. "G'wan," teases Danny, "you're not so good looking as you think!" D.'s excited about Coming (blessed) Events, about new pic, "Secret Life Of Walter Mitty."

HE'S DEATH TO DIGNITY, THIS FUGITIVE FROM BROADWAY, WITH A PIXIE IN HIS SOUL AND A GLEAM IN HIS EYE. ■ BY GEORGE BENJAMIN



HEAVEN CAN WAIT FOR GENE TIERNEY, WHO'S GOT A DELIGHTFULLY DESIGNING HUSBAND, A DOG NAMED OLAF, AND A DAUGHTER WHO LIKES TO PLAY WITH PERCOLATORS! • by FREDDA DUDLEY

leave heaven to her

■ Mrs. Oleg Cassini, newly moved into a home in Beverly Hills, stood quite still in the middle of the floor and thought. Then she went to the chest of drawers in the bedroom, started with the top drawer and removed every item. Not there. She went to the second, third, fourth and fifth drawers. No luck.

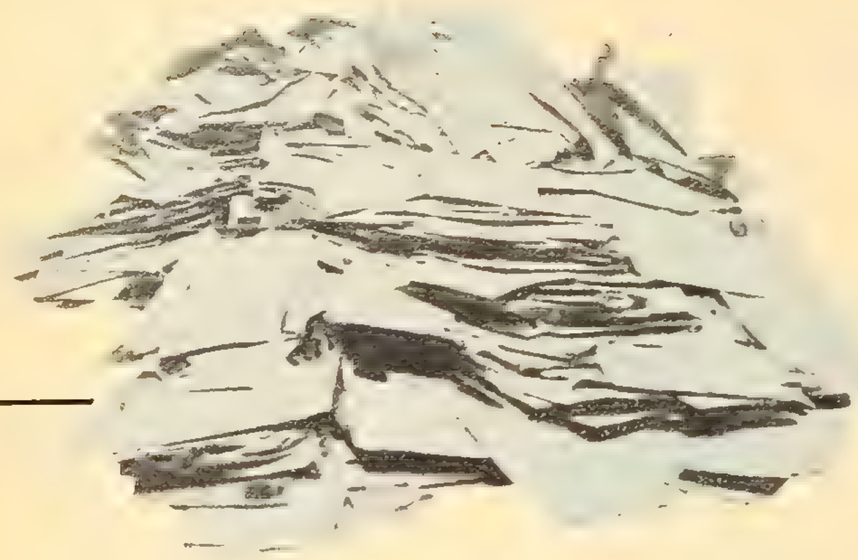
She thought, "And now what am I going to do! I wish I knew Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in person—this is definitely a problem for Basil Rathbone!"

Countess Cassini, Oleg's mother, had—on an occasion shortly after Gene's marriage to Oleg—given Gene a collection of pictures of Oleg as a baby, as a bright-eyed youngster, as an adolescent, and as a young man. These photographs had been collected on two huge mats and framed. They represented two of Gene's dearest possessions. And now, since moving day when the van company had carefully taken down everything, swathed them in protective coverings, and transported them, the pictures were nowhere to be found.

Countess Cassini, upon giving Gene the irreplaceable mementoes, had said, "You are so careful with items of value that I give you these with trust. I know they will be preserved with care because they mean so much to both of us." (*Continued on page 100*)



Gene (now in "The Razor's Edge") made a bargain with Sid Grauman: She'd have her footprints immortalized in the court of his Chinese Theater (first time since the war), if *he'd* agree to have *his* prints made. And he did!



MEET THE PEOPLE

YOU WORK AND YOU WORRY AND SUDDENLY YOU'RE FAMOUS. AND IF YOU'RE ALAN LADD, YOU DON'T FORGET THE FANS WHO MADE YOU.

■ Around the Ladd household, there's a catchword: It's "the-fans-of-course." Because whenever anyone asks Sue or Alan how Laddie caught on to stardom so fast, they answer, "Why, it was the-fans-of-course," very matter of factly. No one's more conscious of what he owes those loyal fans who plugged him when he was just a name (and pretty far down, too) on the studio contract list, and no one's more appreciative. So when Laddie and Sue decided it was time for one of their Sunday go to meetin' fans visits, they brushed Alana's blonde curls, bought presents for the lucky fans, and set out to spend the day with the Banksons and the Carrolls. The small gremlin that sits on our Hollywood editor's shoulder told her what was cookin', so she begged to come along, too—just for the ride (for herself) and for these pictures (for the-fans-of-course!)



To find out which fan they'll visit, Alan (in "Two Years Before The Mast") has Sue clip names from his fan mail, stuff 'em into his hat, then scoop Alana onto the desk. The baby then shuts her eyes and picks the lucky winner of the Ladd Fan Derby.

A family of fans: Left to right, Grandpa Fred Bankson with grandchild Georgia Carroll, Sue, Mrs. B., daughter Jean Carroll, Alan and Alana.

G'bye now . . . with Grandpa holding Georgia's balloon that Sue brought, with Sue holding the bag—and Mrs. Bankson's lemon icing recipe!

ean, whose husband's overseas, is a camera fiend, and with her favorite star at and, kept things clicking. Alan brought Mrs. Bankson lavender and white posies, hich Jean claimed she kept for days and days, till they were blossoms in the dust.

by Hedda Hopper

watch Marshall thompson!

■ Could be the prophet who said "Youth must be served" had his crystal ball focused on Hollywood, 1946 A.D., because—no doubt about it—my dreams are getting younger all the time. If you don't think so, look at the dish I'm serving up—garnished with MODERN SCREEN's golden Gruen award watch that ticks off the seconds on the dash to stardom—Mister Marshall Thompson, tall, tender, talented and terrific—and all of twenty years old!

I had a heavy date with Marshall the other day—well, maybe not so heavy, but anyway a date. I peeked out the window when Marsh clattered his Chevvy to a stop at my Beverly Hills curb and saw him unwind himself—all six feet-two of him—from behind the steering wheel. He slammed the car door and something fell off, maybe the handle. He poked his rebellious curls back, and the sun glinted off a fraternity pin on his shirt. Marshall ambled up my sidewalk with that lazy, easy stride (*Continued on page 116*)



Though her bean-stalking Marsh eats enough for ten, Mom Thompson is grateful for the dinner hour because "that's the only time the family meets—and isn't flying in all directions!"



Marshall's award is a gorgeous gold Gruen Watch; Hedda's hat is of the same metal—and worth $12,500! It was designed by John Frederics out of 18 carat solid gold!

He's the prankster
who parlayed a practical joke
into a career, the shy
school boy who rocketed into
our Star-Of-The-Month!





radio award...

by ED SULLIVAN

■ Back in the days of the fabled Palace Theater, when a date at that Broadway theater was the magna cum laude award of the two-a-day vaudeville circuit, Phil Baker used Sid Silvers as a "stooge." Today, Phil Baker has enlarged that amusing formula; he uses all of the world as "stooges," or at least that considerable section of the world which makes pilgrimages to radio studios to participate in shows of the quiz pattern. This, probably, is the articulate hangover from the country spelling bee, which once entranced our grandpappies, or perhaps it is the crossword puzzle spree wired for sound. Americans always liked to be tested with questions, confident that they had the answers, and unlike the knights of old who once spurred their chargers against each other, the modern day knights who tilt with Baker have a chance to win the $64 question.

"Everybody," said Durante, "wants to get into the act." The quiz shows of radio proved that Durante said a noseful! They're neither too young nor too old to make a stab at the $64 question. Just recently, Phil had a grandmother on the show. "Who is Betty Field?" asked Baker. The old lady, alas, no MODERN SCREEN reader, stared terror-stricken at the inquisitor. Phil tried to cue her into the answer, but it was no dice. A film of perspiration formed on the old lady's forehead.

There was no doubt that the studio audi-



and radio gossip

by BEN GROSS

■ **Salute to Sullivan . . .** Our old friend, Ed Sullivan, was on the wire. "Look, Ben," he said. "I'm busier these days than Van Johnson in a mob of autograph hunters. So howsabout tearing away from that loudspeaker long enough to write some radio news for the swellest audience in the world—the readers of MODERN SCREEN?"

Well, that's the reason for the new byline over the column this month. Ed, as all of you know, loves radio. But his work as an ace

ence's sympathy was with the old lady. Baker, a very sentimental sort of guy, had a rush of inspiration. "Mother," he said. "You look a little warm. Just fan yourself for a minute with this card." He handed her the card on which the answers are written, and the audience broke into applause. The old lady gratefully took the cardboard, adjusted her spectacles—and fanned herself!!

"In five years of quizzing," Baker told me, the other night, "I try to place myself in the position of the audience at home. If the person I'm interviewing is a smart-aleck, or an exhibitionist, I figure that people sitting at their radios resent him just as keenly as I resent him, so I give him short shrift. If the person is nervous because of modesty, or terrified because of inexperience, I know that quality is apparent to the people sitting home at their radios and I handle him as I figure they'd like to have him handled."

So, some time, when you're tuned in to a quiz show and you hear the Quizzer ask "How many years did the 10-Year War last?" or "Who were the opposing sides in the French-Indian war?", realize that the Quizzer, recognizing the near-hysteria of the Quizzee, is trying to snap him or her out of the trance.

Phil Baker's $64 questions have been asked of some very interesting people. There was the unforgettable night when the show was almost wrecked by a sailor who did an ad lib treatise on atomic power, with all his conclusions predicated on the beans that had been served to him by Navy chefs. The audience became so hysterical that Baker could hardly keep the show going. Eversharp would rather not remember that nightmare. They'd rather remember the night when Staff Sergt. Hulon Whittington, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, who killed 89 Germans, not only won the $64 question, but went on to capture a $292 jackpot.

But the most interesting person on the $64 question stanza is Phil Baker himself. Perhaps all accordion players are moody sentimentalists, or perhaps the physical effort of pumping air into the folds of an accordion tends to create moods. Whatever the cause, the effect in Baker's case is fascinating. He is certainly a moody one, given to introspection, given to fierce emotional intensities. One of his favorite companions is Michael Arlen, and at his home, you are more apt than not to find the Metropolitan's Mme. Maria Jeritza in one chair, and Aileen Stanley, a vaudeville confrere, in another.

His idol, of course, was and remains Ben Bernie. The idolatry goes back to the early days when young Baker, having earned fifty cents selling newspapers at 45th and Broadway, spent that hard-earned dough to see his favorite act, Klass and Bernie, accordion and violin. His burning ambition was to reach that high estate where he'd be the half of the act represented by Klass.

After an amateur contest, barbershop quartet, one night stands apprenticeship, Phil, at 19, teamed up with Bernie until the advent of World War I. Discharged from the Navy, Phil landed in radio, in 1933, with his "Beetle" and "Bottle" team of Ward Wilson and Harry McNaughton as studio haunts. In 1941 he became the $64 question man.

Not long ago, on a radio program that features old-time vaudeville acts via the use of records, I heard a complete old-time bill at the Palace Theater. One of the acts was Phil Baker with his stooge-in-the-box, Sid Silvers. At the Palace, when I heard them, they were hilarious. The record indicated that audiences in those days must have been pushovers, because the jokes at which I howled years ago were actually pretty bad. You can imagine that 1946 youngsters, listening to that record, must have thought that if their parents laughed at stuff like that, Pop and Ma must have been on the "corney" side. Truth to tell, the same idea was in my mind. Actually, however, such a record failed to give you the spacing supplied by the audience laughs, and it failed to give you the impertinence of Silvers, as he glared at Baker, or the poise and humor of Baker as he parried the attack from the little heckler sitting above him, on the left wing.

Believe me when I tell you that while entertainment may be speeded up from generation to generation, and material "smartened," the headliners at the old Palace today would still be headliners. The determining factor always has been, and always will be, the personality of the performer, and Baker is a headline personality.

So in making this month's MODERN SCREEN Award to Phil Baker, it is made against this background of show business, one that extends from Keith's Palace two-a-day to Paley's CBS once-a-week. And may I report that the moody one broke out in a wide grin when I handed him the silver plaque.

Broadway columnist, his broadcasting contract, his numberless activities for charity and his noble efforts on behalf of hospitalized veterans keep him occupied most of the days—and evenings, too. He just hasn't enough time on his hands. So, being an old associate and agreeing with him on what is good in radio, he asked me to take over.

However, you may depend on it, the Sullivan lad will still continue to grace these pages. He will carry on, both on the air and in print, with his highly valued "MODERN SCREEN-Ed Sullivan Radio Awards." He will keep on writing those human, warm-hearted accounts of the personalities behind the winning shows. And, what's more, if our Ed has any thoughts on the broadcasting scene, he will speak right up and pass them on to this department.

So now, having made our bow to Sullivan, let's get on with the job. And, in doing so, we find, as always that . . .

Names Make Radio . . . Just as Perry Como continued broadcasting on his NBC "Supper Club" show while making a picture in Hollywood, Raymond Massey is doing his "Harvest of Stars" stint from the cinema capital, too. . . . Louise Carlyle, the CBS songbird, is an expert on Syrian cookery. You'll find her recipes in a best selling cookbook. . . . Have you wondered what's become of Jessica Dragonette? I saw her the other day in her luxurious apartment, near Manhattan's ultra-ultra Sutton Place. Surrounded by antiques and objets d' art, Jessica confided that she has just completed a very successful concert tour. Several sponsors are bidding for her services in the Fall. . . . Did you know that long before she embarked for Hollywood, Dorothy Lamour was the first broadcasting star ever publicized as "the glamor girl of radio?" . . . Although the beauteous Jinx Falkenburg, appearing with her husband, Tex McCrary, on one those morning chatter programs, expects the stork this month (July), she plans to continue her radio work while in the hospital. . . . I hate to give this bromide another airing, but Jinx and Tex are really an "ideal couple." . . . And while on this topic, let me warn you that you'll probably read of very few divorces in this column. Radio folk, it seems, have the highest percentage of marriages that stick of any people in show business.

Joined Milton Berle, the comic, who has been drawing $10,000 a week for his night-club emceeing at the Carnival, over a smoked salmon sandwich at Lindy's the other night. Said Milt: "After paying taxes, I have less left than when I (*Continued on page 98*)

stick to nature



Dorothy "Road To Utopia" Lamour has a beautiful and natural smile. It gleams even brighter when she poses with her son, John Ridgely Howard.

DOROTHY ADVOCATES

NATURAL BEAUTY, SAYS THERE'S NOTHING

IN NATURE TO EQUAL

A PRETTY SMILE. ACQUIRE ONE!

By Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ Dorothy Lamour smiled at me . . . her great big blue-gray eyes twinkled and her prettily curving lips revealed sparkling teeth. "Yes," she admitted, "that would make a good title." She had just mentioned her rallying cry for beauty, "Stick to Nature!" and, as your MODERN SCREEN Beauty Reporter, I had pounced upon that message to pass along to you.

Now don't begin thinking, as did one mere male who was eavesdropping on our conversation, "It's grand to stick to nature if you naturally look like Dot Lamour—but . . .!" Dorothy is certainly understanding. We agreed that we females should stick to nature as the artist does, with a bit of guileful improvement. But basically, La Lamour's theory is sound. Let your mascaraed eyelashes veil eyes that are sparkling and well rested. Smooth your powder over a complexion that is fresh and firm. Let your artfully lipsticked lips reveal teeth that are white and even.

Speaking of pretty lips, Dorothy has this to say: "Give a thought to mannerisms when your mouth is in repose . . . even the happiest girl is not smiling every minute. Don't hold lips so tightly clenched that parenthesis lines are formed. Don't be one of those people (*Continued on page 72*)



"Away with Fingertip Monotony..."

Here's the newest strategy of allure!



Daytime Drama for the Exciting Titian

Mrs. Ralph Bidwell Carter III always changes her fingertip make-up to fit each occasion. For a suave afternoon costume, she does the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick"—applies Dura-Gloss *Clover* from the *moons over the tips.*



Evening Elegance for the Radiant Blonde

Celia Babcock, of "I Remember Mama," loves this newest fingertip strategy. For evening allure, she uses the Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" method—*covers her nails completely* with Dura-Gloss *Fuchsia.*

Outdoor Strategy for the Striking Brunette

Theo Graham, fashion design student, finds Dura-Gloss makes it easy to change her polish for each costume. Using the Dura-Gloss "Double Quick Trick," she applies Dura-Gloss *Red Pepper* to her fingertips, *leaving moons and tips exposed,* for a crisp, outdoor costume.

Daytime and Sports Costumes from Mary Lewis
Jewelry from Georg Jensen



GIVE YOUR NAILS THE SPICE OF VARIETY!

So Easy With Dura-Gloss "Quick Trick" Technique



1. Quick Trick

For lasting fingertip allure, try this method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*two* coats of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Polish Dryer.

2. Double Quick Trick

When time is short, use this Dura-Gloss method: Apply one coat of Dura-Coat—*one* coat of Dura-Gloss polish. Quick dry with Polish Dryer.

Every fashionable shade of nail polish made is made by Dura-Gloss

It's charged with excitement...

DURA-GLOSS

Fingertip Allure

Copr. 1946, Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J., Founded by E. T. Reynolds

The Outlaw

HERE'S WHY THIS THRILLING NEW PICTURE HAS BEEN KEPT OFF THE SCREEN FOR TWO YEARS!

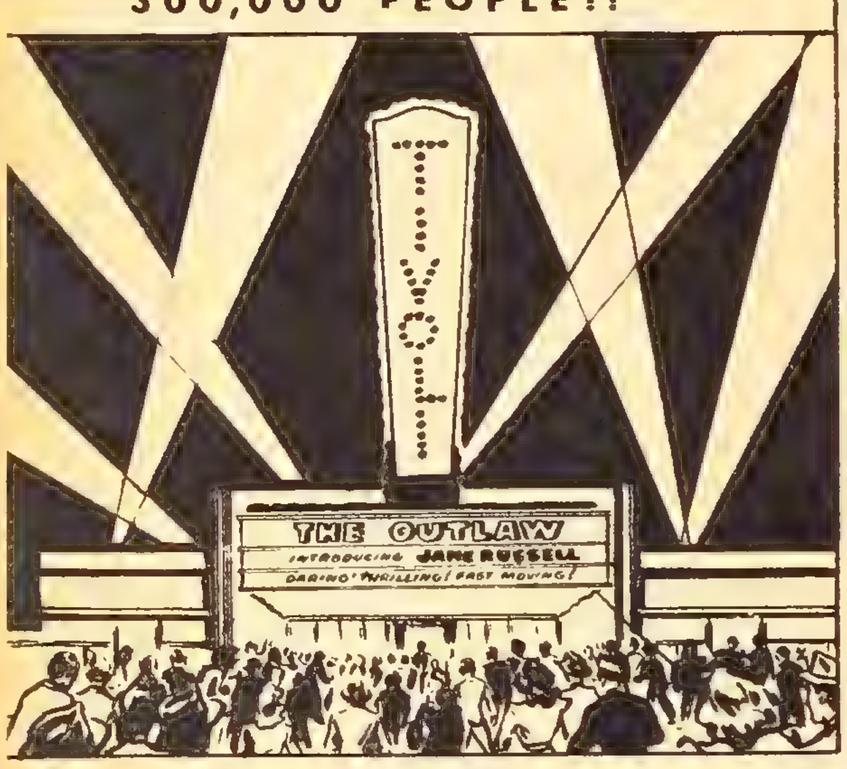


1944—**HOWARD HUGHES,** WORLD FAMOUS FLYER AND MOTION PICTURE PRODUCER, COMPLETES HIS PICTURE **THE OUTLAW.**

HOWARD HUGHES DISCOVERE
JEAN HARLOW, PAUL MUNI
GEORGE RAFT, AND PAT O'BRIEN
NOW, IN **THE OUTLAW,** H
PRESENTS HIS SENSATIONA
NEW STAR DISCOVERY—
JANE RUSSELL



JUNE, 1944—**THE OUTLAW** WORLD PREMIERE IS HELD AT SAN FRANCISCO. THE PICTURE BREAKS EVERY EXISTING RECORD!! HELD OVER FOR 8 WEEKS! PLAYS TO MORE THAN 300,000 PEOPLE!!





THE OUTLAW IS TRIGGER FAST ACTION **COMBINED WITH DARING SENSATION TOO STARTLING TO DESCRIBE!**

THEN...**THE OUTLAW** IS BANNE
BY THE CENSORS! BUT RATHER THA
CUT A SINGLE SCENE FROM THE FILM
HOWARD HUGHES WITHDRAW
IT FROM THE THEATRES OF THE WORL







NOW, AT LAST, AFTER A TWO YEARS FIGHT WITH THE CENSORS **HOWARD HUGHES** BRINGS YOU HIS DARING PRODUCTION **THE OUTLAW...EXACTLY AS IT WAS FILMED! NOT A SCENE CUT!!** AND INTRODUCING A NEW STAR **JANE RUSSELL!**

HOWARD HUGHES' *Daring* PRODUCTION

The Outlaw

starring JANE RUSSELL

introducing JANE RUSSELL

Magnificent... Moody... Mean...



EXACTLY AS
IT WAS FILMED!
NOT A SCENE CUT!

by Dorothy Manners

SUBSTITUTING FOR LOUELLA PARSONS



There were plenty of gay moments for the David Nivens before tragedy struck last May. David Junior, aged three, who looks just like his late mother, has a little brother, James, seven months old.



Lt. Col. Niven (with a British General) was highly decorated, served on Eisenhower's staff. Niven planned on returning to Hollywood and co-starring with his wife.



New to Hollywood, and fascinated by its laughter and luxury after the grimness of war torn England, Mrs. David Niven loved nightclubbing with her husband. Here at Ciro's, she giggled like a child at comedian Joe E. Lewis.



In 1940, David Niven, who enlisted in 1939, married Miss Primula Rollo, niece of the Marquis of Downshire. She served in the British Women's Auxiliary Air Force, met David in a slit trench during a London air raid.

Sad news

SHE'D ONLY BEEN HERE SIX WEEKS, BUT ALL HOLLYWOOD HAD TAKEN THE LOVELY MRS. DAVID NIVEN TO ITS HEART

This month, for the first time in many years, the editors of MODERN SCREEN are most unhappily conscious of the irony of the title, GOOD NEWS. Because, this issue, we have two saddening events to report. The first is that Louella Parsons, who is our featured Hollywood columnist, was unable to write her usual column due to the fact that she is in the hospital recuperating from a major operation. So for this issue and the next, her very able assistant, Dorothy Manners, will take over. But it takes more than an operation to get our LOP down, and the latest bulletins have her very much up and on the mend.

Our second story, and one which has saddened the entire movie colony, is the tragic death of Primula Niven, David Niven's British war bride, who so recently arrived in America. We at MODERN SCREEN have always had a special place in our hearts for the talented David, not only for his gaiety and charm, but for his great sincerity and well bred manner. So when we heard that "Prim" and little David and Jamey were coming to our country, it gave us great joy, and we hastened to add our warm welcome to David's wonderful enthusiasm. Now the good days are over and David will have to once more travel alone. All that MODERN SCREEN, speaking on behalf of both its staff and its millions of readers, can offer are our silent prayers and most sincere respects.

■ The Niven tragedy struck at a gay, informal little Sunday night party at Tyrone Power's and Annabella's. Not one of those big Hollywood parties you read so much about, but one of those lazy days and evenings when good friends drop in and spend the afternoon down by the swimming pool and take pot luck at dinner later on. All afternoon the Richard Greenes, Gene Tierney, the Rex Harrisons, Cesar Romero, and David Niven and his charming young British wife, Primula, had dipped in and out of the pool, and sunned themselves lazily. It was an early dinner because everyone was hungry. After dinner, stretched out in chairs in the den, assuring one another that they had all eaten too much, someone suggested, "Let's play The Game." You know "The Game." It's one of Hollywood's favorite indoor pastimes acting out "Who am I?" and getting the others to guess. Pretty little Mrs. Niven particularly wanted to play. She had read a lot about "The Game" before she came to Hollywood six weeks before. Because she was new to it, and because of her enthusiasm, she was elected "it" first. That means that she was to act out the character she had in mind. The character she selected was "Hamlet." She needed a coat or cloak to make her impersonation more vivid. As the others watched, she walked out of the room, down a short hall in search of a coat. She opened a door . . . there was the sound of a tumbling body . . . a sharp scream . . . and the tragedy struck. By the time David reached her unconscious form, she was moaning at the bottom of the basement steps, for she had not stepped into a closet but had plunged through the dark, down steep basement steps. For 24 hours, not only the close friends of the Nivens, but all Hollywood, held its breath waiting for her to regain consciousness. Monday evening everyone began to breathe easier because reports from the hospital were that she was greatly improving. Then at midnight, Monday night, David was summoned to his wife's bedside. (*Continued on page 91*)



Dresses by Joan Norton Irwin

Twin styles...twin crispness

Heads turn — to see mother and daughter in identical frocks. Besides — these cottons are so delightfully crisp and unrumpled. They're laundered with Linit, the starch that makes cotton *look* and *feel* like linen.

Linit's thin, easy flowing mixture *penetrates* the fabric. Naturally, that smooth finish makes things stay clean longer, too.



Sunny says: Do *you* use Linit for cotton clothes... and for all sorts of household fabrics? Try it! Makes ironing lots easier! Simple directions on every package.



©Corn Products Sales Company

LINIT *adds the "finishing touch"*

STICK TO NATURE!

(Continued from page 66)

who look as if the effort of a smile is almost enough to break them in two.

In working for that *naturally* beautiful smile, it is a bright idea to own two brushes so that one is always ready for use. When wielding your toothbrush you use your pet dentifrice, which can be either in powder, paste, or liquid form. Of course, you wash your teeth first thing at morning and last thing at night, but do also try to manage a refreshing midday scrubbing.

Brush your teeth in the direction in which they grow, away from the gums towards the biting edges. Call upon your dental floss as an auxiliary to your toothbrush. Floss is important because it penetrates crevices that can't be reached in any other way. Pull the floss gently between the teeth, but be careful not to jerk it over tender gums. Easy does it!

Gums with a pale, whitish cast are not only unnatural but unhealthy. The easiest way to tone them up is to massage 'em with dentifrice. Firmly and evenly, draw little circles all over your gums . . . you'll be enthusiastic about the fresh, healthy feeling of your mouth.

Even the most enchanting smile can't excuse a tainted breath! Are you a composite picture of all the unhappy girls in the mouthwash ads? The solution: Use a good mouthwash after every meal and frequently during the day. Don't just taste it; take a good mouthful and swirl it until your mouth tingles with freshness.

Your dentist isn't only the stern, white-coated man who says "this is going to hurt," and who goes ahead to prove it. He's a true beauty worker who can keep your smile bright by removing stubborn stains and tartar deposits. He can plug tiny cavities before they grow to Grand Canyon proportions and, if you visit him regularly, every six months, he can stop all inroads of decay.

With teeth so naturally brilliant, let's hear what Dorothy has to say about that "artistic plus." This calls for a bit of artful lip coloring, preferably with a lip brush about whose merits Dorothy is enthusiastic. She advocates my old theory: Blot your first application of lipstick and re-apply it. You'll get longer "smileage" from your makeup! And you will want to smile oftener when you see the happy picture your mirror reflects.

* * *

The "Color Selector" (yours—free—just fill in the coupon!) is really your idea. So many asked about sparkling colored tresses that I consulted a leading maker of after-shampoo rinses. He had his artists whip up the "Color Selector" featuring twenty-one colored photographs—to help you find the exact shading for your hair.

Incidentally, his is a temporary rinse. It removes dulling soap curd and is an ideal "tangle-out." The varied hair shadings permit a wider range of color in costume and makeup, offering new and exciting beauty experiences to every user. See for yourself —write for your copy of the "Color Selector!"

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor
MODERN SCREEN
149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of the "Color Selector" for hair shading. I am enclosing a 3c stamp to cover postage.

Name
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DANGER! KAYE AT PLAY

(*Continued from page 57*)

banged the bumper of the car ahead.

Jack Benny had quite a ride. Danny had slipped right into the role of a nervous driver trying to be cool and collected. Smack in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine, Hollywood's busiest intersection, Danny stalled the car. He leaped out and lifted the hood, poking around the engine. Horns blared, traffic piled up, whistles blew, drivers yelled.

Jack Benny got out and beat it. Over his shoulder he spied Danny Kaye, waving his arms, bobbing his head and spouting excited double talk to the mob that swirled around him. He was yelling, "Courtesy! Courtesy! Let's all be calm and courteous!" Jack knew that Danny Kaye was having a wonderful time.

If Danny Kaye had to confine his fun to the film cameras and radio mikes, he'd probably bust wide open in all directions, like Vesuvius. He's no zealous zany, calculating comic or weather-eye wit, no gag-plugger or showoff. In fact, nothing closes him more clammily than people who beg, "Come on, be funny, Danny!" He calls it "Making like Shirley Temple" and it gives him the pip.

he's kaye-razy! . . .

But when the mad mood hits Danny, nothing can stop him and nothing can top him. On his last trip back to New York, Danny stepped out on a night club tour one evening with a bunch of friends. At a French bistro a *chanteuse* warbled a song in French that nobody in the crowd could understand, including Kaye. It was a haunting little ditty and as the party stepped out on 52nd Street to go on to the Stork Club, a girl in the party mused, "Gee, I wish I understood French. I wonder what that girl was singing about?"

Danny stopped cold and started explaining just what the singer said. How did he know? He didn't. He explained in double talk with a French accent, which turned into a Czechoslovakian accent, into a Russian accent, into an Italian accent, into a Greek accent. His voice rose in a roar of masculine passion as he acted out one side of a throbbing love tale; then he hopped across the sidewalk and turned into a swoony soprano female. He pantomimed a violent quarrel, sang the song at the top of his lungs with operatic flourishes. The girl whose innocent remark started all this, slipped on laugh weakened knees to the curb at last and just shook, but the crowds on 52nd Street gathered, clapped, spread, and stopped traffic cold. Cabs honked angrily and a cop came running up. Danny was still at it, knocking himself out. The Irish cop recognized him.

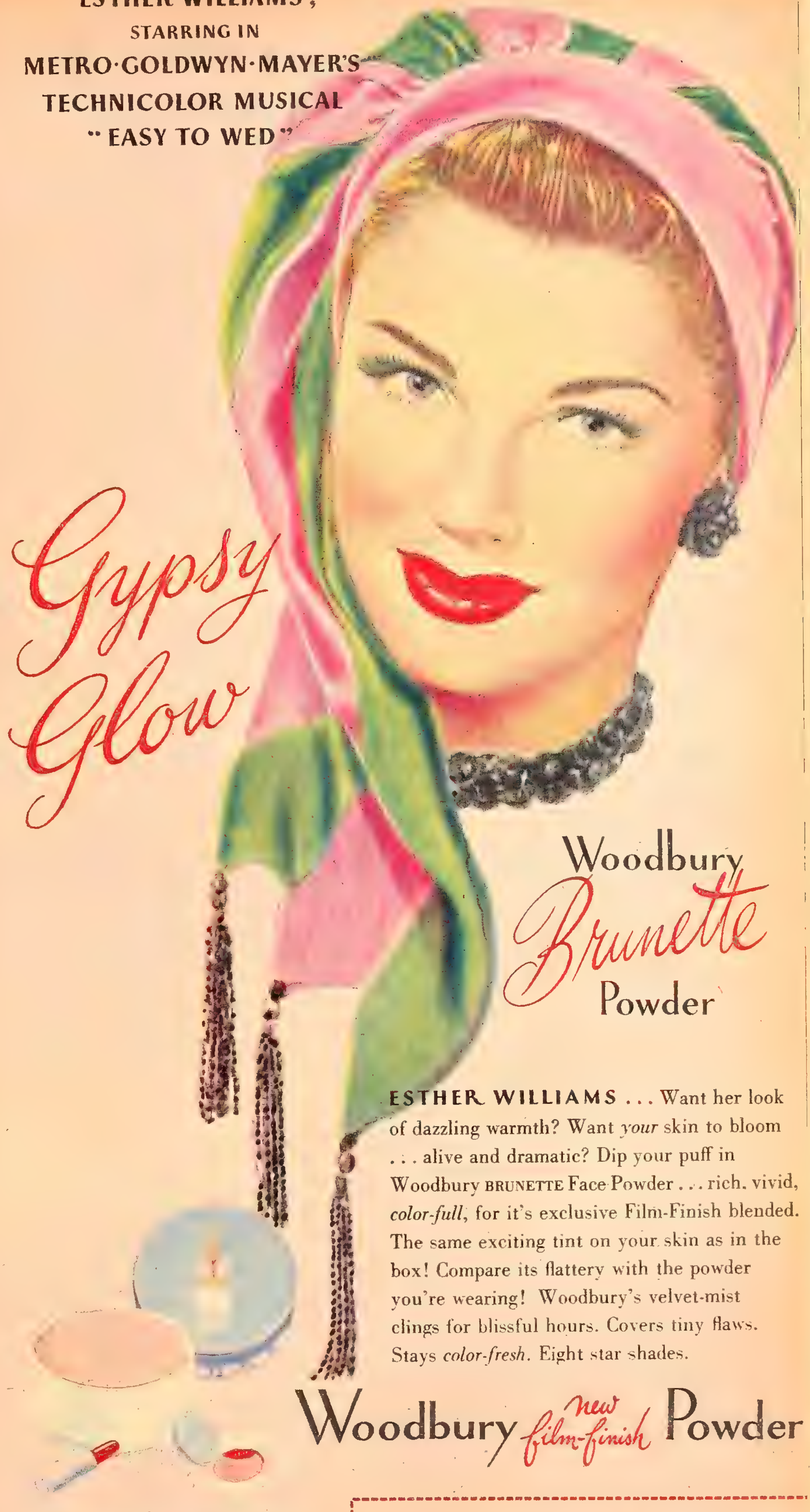
"Oh, sure, it's you, Misther Kaye," he sighed. "Well, now, go along with you and your shenanigans!"

That just inspired Danny further. He turned his act into a double talk with Irish accent, injected snatches of "Mavourneen" and "Macushla" and danced an Irish jig with the red-faced, sweating cop.

He doesn't need a big audience, either, to satisfy his tingling funnybone, although that's when he's at his best, because as his good friend, Ed Dukoff, says, "Danny's like a sounding board. The more response he gets, the more he gives." That's why Kaye will never be a hardy Hollywood perennial.

When Danny was making "Up In Arms," his first Hollywood movie, the absent Broadway blues crept up on him pretty bad. One day there was a break in the shooting. They told Danny he had a couple of hours off. What to do with two hours

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of time on his hands set Danny knitting his nimble brains, and in no time at all he was in the makeup department with an idea. He had told everyone the truth around Goldwyn's when they'd offered him cocktails—that he didn't drink. They didn't see how he could be that way if he didn't. They didn't know what a terrific mimic Kaye was and what a marvelous drunk he could fake. He decided it was high time for some fun.

Soon he stumbled back on the set, reeling and hiccuping—the most messed up gutter guzzler ever seen on land or sea. He had a black eye like a giant opal, his nose was lumpy and his lips puffed.

Nobody recognized Danny at first. But the horrified delayed take was, "Good Lord, Kaye's dead drunk! He won't be able to work for days." A few scoffers said, "What did we tell you—never touches the stuff—hmph!" Danny reeled on out and up to Sam Goldwyn's private secretary. She screamed and ran, took a second look and shuddered, "Mister Kaye!" Danny winked her back to reason and whispered he wanted to see Mr. Goldwyn. "Please,

May was cutting meat. She stopped, paralyzed. "He ain't home."

"Oh, yes he is," shrilled Danny crazily, advancing into the kitchen. "He's right here *now!*"

May still didn't penetrate the disguise. She was scared. She reached for the butcher knife. "You go 'way—you crazy man—" she shrieked, "or I cut youah haid off!" May wasn't fooling, either. Danny could tell that when she started slicing the air. He gave up. May almost collapsed.

"Mistuh Kaye," she groaned, "don't you *evah* do that again!"

Danny didn't. That knife was too realistic. But it's hard holding himself in when the spirit moves him. His best friends will call up. "Danny?" they'll say.

"No, prease. Japanese boy. Long numbah. 'Ooo-bye."

They'll call again. He'll be a Filipino, next a Negro butler from Alabam'. He'll be a French maid. "'Allo. W'at you wan' wiz me? Peeg! Zut! Snoot! Root-toot!" And slam it will go again. Maybe on the fourth or fifth try he'll be Danny Kaye, protesting that the telephone never rang before.



no . . ." she pleaded. "He'll die of a heart attack!"

"Maybe you're right," agreed Danny. So he went back to the set and took off his makeup—the makeup it had taken him two painful hours to get done up in. There was a sigh of relief on the set, but for weeks after that nobody made the mistake of offering Danny Kaye a cocktail.

Makeup intrigues Danny. He loves the stuff and can't resist switching into another personality in looks as well as voice and mimicry. It doesn't matter who's the audience in the fun, just so long as there's a Kaye impersonation to be worked. Once Danny worked all day on the set made up like a lunatic. Came time to go home and the makeup man came around. "Just a minute," he said, "I'll clean you up." But Danny got one of his crazy inspirations. "Nope—leave it on."

He drove home with the wild man makeup and sneaked around the house to the service porch where May, his Negro housekeeper, was busy preparing dinner. At once Danny's voice became sepulchral and out of this world.

"I wanna see Meester Kaye," he leered.

People will crowd into the radio studios, in Hollywood or maybe in Radio City in Manhattan. They'll be jamming in to hear Danny Kaye. A snappy usher, decked out like a South American general, will meet them at the door, bow them to their seats, tell them courteously what a wonderful, wonderful show they're going to see. How he worships Mister Kaye. Then whisk off, unrecognized. It'll be Danny himself. That's one of his favorite stunts.

People never get mad at Danny. It's practically impossible. That's because there's never an ounce of malice behind his fun explosions. Besides, too, usually Danny Kaye's mimicry clears the air and relaxes everybody around. He's the most supercharged individual, perhaps, in all show business (he can work ten hours straight, sleep two, and be fresh as a daisy) but he's also the greatest tension breaker-upper on wheels.

The most fretful sessions in radio, probably, are orchestra rehearsals for a big coast-to-coast show. Every fiddle scrape, trumpet toot and sax bleat has to be right on the beam and timed to a split second. When the band starts sweating, frowning, missing notes and snapping at each other, Danny, if he's around, likes to step in. One method to restore harmony is to sing one-eighth of a tone off-key. Sound funny? Not a bit—to you and me. We wouldn't know the difference, probably. And it takes a trigger-sharp voice and ear to do it, by the way. But Danny can, and he does whenever he wants the musicians on his show to double up and relax. To them it's a scream.

Or he'll step up to the conductor and ask sweetly, "May I conduct this next number? Please—I've always wanted to lead a band."

"Yes, of course, Mr. Kaye," the leader always says, innocently.

Danny takes the baton and from that minute on he's the late conductor—to a "T." If the band boss tosses his hair or jerks his shoulders, Danny does. If he raps on the piano every other second, tugs at his tie, twists his handkerchief, shakes his tummy, rolls his eyes—no matter what—Danny has absorbed every gesture like blotting paper and he burlesques it. Nothing is funnier to a bunch of band guys than seeing their boss taken for a ride.

He melts dignity like a blow torch melts ice. Inhibitions go pouf! when Kaye's cutting up. Danny has joked Lily Pons into crooning at parties. He tackled Lauritz Melchior at one Hollywood shindig—and then made Lauritz his stooge in a little-boy-goes-to-the-dentist pantomime; Danny was the little boy, of course, and Melchior the dentist. On the set of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," Danny's name for Boris Karloff—offscreen one of the most dignified men in Hollywood—is "Hank." At one very stuffed shirt Hollywood party, Kaye found the polite conversation stifling. He organized an oratorio, one of those mass sing affairs where everybody joins in.

here come the clowns . . .

When Elsa Maxwell tossed her lavish Free French party in Hollywood a couple of years ago, there were Names there fresh from Who's Who, the Blue Book and Box Office, too. Among them was Danny Kaye. By three o'clock in the morning, he had Rubenstein, the concert pianist, batting out jazz, while Danny yodeled and slapped a bull fiddle recklessly. Sad-eyed Charles Boyer was singing barber shop harmony and Greer Garson and Cesar Romero were knocking off a tap dance. That's what happens around Danny Kaye.

A friend of his says, "Danny Kaye can turn an auditorium into a living room"—which is no exaggeration. Danny has proved it more than once. The last time was his personal appearance at the Paramount Theater in New York. Danny was supposed to go on each day for thirty minute turns. He busted the Paramount schedule wide open. Nobody knew when he'd stop and nobody cared—not even the management. One afternoon Danny got going and kept it up an hour and three-quarters. Not a soul left. Nobody knew what time it was. They were all having too much fun, most of all D. Kaye. Finally, Danny spied a woman 'way in the back rise in her seat and make for the aisle.

"Stop!" cried Danny. "You can't leave now."

"I've got to," shouted back the woman. "I've already been here three hours. I've got to go home and cook dinner."

"Who wants to eat?" cried Danny. But the lady started out on the aisle.

Danny hopped down off the stage, raced up the aisle, lifted the reluctant exiter and carried her back to her seat. She stayed Danny went on with the show until he couldn't croak any longer.

Friends who visited Danny at the theater found themselves in the act, pronto. Keenan Wynn, a pal of Danny's, dropped backstage one afternoon, waved hello from

the wings. Danny dragged him out. Without a word of explanation they launched into a favorite pantomime skit he'd cooked up with Keenan (no mean funny man himself) at Hollywood parties. It's one where Danny's a mousy, shy commuter who wants to be left alone on the train and Keenan's one of those talkative, back slapping extroverts. You can't describe it. It has to be seen. It's screamingly funny, though, and that particular audience was plenty lucky to see it. Most of the best Danny Kaye specials are not for sale.

Some that audiences will probably never see are Danny singing opera and begging nickels with Jack Benny squeaking his violin as an Italian street musician. Or Danny at his composer-conductor friend, Ray Heindorf's, blasting out a trombone duet with Ray when neither of them can play a legitimate note on the slip-horn.

private showing . . .

His favorite private "straight man" is his wife, Sylvia. They do two screamer sketches: One about a little boy who won't eat his cereal; another on a rabid lodge member telling about the big meeting to his worshipping wife. They don't sound so funny—but you should see. But, again, you probably never will. Any list of close buddies would have to include Ed Dukoff, his public relations pal, Lou Mandel, his attorney, "Lippy" Leo Durocher, the Brooklyn Dodgers' chief, Doré Schary and Don Hartman, Hollywood producers, Jack Benny, Ray Heindorf and a guy named Frankie Sinatra. Danny's plenty touchy about his friends. They're taken right to his heart and what happens to them he figures happens to him, too.

That's Danny. He goes the limit for friends. One of his best is Frank Sinatra. The only piece of sentimental jewelry Danny wears, outside of the watch Sylvia gave him, is a medal Frankie gave him. Frankie's a Catholic; Danny's of the Jewish faith. The medal has St. Christopher on one side; on the other the Star of David. Frankie wears a duplicate medal around his neck.

Frank was booked to open at the Wedgewood Room at the Waldorf in New York last fall. The place was sold out. Danny was just back in New York from a GI entertainment tour in Japan and he was exhausted. He was refusing all offers of work. He'd refused one at the Waldorf, for a fabulous salary.

The afternoon of the opening, Ed Dukoff got a call from Sinatra's manager. "Frankie's lost his voice," he said. "He can't even talk. But he wrote out a note and I'm reading it: It says, 'Call Danny Kaye and ask him if he'll go on in place of me tonight at the Wedgewood Room.' How about it? Can Danny go on tonight?" Ed didn't know. He knew Danny was frazzled out. He was up at Leo Durocher's house taking it easy. Leo had made the Tokyo trip with him and they were talking it over. Ed hated even to mention work that night—hard work at a big opening. But he called Danny.

"Frankie's sick? Of course, I'll go on," said Danny. He called Frank himself and told him not to give it another thought.

The Waldorf crowd gave a groan when it was announced Frank was sick and wouldn't appear. They were all tucked out in tuxedos and set for a big night. Then Danny Kaye danced out from the wings and the groans turned to laughs. Danny, tired as he was, never gave such a performance. He didn't have a show worked up. It was all impromptu—and that's when Danny Kaye's at his best. He knocked himself out twice as long as he was supposed to, to send Frankie's engagement off to a flying start. He even burlesqued Frankie's swoon croons and the crowd loved it. He never took a nickel for the job—even paid his own table check. That's the kind of friendship Danny Kaye packs. And don't think Frank was ungrateful. When Danny and Sylvia moved into their Park Avenue apartment a few days later, there was a sterling silver service for twelve awaiting them from one of Fifth Avenue's most expensive jewelry stores, with Frankie's card.

Underneath, there's a lot that Frank Sinatra and Danny Kaye have in common, which croons and comedy cutups both mask deceptively. Frankie's efforts to help the underprivileged are well known. Danny Kaye's heart is in the same place. He's a clown on the surface but underneath he feels as strongly as Frank or anyone else on the subject of underdogs. One of the few times anyone has ever seen Danny mad enough to commit murder happened one night when injustice and brutality knocked at his stage door.

Danny was playing the Roxy and he had a Negro man as a valet. It was the Negro's first job since he came out of the service. He'd been blown up in a PT boat. He was



"Something just snapped, and then everything went chartreuse!"

still shaky and nervous. Well, it happened that some jewelry belonging to someone vanished backstage and two city detectives came in looking for the culprit. They saw Danny's Negro valet and decided with no evidence at all he was it. They accused him—threatened him—dished out a small third degree. All unjustly and all because he was a Negro. His nerves gave way and he cried. When Danny heard about that he hit the ceiling.

"Cool off," a friend advised Danny. "Nothing you can do."

"I don't want to cool off," snapped Danny. "I'm sore and there's plenty I can do." He called the station house and told them he wasn't going to stand for that sort of thing.

"Yeah?" they said.

"Yeah!" said Danny.

It just happened that that very night Danny was set to play a benefit and on the same bill was Mayor LaGuardia. Danny and "Butch" LaGuardia have been great pals for some time. When they met at the benefit they embraced each other. And who should be guarding the mayor but the two detectives who had kicked Danny's valet around. They saw how chummy Kaye was with their Big Boss and they almost swooned. First, they rushed up to Danny's valet and apologized. Then they came to Danny and stuttered out regrets. They said they hoped he wouldn't say anything about it to his pal, the Mayor.

That's when Danny Kaye really showed the kind of stuff he's made of.

"Look, boys," he told the offending cops. "If I spoke to Mayor LaGuardia about you, I'd be just as guilty as you were, picking on my valet. There's no reason to push anybody else around in this world."

Another soft spot Danny lugs around is for kids. When he's playing a show and spots a little tyke in his audience, it's a cinch Danny Kaye will play right to the kid. He spotted one four-year-old at the Paramount one afternoon, jumped down and brought her up on the stage and right into the act for a big thrill. The audience loved it, too, almost as much as Danny. When the act they put on was over, Danny leaned down and said, "That's all, dear. Now give me a great big kiss."

"I don't want to," said the little girl.

Even Danny was flustered. "Don't you like me?" he asked.

"Yeth," lisped the little girl. "But my Mama told me never to kiss a gentleman in public!"

Whenever you tell anything about Danny Kaye, sooner or later you find yourself talking about the most important person in his life, his wife, Sylvia. I said Sylvia was Danny's best "straight man," but she's far more than that. She writes most of his best acts, inspires him to his top talent, pulls him down to earth when he skitters out of this world. Sylvia and Danny have been married six years. They met when they were both struggling for breaks.

Sylvia Kaye and Danny are simply nutty about each other. She thinks of nothing but in terms of Danny Kaye and he wouldn't move his little finger without her advice. Both are extremely creative people but there's never any temperamental fireworks. Danny telephones Sylvia three and four times a day when she's in New York and he's in Hollywood. He calls her "Mom" and she calls him "Baby." They're a real team.

Sylvia knows more about the quirks, caprices, crotchets and capacities of Danny Kaye than anyone alive. She knows he's not always up in the clouds, but sometimes down in the dumps, especially when he's not happy about something in a movie or radio script, or after he's dug up the course in a distastrous round of golf. Danny takes his golf pretty seriously. He's been playing the game only two years but already he's in the low 80's.

superman . . .

Danny's no All-American athlete or anything, but he's lean, muscular and practically indestructible. He has a bad disc in his back from an old fall on a stage, but otherwise he's perfect. The only time he was ever in a hospital came after he beat himself to exhaustion playing a marathon engagement of war benefits. Danny's favorite spot to recharge his energy batteries is Bill Brown's Health Farm up in New York State. He disappears there whenever he has a rare idle stretch, walks ten miles twice a day, gets pounded, rubbed, tucked in bed at eight and roused at 5 a.m. when, as Danny says, "you walk into a room, pull a rope and the North Sea, with icebergs, comes down on your head." He means a cold shower. Danny has another of those private comedy routines about Bill Brown's place. But then, he has one of those on practically everything that happens to him.

Danny's real home is a 12-room apartment on Park Avenue in New York, loaded with early American antiques. Danny practically moved in at the decorator's



Helen Neushaefer at her home on Parsonage Point, Rye, N. Y.

studio while the place was being furnished. Every object was a major project in his life, down to the last doughboard and wrought iron hinge—and there's a funny skit on all that, too. Danny likes nothing but the best. He buys expensive tailor made suits, hand made shoes (which always hurt his feet, so he ends up with factory kicks), hand painted ties. He can sniff a good restaurant a mile away, especially if it's Italian or Chinese. He likes to relax for hours in warm tubs in which he's dumped toilet water.

Danny has no highbrow illusions about himself. He's perfectly content to go on being a funny man. He has no comedian's yearning to play "Hamlet." But he has one frustration. He's a would-be surgeon. He's crazy about medicine, he's made friends with all kinds of doctors and his idea of the most exciting time in the world is watching an operation.

Up until a few weeks ago, Danny had another important frustration in his life. He and Sylvia had been married six years and the stork refused to call at their house. With Danny's longing for children that added up to a major tragedy. Well, not long ago one of Danny's doctor friends told him the good news. Sylvia's going to have a baby, along about Christmas.

So right now Danny's having a harder time than ever trying to keep his head out of the clouds. He's biting his nails in Hollywood making "Walter Mitty" while Sylvia stays close to her doctor in New York. Being Danny, he's impatient and he thinks the baby ought to arrive tomorrow, or sooner. But it's a heavenly suspense and terribly exciting to Danny Kaye.

"Up until now," he sighs, "nothing has really ever happened to me!"

His future fatherhood is the one thing, so far, that Danny Kaye refuses to be funny about. But it's a safe bet that as soon as the suspense is over and he puffs out his chest and passes the cigars, Danny Kaye will start tingling out some laughs at himself in his new role as Proud Papa Kaye. If he doesn't, he's certainly slipping.

LUCILLE BALL

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To find out where to buy this suit, as well as the other fashions in MODERN SCREEN'S fashion pages, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Toussia Pines, Fashion Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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THE THREE PIECE SUIT



In this season of fussy clothes (leave us face it, they *are*), there is nothing more refreshing than the clean, uncluttered lines of this beautiful three piece suit by Lou Schneider. The skirt is cut with just the right degree of fullness, with a pleat in the back to swing jauntily out when you walk. The jacket, though tailored like your best beau's, has feminine tucks on the shoulders, and a collarless neckline for your favorite scarf, or for the collar of your blouse, like the one shown in the little picture at the right. It's a wool jersey by Jerry Gilden, and it makes a stunning costume with the skirt of your suit and your best wide, *wide* leather belt. The cut of the coat is nothing less than perfection, and it will do double duty, not only over your suit, but over all your winter wools. The fabric is most practical, a fine grey wool striped in white, taking to all the color you can give it. The coat and suit, $35.00 each; the blouse, about $6.00; the silly stocking cap by Madcaps in mad colors, about $5.00.

SUITED FOR ALL



CHINESE TRANSLATIONS





ABOVE: Very soft, very subtle is this China-inspired blouse by Jerry Gilden, with its coolie collar and cap sleeves. It makes a perfect date dress, when teamed with a beautiful side-swept skirt in black crepe. The bracelet is one of a new series by R. M. Jordan, called "Sparklets," and it's about $2.00 plus tax. The blouse and skirt, about $6.00 each.

LEFT: Borrowed from a Chinese pagoda are the charming jutting side peplums on this jewel-toned overblouse. The neckline is plain, for your Jordan "Sparklet" clips, with earrings to match. Wear this blouse with your own black crepe skirt, very straight and slim, or try it with your softest dress-up suit. The clips and earrings are about $2.00 per pair, plus tax. The blouse, again by Jerry Gilden, is about $6.00.

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LEFT: What could be gayer than this smooth two piecer, with its contrasting yoke and silver buttons? The skirt is beautifully made, with deep, deep pockets, and it will look wonderful with all your separate blouses and sweaters. The top is gathered on a fitted waistband, and look at those full sleeves! By Grace Norman of Teentimers', only $9.00.

RIGHT: Grace Norman of Teentimers' makes this charming jumper, in a fine, crisp rayon twill. Figure flattering to teen-agers is the long torso look, the inset waist, with tiny gathers above and below. Wear it as shown, with a tailored white blouse, or try it with your best shetland sweater, sleeves pushed up. The jumper is about $9.00.

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BEAUTY ON THE BEACH

Have you told yourself, year in, year out, that THIS time you were going to avoid that first terrific sunburn? Well, this is one year when you really can do it, 'cause the cutest beachwear fashions are cover-up.

If you're in the market for a new beach robe, how about one of the new short ones, called cholo coats, that just barely cover your bathing suit, and leave your legs exposed? They come in varieties of styles and fabrics, from terry cloth to rayon gabardine, from tailored shirt-types to Victorian ruffled numbers. All prices, too!

If you're young and gay, how about buying a man's shirt to wear as a beach robe? Roll up the sleeves, let your shirt tails fly, wear your hair in pigtails. To make your outfit really yours, paint or embroider on a big monogram.

Since the leggy look is the right look this season, watch your legs, miss! If they're fuzzy, de-fuzz them, if they're just the least bit downy, use a bleaching treatment on 'em. You won't have to do it too often, the sun will keep up the good work for you. And take the very best care you know how of your feet. If you won't match your finger and toe-nail polish, or if you'll neglect nicks and chips, better forget color and use the colorless stuff.

Bathing suits are going back to the streamlined smoothies we used to love. Now that the war is over, more and more bathing suit manufacturers are going back to making elasticized suits. Of course, if you're the type and above all, if you're slim as a willow, nothing will tear you away from those adorable ruffled, dirndl-skirted bathing suits you've grown to love.

Does your hair get soaked, despite all precautions? Here's how to keep it dry. Take a few moments longer putting on your cap (a *few* rubber ones are back) and do a better job. Get all your hair up on top of your head. Tie a cotton triangle around your hair—then your bathing cap, and your hair will be dry as dry can be!

YOUR FASHION FUTURE

This business is funny. Here we are, putting out an August issue, which comes out in July. We've gathered a lot of things and stuff to tell you about your new Fall clothes, but you, well, you're just getting ready to go on your summer vacation! Elsewhere in this section you'll find summer hints, but now, get yourself that long cool drink and listen to the forecast!

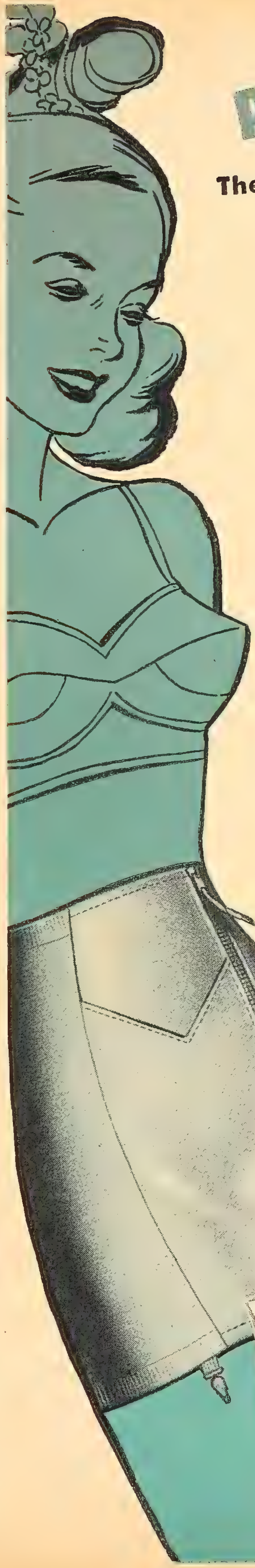
Clothes are even softer than they were last year. The newest coats have big, BIG sleeves, the dressier the coat, the bigger the sleeve. Even the sport coats, however, have a softer sleeve than last year. Our favorite in this group is a shirtwaist type of sleeve, softly bloused into a turnback cuff.

The news in suits is twofold—longer jackets and flared skirts. Sometimes both of these features appear in the same suit, which we don't like a bit! There's something about a flared skirt, WE think, that requires a more feminine, softer jacket, shorter of course.

It's wonderful to see flared skirts again! They make your legs look wonderful, they don't get that baggy, sat out look in the back that straight-hanging skirts do, and they're ever so soft and feminine. You'll be seeing them in all fabrics, from your crepe dresses, to soft tweeds.

Talking about new skirts brings us to the sweaters to wear with them. The prettiest sweaters we've seen look more like blouses than ever. The shoulders are softly padded (and that's a hint for your old sweaters, too), and there are embroideries galore, not just the evening kind that some shops showed last year, but wool on wool and chenille motifs too.

Belts, of course, assume greater importance than ever, now that the dressy sweater and flared skirt make an outfit that you wear without a jacket, and really like a two piece dress. If your waist is slim enough, wide, wider, widest is your cue; if your middle could be an inch or so slimmer, give that illusion by wearing a curved belt that whittles your waist.



AT LAST!

The Girdle Miracle you've dreamed of

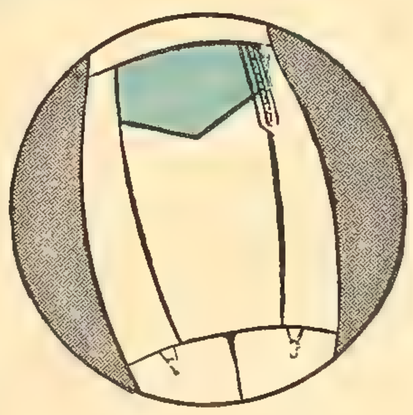
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LET'S COOL OFF

Being hot is just a state of mind. Honest! And there's nothing that will make you cooler than looking cool! Here we have a few suggestions, tried and true, to give you that lettuce look through those scorching days.

To be cool from the skin out, powder and showers are your best bet. After a cool (not icy) shower, envelop yourself in a cloud of filmy powder—makes your skin satiny, keeps you cool hours longer. And don't forget powder in your shoes—it makes all the difference!

Instead of picking up the bright color of your print dress, cool it down with dark accessories—black hat, sandals, shortie gloves, or the same in navy. If your hat is a straw cartwheel, so much the better! See how cool you look?

Don't stop wearing black, just 'cause it's summer! A black spun linen dress, pared down to essentials, no fuss, no trimmings, is the coolest thing you can wear. With it, bare legs, bare arms, perhaps a little white washable hat, short, short white gloves.

Lots of the new sunback dresses are conservative enough without their jackets to be worn in an office. Slip on the jacket when you go to lunch, and you're all dressed up. *Don't* wear 'em if your boss hates them, and don't wear yours if it's bare as bare can be—that's for the beach or the country!

Investigate the possibilities of a black linen suit. Wear it with a cool, cap-sleeved blouse to work. When you're ready for that date, change to a gaily printed bare-back halter. You'll be a glamor girl at minimum cost!

If your hair is a mane, get it up! Nothing looks cooler than a well-groomed, small head! Braids will do it, or a sleek upsweep, or if you're young as young can be, how about pigtails, neatly braided, fastened with flowers or ribbon bows? But only if you're an ingenue, remember!

To look cool, calm and collected, wear short, short white cotton gloves. Wash 'em every night, just like you wash your stockings. Take an extra pair with you when you go out. When the first pair gets ever so slightly soiled, whip out a fresh one. Terrific for appearance *and* morale!

COLOR CUES FOR FALL

COLOR runs the gamut this fall, from last year's gentle neutral shades, to this year's newest vintner tints. All the makers of fine fabrics have had what seems to be practically telepathic inspiration, and they have all come out with the most gorgeous rich shades of red, amber and wine.

FORGET the old story of basic colors having to be the old black, brown or navy. This year your basic color might be a stunning shade of deep red that Forstman calls "Medoc." It's a deep, deep shade of rich wine red which has a definite purplish cast, and many shoe and bag manufacturers have already planned to make matching accessories in the same color.

UNDER your basic wine colored coat, there are infinite suit possibilities. How about a suit in natural colored gabardine, made with the new softer lines, full skirt, loose sleeves gathered into a shirt cuff? Or have a suit in a fine light blue wool or gabardine, which is just perfect with the wine topcoat.

FOR a sport coat, one of the new amber browns looks very new and exciting. These new browns are nothing like the shades that we think of as "brown." They have a look like rich apricot brandy, and are terrifically flattering to your skin.

UNDER your amber brown coat, wear again a natural or champagne colored gabardine or twill suit, or an aqua suit, or any of a number of shades of golden yellow shading into the same amber as the coat. These combinations are heavenly if you are a blonde, with a skin nicely tanned from your vacation!

THERE'S news, too, in menswear worsted fabrics, which are being made in colors far from masculine! There is a fine menswear worsted in the market which combines wide stripes of a sort of coral with narrower fancy stripes in brown. Another tiny check in black and white has the lightest possible box over it in bright red. Made up even in the most tailored of outfits, these suits have a delightfully feminine air!





"Don't let up when Nature lets you down!"



It's just plain old-fashioned to assume a "rockin'-chair's-got-me-attitude" certain days each month. Old-fashioned, because today, Midol can free you from much of menstruation's functional cramps, headache and "blues".

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MIDOL

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CRAMPS - HEADACHE - "BLUES"

THE PURE IN HEART

(Continued from page 31)

mind has built up.

Talk to a girl at the studio for instance—

"Here's the different between Peck and the average star. Let's say you've got an interview to set up. That's part of a player's job, and yet it's a sideline. They'll wriggle out of it if they can, and if not they'll be annoyed. You have to coddle 'em, flatter 'em, sneak up on 'em, work some kind of an angle. In a way, you can't blame them. They're busy and harassed and everyone pulls at them for time.

"But they pull at Peck too, and with Peck there's no angle. You relax, and approach him like you would any human being. He'll tell you when he can do it and that's when it'll be done and you don't have to lose sleep wondering how often he'll postpone or cancel or just not show up. What it amounts to is, the guy has manners—the kind that come from way down and have nothing to do with pulling out chairs for women.

"Another thing about Peck. He *sees* you, if you know what I mean. To most of them, you're the unit man or the hairdresser or the little fellow who comes around with cokes. Beyond that they don't look. Greg's aware of you as an individual. Not that he starts asking about your ulcers. You just know he sees humans as humans first—not as cogs in a machine."

Talk to the photographer who was shooting a layout, working against time and losing. He was still short a couple of shots when the light went bad.

"Phone me when you've got some free time," said Greg, "and we'll finish up. I'm not working, so I'll suit my convenience to yours."

"Gee, that's swell, Mr. Peck. I'll call the studio—"

"No, call me at home, it's simpler. Here's my number."

"I hate to bother you at home."

"It's no bother. I haven't forgotten when the phone never rang at all."

Talk to our own Gus Gale, who'd gone out to shoot some stuff for MODERN SCREEN while Peck was on "Spellbound." They got to discussing the picture, its camera angles and so forth. "Why don't you and your wife come to the preview with us?" Greg suggested.

"Gee, that'd be great," said Gus and forgot about it. It's an unwritten law that you don't take such gestures seriously. They're made on impulse and, however sincere today, tomorrow they're buried under a hundred others.

all this, and dinner, too . . .

Some four months later Gus rolled into the office, after having been chasing around on a job all day.

"Greg Peck's called you three times. Must be some print he wants killed pretty bad."

What Greg wanted was to tell Gus that the preview had been set, and to remind him of their date. "We'd like you to have dinner here with us first."

Gus doesn't blow this up into something tremendous, but presents it for what it is—evidence that Greg doesn't make gestures for effect. And so far from ritzy are the Pecks, that when the Gales arrived, Greta was pressing a pair of pants.

"Excuse me," she laughed, "but at the last minute Greg refuses to wear his tux, so I must press his blue trousers."

Talk to Casey Robinson, who's a producer now but was a writer for Hal Wallis when he took in the Broadway opening of "Morning Star," and left convinced that the leading man was a picture bet. Through Peck's agent, he met the young actor and offered to put him under personal contract.

Greg wasn't ready for pictures then, but he liked Robinson. "If the time ever comes," he promised, "I won't sign with anyone till I've talked to you again."

The time came when Greg opened in a play called "The Willow and I." Every scout in New York must have tumbled over his feet to get to the nearest phone or telephone wire. Because in Hollywood all of a sudden Leland Hayward's line started buzzing fast and furious with bids for the services of one Gregory Peck. No head of a large agency knows all his clients, and the fact that he'd never heard of Peck didn't cramp Hayward's style. To sound the market out, he demanded fantastic terms and when they weren't turned down, he stalled, picked up another phone, got through to New York and asked who the hell was Gregory Peck.

a man of his word . . .

As a result of all this, Hayward got Peck out to Hollywood to meet the movie moguls. For ten days he and Greta basked in the luxury of a suite at the Beverly Hills. They had a marvelous time. The studios wined and dined them and sent Greta little gifts of perfume and roses. Casey Robinson stayed in the background. Peck knew what he had to offer—a contract with freedom—no strings to tie him down to a seven-year term. Otherwise Robinson couldn't compete with the big boys. Having surveyed the field, Greg kept his promise to talk to Robinson, found he still liked what Robinson had to give, signed his first contract and made his first screen appearance in Robinson's "Days of Glory." After that, the deluge.

Talk to Ken Tobey, one of Peck's closest friends. A favorite story of Greg's is how he and Ken met during senior year at Berkeley. Ken had been a longtime member of the Drama Workshop, Greg had just joined. Every Thursday, the Workshop put on a play. Those who weren't in it acted as audience and critics. Greg appeared prominently one Thursday in a single-acter based on "Moby Dick." Afterwards, a redheaded guy stood up and spoke with feeling on the subject of Peck's performance. Stiff, artificial and generally lousy, he called it—and could see no point in wasting so good a part on a rank outsider. Having dusted that off his hands, he sat down. . . .

"Somehow," says Greg, "I didn't take to him at first."

They started taking to each other at the Neighborhood Playhouse, where both trained. As noted, Ken's a redhead. He gets mad quick and gets over it quick but while the blaze is on, you can't tell what'll happen. One day an instructor landed on him with a double-edged tongue. Feeling the attack to be unfair, Ken's gorge rose, his hands shook, a mist formed before his eyes. What the end would have been is problematic, because the teacher was a woman and he couldn't clip her, but *some* outlet his rage would have had to find. Except that suddenly he felt a hand on his arm—Greg's hand. Magically, his anger melted and drained away.

Talking about it, a frown drew Ken's brows together. "I've never met an honester guy or one who could slip more readily under the other fellow's skin.

"That's why people bring him their troubles. Because he listens. Because he's interested. You know how most of us are. *You* say, I've got such a cold, and *I* say, that's nothing, you should have seen the cold I had last week. Greg keeps his cold

out of it. When he's talking to you, it's you he thinks about."

Ken's girl friend is an actress. There's no one in the business who hasn't known the heartbreak of *just* losing a part that might *just* have made you the toast of Broadway. This happened to Sally, and she went hysterical. Ken couldn't do a thing with her. Then Greg came along with exactly the right words. For the moment he *was* Sally, knew how she felt and what she needed. Twenty minutes of listening to that deep, quiet voice of his, and Sally dried her eyes.

Like Casey Robinson, Ken will tell you that Greg's word is as solid as anything notarized on paper. No promise is too slight to be well and fully kept. Unless he can keep it, he won't make it. Girls and fellows he knew at Berkeley will sometimes stop off on their way to New York. Often with the same question. "Do you know anyone I could go to see?" He won't offer false encouragement and he won't brush them off. "I'll write to So-and-so. Maybe it'll do some good, maybe it won't, but at least I'll write."

Ken's career was interrupted by the war. On his return, he played in Maxwell Anderson's "Truckline Café," which didn't run long enough to make any difference. Greg is a great admirer of his friend's acting talent. "Why not come out here and take a vacation," he wrote, "and look into the picture business at the same time?"

While Ken was driving out, Greg collected the New York reviews of "Sons and Soldiers," carried them around and showed them to influential people.

"This friend of mine's coming out to stay with me. He played my younger brother in 'Sons and Soldiers' and he stole the show. Take a look at these notices."

By the time Ken arrived, Greg had a couple of leads for him to follow up. His eye was constantly peeled for Ken's main chance. One evening the wife of a producer phoned and asked them all to dinner. Greta was about to plead a previous engagement when Greg shot down the hall, wigwagging, "Accept! Accept!"

Like a good wife, she did as she was told first and looked for explanations later. "But we *have* a date."

"Honey, we'll postpone it. They're old friends. They'll understand that X is a man Ken ought to meet."

Ken had planned to stay two weeks. Greg wanted to keep him as long as possible, but didn't quite know how to bring the subject up. When two friends start even and one pulls ahead professionally, the successful one is in some ways handicapped. Especially if he's like Greg, who shudders from any suggestion of the Lord Bountiful. In the end he just blurted it out: "Be nice if you stuck around a little longer."

"Okay," grinned Ken, "so I'll stick around a little longer."

penalties . . .

Now they've developed it into a running gag. When Ken washes the car, he gets two days added on. When he fails to laugh at one of Greg's jokes, he gets three days lopped off. . . .

Talk to Greg's charming blonde wife, and she'll shake her head. Greta's direct, like her husband. With just the trace of an accent imported from Finland, she'll say: "Greg hates to be thought of as a person who does things for others. It annoys him to have that told. He feels it's gooey." Her eyes look straight at you, with amusement in their depths. "If you like, I'll be glad to tell you stories about him. But whatever is in them, you must find for yourself."

The laughter in her face deepened. "For instance, he was very good to Jonathan, even before he was born. Better than

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I was. He wanted the baby to have a bassinet. I am so practical, I didn't think we should get one."

"*All* babies have bassinets," said Greg. "You can't economize on a baby."

Greta kept putting it off, hoping he'd forget or maybe she could talk him out of it. But nothing doing. "If you don't get it right away," he finally threatened, "I'll go out and buy the most expensive one I can find, if it costs a thousand dollars."

"I dashed out in the next five minutes to Saks," says Greta. "Then we got a nurse who doesn't like bassinets. It was never used."

Greg accepted that calmly. His only concern was that his child shouldn't be gypped.

spring cleaning . . .

It was his idea too, to get the housecleaners in while Greta and Jonathan were at the hospital. Babies are fragile, and the least he could do for his was clear the air of germs. Walls were scrubbed down, floors waxed, carpets shampooed, drapes removed and dry cleaned. Greg asked his mother and stepfather, who were visiting at the time, if they'd mind walking around in stocking feet. "Germs multiply so," he explained. "Better be on the safe side."

His mother hid a smile and agreed.

That's Greg, the father. Greg, the husband—well, for one thing, he never forgets an anniversary, and he's like a kid about giving presents. "Come on, open it, what are you waiting for? Don't you want to see what's inside?" In fact, he's so eager that you generally get your gift ahead of time, and then he has to go out and buy something else for the big day.

After any little misunderstanding, he always buys something special. It's refreshing to hear that the Pecks have misunderstandings, like the Smiths and the Joneses. This is contrary to the Hollywood pattern, where all is sweetness and light till the final bustup.

"I," says Greg, "am a stubborn, opinionated person. I argue by yelling. To get anywhere, the other person has to outyell me. In the end, there's nothing left but for me to apologize. Because whether I'm right or wrong in principle, I'm invariably wrong in method."

One night he came home with some new ideas on child rearing. "So-and-so told me something very interesting today. You know, they have two children. The first was brought up mostly by nurses, but the mother had more time to give to the second, and consequently he's a much better balanced kid."

"Oh!" flared Greta. "So you don't like the way I bring up Jonathan!"

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Of course it has. Or why did you mention it at all?"

"Just like a woman to take everything personally."

From there on, you can write your own dialogue. They had a date to go to a movie with friends, and were very polite to each other for the rest of the evening. As a rule, these tiffs are over in five minutes. But that night Greta brooded over her wounded feelings, and Greg told himself she was being unreasonable. . . .

So it wasn't till the following morning that remorse set in. "Did I really hurt you, honey?"

Her lip quivered. "I thought you didn't like my character."

"Darling, I'm a stinker. I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

Then, with his arms around her, she burst into tears, because he's so good.

He enjoys picking out clothes he thinks would look well on her, and has very definite ideas about what she should wear. When he gets home at night, he wants her glamorous—in harem trousers or something else very feminine, with shining hair and painted fingernails. Once she bought a pair of red slacks, which were colorful and cute, and wore them constantly round the house. Greg didn't say a word till she got togged out one day to go to lunch.

"You look pretty nice. But for me you wear those same old red slacks all the time. *I'm* not important."

That, needless to say, was the end of the slacks for a while. In fact, they'd never have been resurrected if Greg hadn't glimpsed them in the closet three months later. "Why don't you ever wear these red slacks?" he asked.

His own clothes are another story. Except in a tux, says Greta, he never looks well groomed. "But in a tux," she sighs, "he looks lovely—" He'll think nothing of putting on a new suit, ambling outdoors and letting Perry, his big white police dog, climb all over him. "It's more important to let your dog love you," he contends, "than to look like a fashion plate."

He's a softie about animals in general, and Perry in particular. One day the exterminator had been around with some poison nuggets for the garden bugs and Perry got hold of a bit just as dinner was about to be served. Greg dashed for the phone to call the vet, but the vet wasn't in. Meantime Greta had found the thing.

"Look, Greg, he didn't swallow it, he just chewed it a little."

"I don't care. Some of it may have gone down. I'm taking him to the drugstore."

He grabbed the dog's collar and dragged him out to the car. What made it funny was the contrast between Greg's grim look and the dog's obvious delight. Perry, who'd rather go for a drive than eat, was acting like anything but an invalid. Not till they got back from the drugstore, did he start feeling sick. Because Greg had poured a quart of lime water down his throat, followed by a quart and a half of water! Then the Pecks sat down to their warmed-over meal.

Their first animal was a Christmas gift from Greg to Greta. They'd been married in October, and were living in a New York apartment, which they felt was no place for dogs. But Greta was used to having a pet around and, before Christmas, Greg started getting mysterious. The mystery reached a climax on Christmas Eve when he made her wait outside the door while he "fixed something." Then he led her in. Smack in the middle of their blue couch lay a small ball of fuzz with a huge red ribbon round its neck, and it looked up at Greta out of skyblue eyes.

"Oh Greg, how wonderful! I never saw anything like that in my life. A kitten with blue eyes!"

"They're specially bred for blue eyes," Greg told her happily. "Anyhow, that's what the man at the shop said."

Four days later Widgie's eyes had turned to regular cat-green, but he was none the less beloved.

Right now Greg's steamed up over horses. This is largely due to Ralph McCutcheon, owner and trainer of Dice, the wonder horse of "Duel in the Sun." Horses, McCutcheon assured Greg, are smarter and better companions than dogs. They just don't have a chance to prove it, because people never keep them around the house.

"When we build our ranch," says Greg, "we'll have doors big enough for horses to go wandering through."

"And I suppose a pony on Jonathan's bed?" asks Greta.

"Well, he won't take much space, honey. Horses sleep standing up."

He's serious about the ranch though, thinks it's a swell life for kids. He'd like Jonathan to grow up among outdoors men, loving sports and animals, learning the feel of nature from sky and wind and earth as a city child can't. He'd also like his son to be a well-rounded person, and thinks the responsibility for this rests squarely on himself and Greta, not on a school. He thinks education's another word for opening the mind, and that you can open a child's very early to the idea that color and religion are not matters for prejudice, that a man should be judged by his quality alone and that this is the inward meaning of democracy. . . .

They're expecting another baby soon to grow up with Jonathan. The new one announced itself just as they were planning their first vacation. Greg's had no time off since he came to Hollywood.

"When my two pictures are over," Greg promised, "we'll go to Arizona first and rest. Then we'll go to New York and have fun. Then we'll go see Mexico."

silver lining . . .

Instead, Greta went to see her doctor. "No trains, no planes, no cars," he decreed.

"What a shame about your vacation," someone said to Greg, who looked back at the guy as if he'd grown two heads.

"Are you kidding? Look what we're getting instead!"

Ben Bogeaus got a break out of it, too. Greg went to work for him in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." His other job is to keep Greta encouraged.

"When *this* is over, we'll go to Europe and I'll buy you a whole new wardrobe."

Or he'll say: "You know something, honey? You look prettier right now than you ever did."

"I know it's a lie," smiles Greta softly. "But what do I care, it's such a lovely lie."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Becoming editor of the school newspaper meant just about everything to me. Election day was coming up, and I was desperate for a scheme to get votes. A week before elections, a group of girls was sitting around a table discussing Van Johnson when an idea popped into my head. Here was my chance! So I told them Van was an old friend of mine. You should have seen the furor I created! But was I in a spot when, a day before the election, the girls insisted I take them out to the studio to meet Van. There wasn't much I could do but go. We waited outside till 6 o'clock, but no Van. Was I in luck! I suggested to the girls that we leave—when suddenly Van appeared and the girls swarmed around him. While they were clamoring for his autograph, I hastily scrawled on a piece of paper: "Please, Van! My name is Peggy. Act like you know me." With my hopes high, I held the note in the palm of my hand so he could see it and started talking to him as if I'd known him for years. He smiled that wonderful grin, put his arm around me, asked how I'd been, and why I hadn't been to see him lately! Before we left, I didn't have to act as if I'd known him for years; I felt that I had! And P.S.: I won the election!

Peggy Gillespie
Los Angeles, Calif.

GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 71)

She had taken a turn for the worse and the doctors told him she would not live through the night. At 1:30 Tuesday morning, she was dead. Ty Power and Ronald Colman came and took David home. The doctors gave him a sedative, but no drug or no words could help the deep pain he suffered.

All over Hollywood you heard, "Why? Why did this accident have to happen?" There is so little real happiness in the world today. But the Nivens were beautifully happy. Theirs had been a real love story ever since David, a British Colonel, took refuge in a trench near Canterbury in 1940, and found it already occupied by a beautiful WAAF named Primula Rollo. Ten days after that meeting they were married. Ironically, they came safely through the dark, dangerous days of the blitz, and two lovely children were born to them. When David returned to Hollywood six months ago and was afraid he might not be able to get his family into this country, he told his pals, "If I can't get them here, I'll give up Hollywood forever. Nothing means enough to me to be separated from my loved ones." Six weeks ago, he was the happiest man in the world when "Prim" and the little boys joined him. He was a man who had "everything." Now crushed and broken, he hardly knows what has happened yet. Do you wonder that Hollywood sorrowfully asks, "Why?" And sends its unspoken but deepest prayers to him constantly.

* * *

Just yesterday, as I wrote this, Louella Parsons, for whom I am subbing, successfully came through four-and-a-half hours of major surgery at a Los Angeles hospital and the doctors say she is doing beautifully. But for this month, and perhaps another one, she must rest and build back that magnificent vitality of hers.

When I saw her at the hospital the day before the operation, I told her that Al Delacorte had invited me to take over this department until she is well enough to be back on the job.

"All right," she said, "but you be sure to tell those swell people to keep on writing ME. I love their letters." Particularly while she is getting well she will want to hear from you —but now that you are stuck with me, suppose we take a look around Hollywood and see what's been going on.

* * *

Joan Fontaine's marriage in Mexico COULDN'T be as funny as she and the bridegroom, William Dozier, make out. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but the dignified Miss Fontaine has a great deal of the comedienne in her makeup and can make things sound as funny as Jack Benny or Bob Hope—or both.

After their "secret" elopement (every paper got wind of what was up and carried the story), the happy pair left the plane at Taxco and hurried immediately to the padre's home. The entire ceremony was in Spanish, but Joan swears that most of the words were the padre's own—though she speaks not a word of



the language. To cap the gala event, there was a festival in progress and firecrackers exploded vigorously throughout.

Bill, you know, was formerly associated with the RKO studios, and the papers at Taxco, in writing up the marriage, referred to him as "the Hollywood potentate!"

But don't think for a minute that Joan isn't plenty sentimental about her wedding ring. It's lovely—a plain gold band set with diamonds.

* * *

At Bebe Daniel's party for Lord Lascelles, a little girl, with her hair hanging down and a ribbon around her head, was spotted milling among the guests. "Whose little girl is that?" someone asked.

"That's Carter De Haven's little girl, John Payne's little wife, baby Kathleen Payne's little mother. In other words, little Gloria De Haven," someone answered. Honest, that's how young she looks since the baby was born.

* * *

The best party I ever "crashed" was the Warner Brothers Annual Club event. I say "crashed" because, you know, these studio parties are just for studio workers, and the press and other outsiders are not usually invited. The gang feels safer in letting down its hair when there are no peeking scribes around. But I happened to be invited as the guest of an old friend—and not as a newspaper woman—so they couldn't very well not let me in.

Bosses Harry and Jack Warner took over the entire Earl Carroll Theater-Cafe for the festivities and, believe me, baby, I mean festivities. The place was ablaze with American Beauty roses as tall as the chorus girls and spotlights played over all the tables so you could get a look at everybody at one time or another.

The Carroll beauties staged several spectacular dance numbers on the stage while the Warnerites were filing in—but after dinner the studio talent took over. While the chorus belles strutted their stuff, I watched the stars come in.

Bette Davis arrived with her husband, her sister, the Paul Henreids and Andrea King, who looked like a million dollars in a stunning black and white formal.

Bette, on the other hand, looked like a young girl in her first party dress. She wore a little pale blue number, "neatly" cut out at the neck with little cap sleeves over the shoulders, and her hair hung loosely waved to her shoulders. Bette is a very attractive woman. I'll never understand why she doesn't dress with more umph in her private wardrobe.

But she is a swell scout—and proved it later when she m.c.'d the Warner part of the show and acted in a hilarious sketch burlesquing her career on the Warner lot.

By the time the studio show started, such bright lights as Errol Flynn (stagging it), Viveca Lindfors (new Swedish import and the Burbank Ingrid Bergman), Jack Benny, Danny Kaye, Jack Carson, Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith, Ronald Reagan, the Dennis Morgans, Harry and Jack Warner and 2000 others were all in their seats.

The routines put on by Benny, Danny and Jack Carson were funnier than anything they have ever done on the air. Jack Benny particularly kidded Jack Warner about all the stars on suspension (yes, the bosses take that sort of thing at these parties) and said the only reason he had been invited was because he was the only Warnerite still on salary.

Jack said, "I notice that when Humphrey Bogart is suspended, he goes yachting. If I were suspended, I couldn't even sulk it out in a canoe."

There's no need to try to describe Danny Kaye's carryings-on—because you can't describe Danny's talent. But he knocked out the audience—and himself—goaded on by la Davis, who kept calling for more and more of his nonsense.

Jane Wyman sang two torchy numbers looking like a dream walking in a full-skirted, strapless gown cut down to *there*. Her only accessories were little white gloves that barely reached her wrists. Try very short gloves, instead of long with formals sometime—they're très smart.

MODERN SCREEN



"And now, you turntable termites, here's a solid platter that'll have the joint jumpin'!"

But the best part of the show were the "blow ups"—four or five reels of film showing scenes you'll never see on the screen because they are the "takes" where the players blow up in their lines. These were the funniest:

A supposedly tender love scene between Dennis Morgan and Barbara Stanwyck in "Christmas In Connecticut." The close-up reveals Barbara easing herself onto Morgan's lap, kissing him and murmurering sweet nothings in his ear.

Instead, she stumbled into his lap, grabbed his lapels to keep from falling off and gasped, "D—— it! Why don't you put your feet where they belong instead of tripping me up?"—and Dennis roars with laughter.

Another showed Errol Flynn blowing up. He is telling Alexis Smith all the things he will do if she will marry him. Half way through the long, loving dialogue he says, "—and now if you will marry me, I don't know what I will do because I have forgotten the lousy lines."

And last, but not least—the famous blow up of Dick Foran's in a Western which has been a classic in these things for years. It is a stirring scene showing the cowboy star springing into the saddle and calling, "Don't worry, men—here I come." But Foran misses the stirrup, once, twice and the third time—then yells, "Don't worry men. Here I come—if I can get my leaded britches off the ground!"

These studio parties are a lot of fun and I'd like to crash another sometime.

* * *

Sunday nights at La Rue, the smart little cafe on "the Strip," are always a fashion display. Regulars are Roz Russell, in stunning new hats; Barbara Stanwyck, always hatless, but beautifully groomed; Mrs. Ray Milland and Mrs. Fred MacMurray—two of the best dressed women in Hollywood. Ditto for Mary Livingston Benny.

The other night Ginger Rogers walked in wearing one of those ensembles she seems to prefer—a print dress with a small evening hat and her long, flowing blonde hair past her shoulders.

Maybe not *chic*—but how *smart* she is!

Just the day before, the story had broken that she had affiliated her independent producing company with the new firm. Enterprise, to the tune of $175,000 per picture and 40% of the profits! That is almost the biggest deal ever made with any star in Hollywood.

I would say it is now between Ginger and Sonja Henie for "Wealthy Wench" honors in Hollywood.

Lest We Forget: Al Schmid, the blind Marine whom John Garfield portrayed on the screen, was recently John's guest in Hollywood.

One night the two of them were talking at Garfield's home. Suddenly, Al said: "Johnny, do you look anything like me?"

"No, Al," the actor replied, "not much."

"I sort of hoped you did," the blind man said, "it's sort of the way I pictured you in 'Pride of the Marines'."

John didn't answer. He couldn't, over that lump in his throat.

* * *

Hedy Lamarr broke down and cried with anger and pity when she confronted the 19-year-old burglar who stole her furs and jewels a few months ago.

In a voice trembling with rage, she cried, "You—you might have hurt my children!" And then the tears started streaming down her face. "I feel sorry for your mother."

Under his breath, the criminal youth murmured, "So do I."

* * *

Kathryn Grayson is sooooo in love again—with Johnny Johnson, the singer. This seems to prove what the psychiatrists have always claimed, that consciously or not, we always fall in love with the same types. Not necessarily in physical appearance, but temperamentally alike.

One of her divorce complaints against John Shelton was that he "bossed" her. And Johnson seems to have a bit of this in him, too. When she sold her home recently and bought another one—it was Johnny who made all

the arrangements and set both the selling and purchasing prices. He goes shopping with her for everything from food to wardrobe.

Not long ago her brother took a poke at the crooner "because he's running everything around here."

* * *

The correspondence that flew between Van Johnson, on the 7th floor of the Good Samaritan Hospital, and Louella Parsons, directly above him on the 8th, was really something.

Van printed his notes in red pencil—and they went something like this:

CAN YOU SLEEP? I CAN'T EITHER. RING MY ROOM AT 1 P.M. WHEN MY NURSE GOES OUT FOR COFFEE. NUTS TO THE JAILERS.

Or—GOOD MORNING, ROSEBUD. HOW'S YOUR TEMPERATURE? MINE'S FINE.

Or, GOT A DATE THIS AFTERNOON? I'LL BE UP FOR FIVE MINUTES IN MY WILDEST PAJAMAS.

* * *

George Raft has been saying it with flowers to Joan Crawford for a dining-dancing date, but so far her dates have been confined to Greg Bautzer since she left Phil Terry.

An extra swank note to the formal garden party that Joan gave in honor of the new Swedish import, Viveca Lindfors, was that William Haines did the decorations.

* * *

As this is written, it has been a month since Peggy Cummins was taken out of "Forever Amber" and the heartbreaking thing is that she is taking it so hard.

Not once since the debacle has the little Irish star from the London screen made a social appearance. She says she doesn't want to go anywhere because "everyone would want to talk to me about it."

How different this is from the first three months of the toast-of-the-town whirl she enjoyed when she was "up" for "Amber."

But the sooner Peggy changes her mind and snaps out of it, the better for her. Most people have better taste than to bring up subjects that deliberately hurt someone. And I know that the feeling about her all over Hollywood is sincerely sympathetic.

* * *

Judy Garland and Vince Minnelli had their first "trial separation"—but hold on, it was from their two-months-old daughter, Liza.

They went to Laguna to see how being away from the baby would work before taking a longer trip to San Francisco. It didn't. Back home they came to baby and where they go, she goes—from here on.

* * *

Greer Garson's been having a run of bad luck.

First, she almost drowned on location for "Woman of My Own" when swept off a rock by an enormous wave. Then, the first day back at work she came down with a case of poison oak.

She came back to Hollywood done to the teeth in bandages—and swearing she's not going to leave her own back yard!

* * *

There was a slightly "odd" expression on Frankie Sinatra's face when Peter Lawford told him it had been his "childhood" ambition to work in a movie with him!

Well, Pete gets his wish in "It Happened In Brooklyn."

"I like being a bachelor girl"



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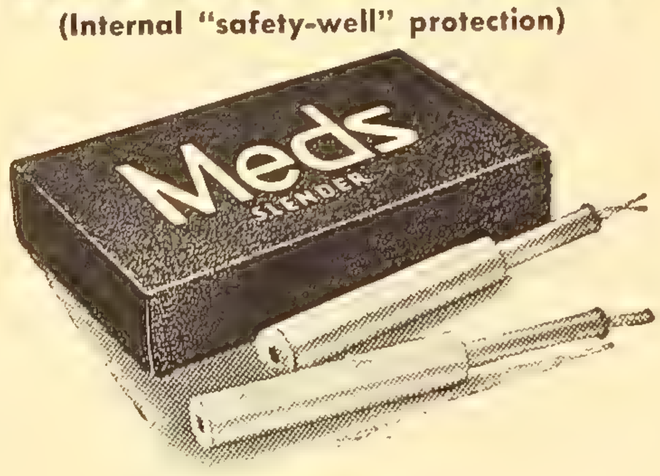


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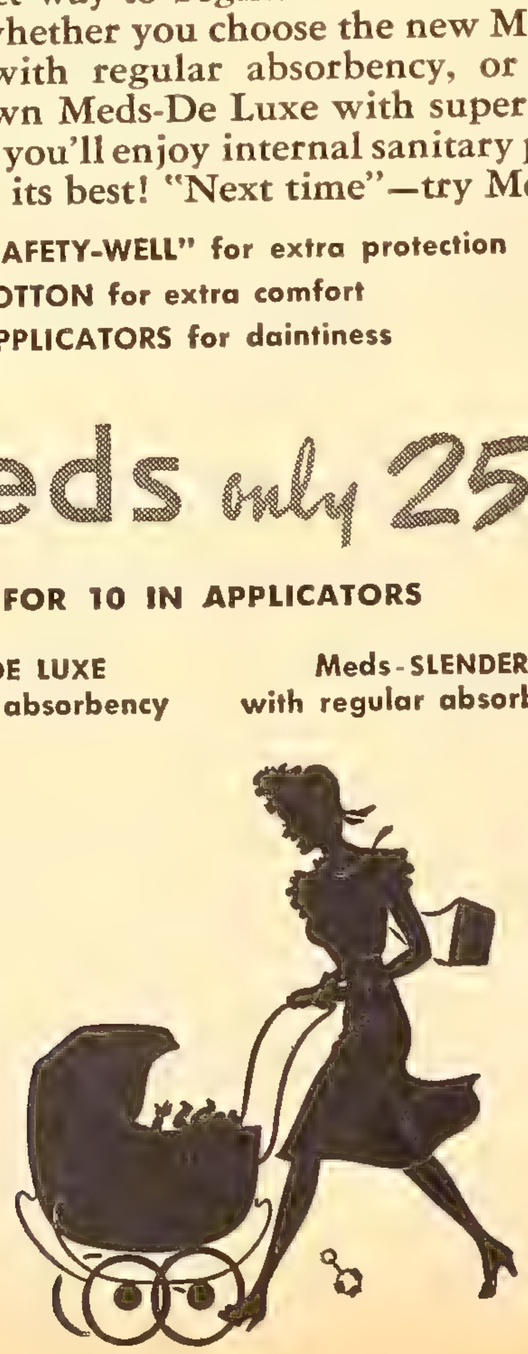
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SWEET HOME

(*Continued from page 53*)

word, that he's mine."

Mr. Brodel approached the group, grinning. On a leash beside him, cavorting and yipping, was a six-weeks-old wirehaired terrier. "I could have heard you in Detroit," Dad Brodel told his ecstatic daughter, "and you're right. Meet Yankee, who's to take the place of Mike in your heart."

It would be impossible to imagine a more closely knit family than the Brodels, although Joan has her own friends and has been allowed to develop her own life and her own personality. Betty has her friends and her interests, and as for Mary, she is happily the wife of Richard Russon. Mary and Dick live in the San Fernando Valley about four miles from the family home.

The joyous community of their lives together is best illustrated by the problem of the den in Mary's new house. Joan thought it should be mahogany and red leather; Betty preferred a modern interpretation—light wood, lucite, and pale colors.

Joan came up with a suggestion: "Let's not decide until we've seen a few more movies. During the next two weeks we might see something really terrific."

Some ten days later, Mary telephoned. "Tell everyone to stop worrying about the way in which we should decorate the den," she said. "It's going to be a nursery."

"I'll start knitting something *at once*," chirped the prospective Aunt Joan. At the time she was in bed with a cold, so she asked her mother to select some baby yarn.

When Mrs. Brodel returned several hours later, it was with the sad news that one simply couldn't purchase the light-weight yarn most desirable for infants' garments. "We'll just have to wait until the stock comes in. Meanwhile, I brought something for you to work on."

It was one of those package deals containing a practical, quilted bib, on which was stamped a bunny. "I've never embroidered a stitch in my life," protested Joan. "I'll make a mess of it."

Two hours later, Joan was putting the finishing touches to an exquisite bib.

If you were going to become an intimate friend of the Brodels, you would quickly learn a series of family catch phrases, and laugh over them as heartily as they do.

Many years ago, Joan appeared in a skit in Quebec (which is one of those Canadian cities where French is used as much as English), so her lines were spoken in French. She was supposed to be a beggar child and, in that role, repeated the pathetic request, "Charité, s'il vous plaît! Charité, s'il vous plaît!" (Translation: "Alms, please!")

When Mrs. Brodel had the flu recently, Joan undertook to prepare the family meals. But the first, second, third and fourth nights she repeated the identical menu.

When Betty approached the table that evening, she scanned the provisions, then stepped back and supplicated the second balcony, "Charité, s'il vous plaît! Charité, s'il vous plaît!" she chortled.

When Dad Brodel was growing up in Detroit, he was one of five sons. His mother used to dispatch one of the boys on errands to the store. And inevitably, a mention of the fact that he was "one of *the* Brodel boys" would obtain for him a scarce, greatly desirable item.

Now since the girls have been old enough to attend parties, they gather at the breakfast table the following morning for a party post mortem where some member of the family always inquires, "Did people know you were one of the Brodel girls? Did you remember that *you* were one of the Brodel girls?"

Here is another handy family quotation: "Does that *mean* anything to you?"

Joan was out on a date with one of her boy friends one evening when a stranger barged up, slapped Joan's auburn escort on the shoulder and said, "Hi, Red."

"Hi," he answered, bewildered.

Then the newcomer admonished Red, "Well, come on, introduce us."

Said Red, "I'm frightfully sorry, but I don't seem to recall your name."

"Claghorne," he said. "Thomas J. Claghorne. Does that *mean* anything to you?"

The name meant utterly nothing to Joan and her escort, a fact that was apparent to the crasher, so—shaking his head—he strode away. Some twenty minutes later, he was back again, demanding, "Does that *mean* anything to you?"

A week later Joan had another date with Red, but she was unable to keep it because she was coming down with a bad cold. When she explained this to Red, he was equable. "How about Betty?" he wanted to know.

Betty was delighted to sub. While she was dressing, Joan told her about the stranger and said, "He might show up again. You'll know him by his slogan."

Sure enough, the quaint character again went through the same routine. However, the instant he had said "Thomas J. Claghorne," Betty said swiftly, "Does that *mean* anything to you?"

Nowadays, no matter what unexpected development disturbs the tranquillity of the Brodel household, one member is sure to demand, "Does that *mean* anything to you?"

When one of Joan's pictures is shown, the family gathering consists of a benign critics' circle. For years Joan has said, whenever someone complimented her, "Thank you so much. I appreciate your praise. But would you please tell me what you *didn't* like about my performance?"

As you probably know, Joan is engaged in litigation with Warner Brothers over her contract. She had no complaint about her salary, working conditions, or the personalities of her co-workers; but she felt that she was being used entirely as a song-and-dance girl. Joan wanted this situation to be altered; she wanted a chance to grow up cinematically, and a law suit seemed to be the only way to bring it about.

As an outgrowth of this experience, Joan has registered at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) and plans to take a pre-law course. In case her law suit should be settled more rapidly than she now expects, Joan still plans to combine a theatrical career and a college education.

Several years ago Joan was having luncheon with a friend. In discussing the manner in which Joan was interpreting a role, he said, "You are too dependent upon your family. You should live alone, study alone, make your own decisions."

Joan thought this over. That night she repeated the conversation to her mother.

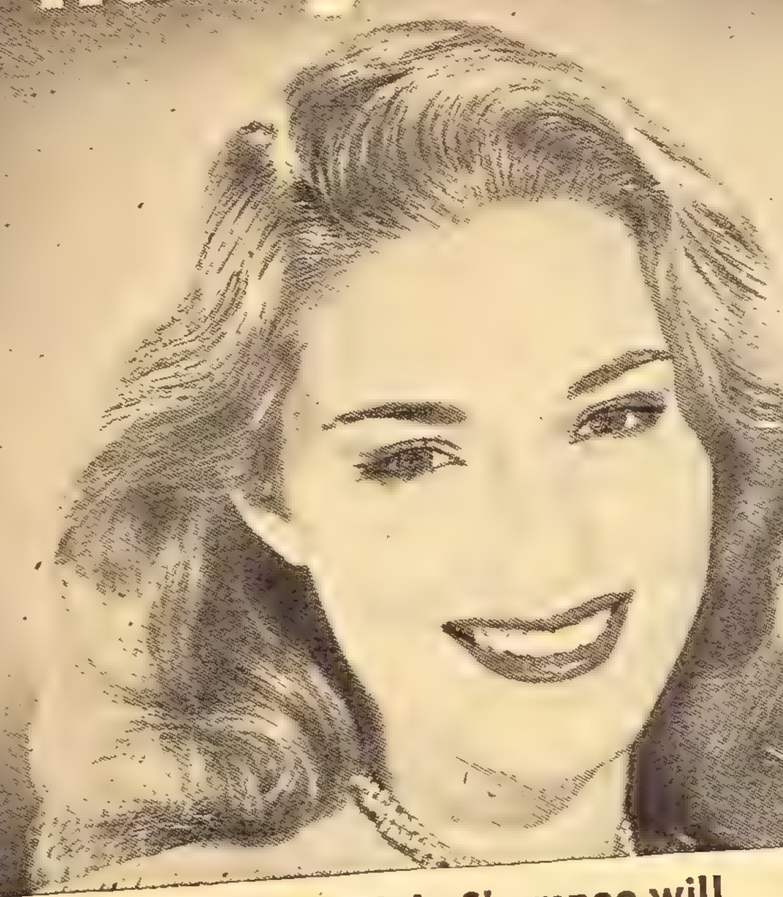
Mrs. Brodel's voice was controlled and soft as she started to talk to Joan. "It may be," she said pensively, "that your friend is right. Perhaps, because I want to keep you from knowing too much of the ugliness of life, I am doing you a great wrong."

She continued doggedly, "I think it might be wise if you were to take an apartment, alone, and we were to go back east. If the family were far away from you, you wouldn't be clinging to us, and . . ."

Suddenly Joan and her mother were in each other's arms, sobbing furiously. Joan managed to say, "Oh, Mother, don't talk about going back east and leaving me alone. . . . You and Dad and Betty and Mary are the only really, really important people in all the world to me. . . ."

It was a turning point, the solution of a decision, in Joan's life. For her family, happiness is called Joan, and for Joan, happiness is the closed corporation of her family.

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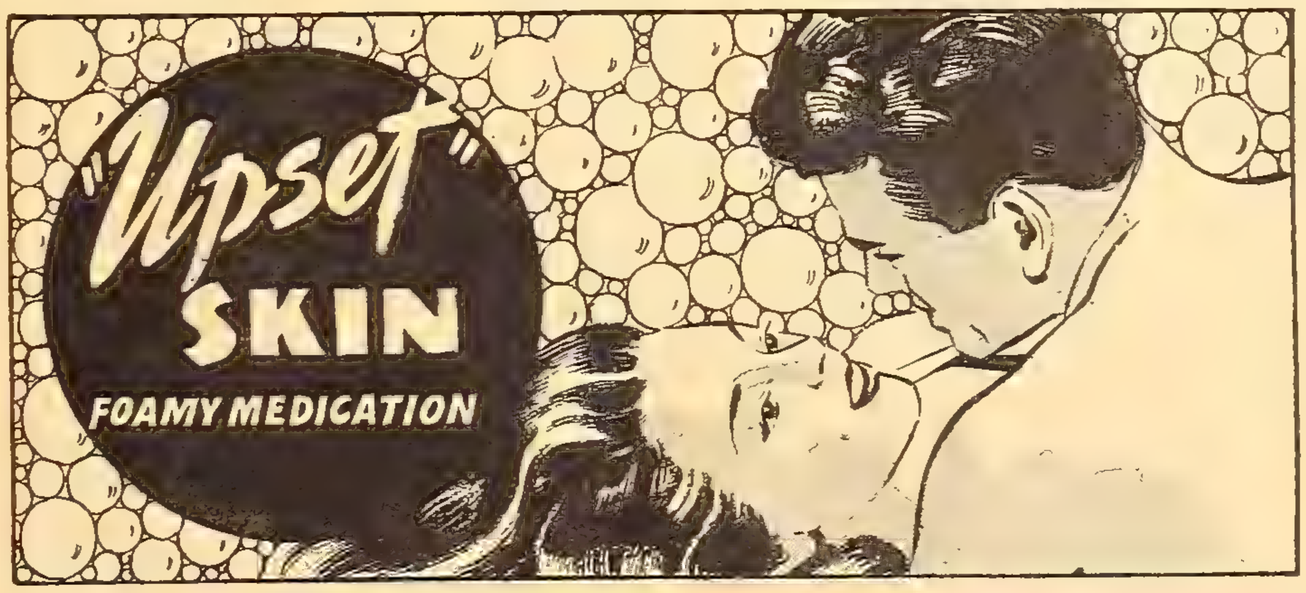


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CO-ED

(Continued from page 14)

Summertime is when you do the spade work for next year's Junior Prom!

Going Steady: Maybe there's *some* excuse for going steady during the school year. It's so divinely secure when there are so many things a gal *has* to go to. But do we approve of it in the summertime? Negative! Now is your golden opportunity to expand your stagline. If there's one boy you particularly lo-o-ove, keep him for Sunday best, but give the other boys a break, too. Maybe this system won't guarantee you a date every Saturday night the way going steady would, but it will guarantee to make you a better-balanced babe, an expert in the care and feeding of guys, and a super-duper matrimonial bet Comes Love. Think how stimulating—dating a baseball fiend Friday night, a jazz fan Saturday, a Johnny Weissmuller on Sunday. Think how heavenly—being free of foreign entanglements if your brother's dreamy buddy comes to visit, or a Yale man moves in next door, or you go away for a couple of weeks and meet a lad who's Really Something! We, obviously, are all in favor of you and your angel coming unstuck come summer. Try it. We bet you'll like it too.

Selective Service: You meet all kinds of men in the summertime—at your job, at parties, on your vacation—and sometimes they're wonderful and sometimes they're heels. Before you go breaking your heart over one of them, leave us give you some advice. Never, never accept a date with a married man. The only time this is easy is before your heart is involved, so the very first time that good-looking, smooth-dancing, sweet-talking married chap asks you to go out, say "no." If you talk yourself into thinking that just once won't do any harm, you may find yourself head-over-heels in love with the guy and caught up in a situation from which only three-cornered unhappiness can result. This advice goes whenever there's an impediment to marriage. A pending divorce, tremendous family obligations, serious illness. All these things have misery-making implications, so if you want to play safe, give 'em a wide berth. If a boy whom you don't quite trust asks you to go out, be wary! Inquire around about him as much as possible. Discover what his family's like, who his friends are. Make the first couple of dates double jobs. Chances are he's a good joe in spite of having That Look, but if he's not, you'll be adequately protected, and next time he asks you out, give him a firm uh-no. What about the obnoxious blind date? You've contracted to go out with him, but supposing he turns out to be a drunk or a wolf? That wasn't in your contract, so if he's hard to handle, turn him over to his sponsor, grab your mad money and blow. Avoid dates with chaps much older or much younger than you. Granted there's glamor in an older man, and something kinda sweet about lots of the younger ones, your contemporaries are by far your best bet.

Moonburn: So much for preventive measures, but s'posing it's too late for that. What to do? Well, there are lots of angles. If the boy who broke your heart works where you do, you could give up your job and get away from him and all the things associated with your romance. If he's just a guy-about-town, maybe you could get a job, thus substituting new interests for old, new faces for *that* face. If the ax fell at home, maybe you could get away for a while. If you were burned on your vacation—c'mon home. The point is, get away from the heartbreaker as soon as possible. Change your routine completely. Do something brand new instead of brooding. Take up a sport, work for a particular charity dear to your heart, ride your hobby hard and think about a new one. By degrees you'll be heart-whole again and all the more attractive for having bled a bit.

WHY DID MILDRED PIERCE DO IT?

(Continued from page 33)

the lights, wires, canvas tarpaulins over the rugs and other gear with which the room was jammed. It was a richly appointed place, yet very friendly.

She did the picture thing without shoes, a necessity, considering she was in and out of big chairs all the time, her feet tucked up under her, acceding to the wishes of the photographer. She had on a white satin blouse and flowing peasant skirt, quite long and quite thin, but worn without a slip, so that when she crossed in front of an illuminated spot, it seemed to disappear, and leave the legs, justly celebrated, I would say, in silhouette. Altogether a very pretty picture.

Presently we were alone in the bar again.

"Well?" Joan said.

MODERN SCREEN, I said, wanted to know why she gave up a perfectly good cash-every-Wednesday contract with Metro, signed on for an if-as-and-when contract with Warners, and sat around for two years reading scripts before she finally did "Mildred Pierce." Her eyes narrowed a little before she replied. "Perfectly good, solid reasons that made sense. In the first place, if I played those Metro assignments any more, I figured I was headed for a nose dive."

She hesitated, then mentioned several big stars lately associated with pretty feeble stories, and cited what this kind of thing was doing to them. "They are headed the same way I was headed. Listen, I had played that typical American girl so many times I knew the story backward. Either I was the millionaire girl that marries the newspaper guy, or I was the newspaper girl who marries the millionaire guy. So I asked Metro to tear up my contract, at a cost I wouldn't tell you for fear you'd think I'm crazy, and got from Warners' what amounted to a story-approval deal, where I didn't even draw salary until I got something to suit me. They sent script after script over and I said no. Then Jerry Wald took over, and began talking to me about 'Mildred Pierce.' I had read it when it was first published, and I went through it again. They did several scripts each one a little better than the last, and at last there was one that seemed right.'

"Nice, except for the murder."

"You want to know about that?

"All I can say is, they tried it without the murder, and the thing seemed flat. The murder pulled it together somehow."

Then we got to talking about a theory that's always fascinated me, that theory about the very big stars; that each of them when they develop a popularity far beyond what beauty, talent, or promotion could possibly account for, must have some fascination for the public on the basis of an inner quality that mirrors the audience

For instance, according to that theory, Harlow was the slangy stenographer's picture of herself, Lloyd the small clerk who in imagination does colossal feats of valor, Chaplin the out-of-luck waif that lies in the center of every human being.

"In your own case, what do you think is the foundation of your appeal?" I asked.

"Cinderella."

"In mink?"

"I don't mean the characters I play. I mean me. People know how hard I had it when I was young, how I went to work when I was nine, how I hoofed in a chorus, how I entered the dance contests when I first came to Hollywood to get into a picture. And they know how close I feel to them. I never think of them as fans. I think of them as friends, and correspond with thousands of them. I really know them, because I care. And they know that."

"That explains something."

"What's that?" she asked.

"The extraordinary burst of affectionate satisfaction that went through the whole industry when you got the award. Everybody seemed so glad."

"Were you?"

"I knew, from the beginning, that you were going to get it, though I have to say for Jerry Wald that he knew it before he even bought the book."

"That makes me quite happy."

Christopher came in and was introduced. He made a grinning, correct little bow, as though he didn't really believe in the stuff, but would do it anyhow, just to humor his mother. I took him to be five. Christina appeared. She is a prim, smiling little thing, quite pretty, around seven, quite anxious to take part in things.

heartbeat . . .

After the children retired, the phone rang and Joan answered it. It seemed personal, so I wandered around the library looking at books. It got slightly more than personal, or so it seemed to a professional dialogue writer's ear. I tried not to listen. Presently Joan mentioned she was being interviewed, mentioned my name in a he-won't-be-here-long kind of way, said she'd call back, and hung up. Sitting beside me again, she looked at me somewhat sheepishly. "I'd say you were in love," I guessed.

"I bet I sounded like a high school girl."

"Well, not exactly indifferent."

She began to talk about heart involvements, how she dreaded them, what they did to her. About one such, she grew graphic, began making gestures with long, graceful hands, that wore no rings, by the way. "We get so we're like that," she said, with her two index fingers punching at each other like slender little spears. Her eyes are dark hazel with a glint of blue in them, and now they dilated into that intense solemnity that is so delightful on the screen. Joan Crawford is a weakness of mine, as I suppose you know by now, but it did cross my mind that love with Joan might be quite a strenuous business, perhaps a little difficult at times.

But well worth the run.

WEIGHT LIFTING—CHEAP

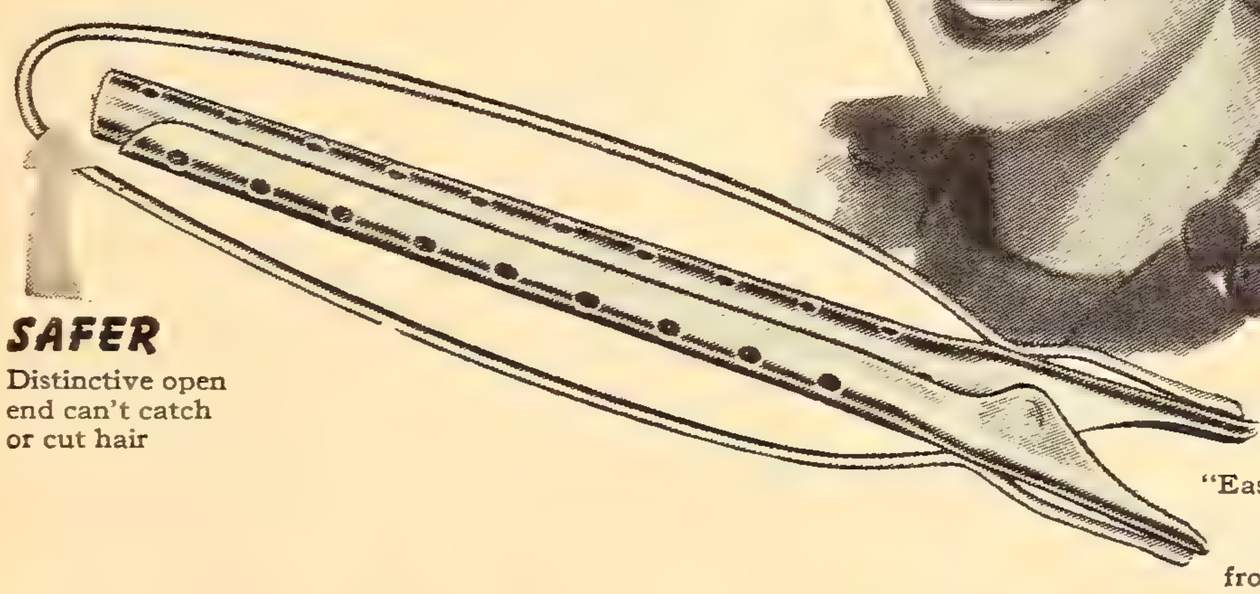
If your problem's a weighty one, we'll help you take off. Dr. Edwin P. Jordan, associate editor of the Journal of the American Medical Assn., has prepared two easy-to-follow reducing routines for MS readers that are ideal, whether you've still sprouting or all grown up. See chart, "How To Lose Weight," Super Coupon, page 24.

REVOLUTIONARY NEW CURLER AVOIDS BROKEN HAIR ENDS



No matter how beautiful your permanent, no matter how natural your wave, broken hair ends can cause ugly, unmanageable frizz.

The revolutionary new GAYLA "Easy-Lock" Curlers "baby" brittle hair-ends, treat them softly, gently —thanks to the unique "open end" feature. No wonder your hair looks so soft, so lovely, so natural!



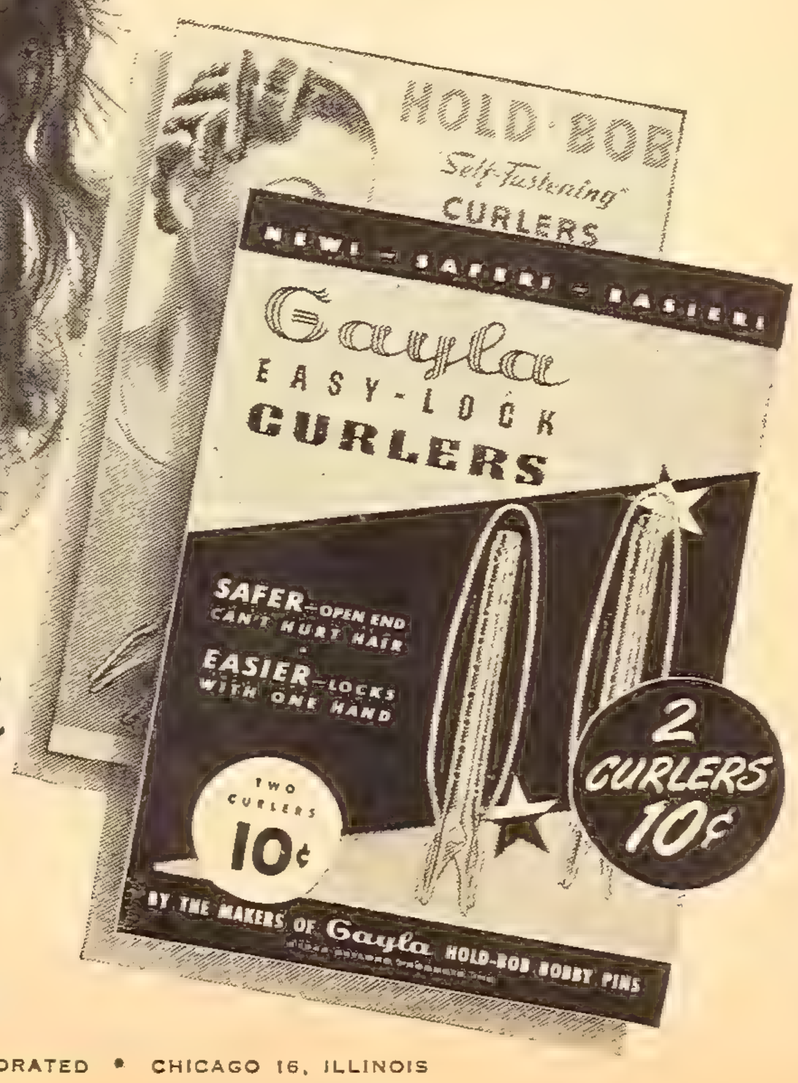
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RADIO GOSSIP

(*Continued from page 65*)

earned only a thousand a week." That should be a lesson to all of us—and so, here and now, I must plead with the Boss never to raise my salary!

Except for Paul Whiteman's, Tommy Dorsey's band has produced more mike topnotchers than any other. Frank Sinatra, Jo Stafford and Dick Haymes, to name a few, are Dorsey graduates.

Speaking of Sinatra, I sat at a table recently with his charming wife, Nancy, at Joe Reichman's opening in the Roosevelt Grill. Being a fellow who'll ask the darndest questions, I said, "Are you ever jealous of Frankie?" "Of course not," she answered. Recognizing a squelch when I hear one, I muttered ever-so-originally, "You must be mighty proud of him!" The wife of the world's best known crooner gave me an intent look. "Naturally, I'm proud of what Frankie has achieved. But what I admire about him most of all is the fight he has been waging for racial and religious tolerance." . . . Yes, quite a person, this Nancy Sinatra!

Letter of the Month. . . "I served two years overseas in the Army and used to entertain my buddies with my singing. All of them said I had a swell voice and should try to get into radio. At this time, I have a wife and baby, and am working in a service station. Do you think it would be wise if I chucked my job and came to New York in the hope of being signed by a network studio?"—J. H. W., Des Moines, Ia.

Answer: No, definitely, no! New York network stations, as a rule, do not even give auditions to non-professional singers. And out of the applicants auditioned it is estimated, only one out of ten thousand actually land in a paying job on the air. So you, and all other talented amateurs, should do this: Apply for an audition on a small station in your own home town. Get experience there, study voice; then, eventually, try to connect with a band as vocalist or obtain an engagement in a local nightclub or theater. Only after this, will you have enough equipment to assure you of a break in the Big Town.

Fun On The Air (Gags of the Month)....

Archie: Miss Duffy, there's not much difference between you and Esther Williams.

Miss Duffy: Yeah?

Archie: Yeah. Esther looks like she was poured into a bathing suit—and you look like you was poured into a bathing suit—only in your case they forgot to say "when!"

* * *

Gracie Allen: For your information, Charles Boyer and my husband could change places.

Blanche: They could?

Gracie: Yes. It would be perfectly all right with me.

* * *

Bob Crosby: I think you should take up singing. You'd be even better than Nelson Eddy.

Bob Hope: No kidding?

Bob Crosby: With *your* nose, the short-nin' bread would already be sliced.

* * *

Colonna: Say, Hope, I have been following Gypsy Rose Lee all day.

Hope: What have you to report?

Colonna: Nothing on her.

* * *

Jack Benny: You don't believe in ghosts, do you?

Rochester: Not exactly—but when I shake hands with somebody and say, "Give me a little skin," I want to feel it!

The Program Book . . . This is the time of the year when the Summer replacement shows are in full swing. By now, you probably have caught most of them. Some are worthy of the big name attractions they have replaced and will land permanent spots on the air; but most of them are mere time-fillers and will fade with the coming of the first Autumn winds.

The list of substitutes is too long for cataloguing. However, on our premier network, NBC, these items are especially worthy of your attention:

Tommy Dorsey and orchestra in Fred Allen's spot . . . Alec Templeton, the brilliant blind pianist and satirist, subbing for Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. . . Meredith Wilson's orchestra and the King Sisters, in place of Burns and Allen. . . the "Man Called X" dramatic series, starring Herbert Marshall, in the Bob Hope spot...Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, holding the listeners for Fibber McGee and Molly . . . Frank Morgan and company, doing a temporary stint for Jack Benny fans . . . and "An Evening With Sigmund Romberg," holding forth for the "I Dood It" lad, Red Skelton.

The story on Radio Row which has caused the greatest flurry in recent months is that the great Arturo Toscanini himself will conduct a television broadcast of the opera, "Falstaff," during the Fall. If it does come off, the performance will go down in the history books as one of the all-time landmarks of broadcasting. . .And speaking of television, manufacturers will not be producing sets in any quantities until sometime in 1947. The first one, I must warn you, will be pretty expensive, with a $150-$200 minimum price range. Television's coming, but not for a while.

* * *

Stories You Hear On Radio Row. . . Some years ago, a semi-pro pitcher tried out for the Brooklyn Dodgers. After watching him work, "Lippy" Leo Durocher, the manager, commented: "Okay, Bub, better figure out another way to make a living." The would-be big leaguer, not at all downhearted, headed for the showers, where he indulged in some fancy vocalizing. The by-no-means shy Durocher, hearing this, shouted caustically, "That goes for your singing, too!" . . . P.S.—The vocalizing pitcher was Robert Merrill, now the idol of the bobby-soxers at the Metropolitan Opera and the baritone star of the RCA-Victor show, Sunday afternoons on NBC!

* * *

Loudspeaking. . . For years, listeners have voiced complaints to me. "For heaven's sake let's have something different," they write. "We like Benny, Allen and Cantor. We go for Sinatra, Como and Shore . . . but how about giving some of the unknowns a chance and building them into stars?"

In the discovery and development of new talent, it seems to me, radio could and should take a lesson from the pictures. Hollywood scouts eagerly seek out, and then test, promising youngsters. But, with few exceptions, the broadcasters are not so forward-looking. Year after year, they depend on the same names.

So, here's a suggestion—and I should like to know what my readers think of it: The broadcasters should venture into the near and distant places of America in search of young talent. Find the promising boys and girls—and then sign them. This done, train them by farming them out to the smaller stations, just as the major ball clubs send their tyros to the minor leagues for seasoning.

"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"

(PRODUCTION)

(*Continued from page 47*)

woogie on the piano, plays a number in the picture. Between scenes he played "Caledonia" for the cast and crew. Then Van sat down and played "Clair de Lune." "How'd you like that?" he asked Sugar Chile. "It's okay," said the sprout, "but it don't jump". . .While working in the film, Van was called upon to help out a distraught mother whose 12-year-old daughter had been on a hunger strike for three days. The whole thing started over a disciplinary measure and by the time three days had gone by, the family doctor was planning to take the girl to a hospital. The mother contacted Metro officials, asked them if they couldn't arrange for Van to talk to the girl. A rabid fan, the girl held a five minute phone conversation with Van, who was doing his best to reason with her, then hung up and asked for a steak dinner . . . One scene required Van to threaten Keenan Wynn, who backs toward a door, opens it and exits. They shot the scene twice, Van advancing and Keenan retreating, but each time Keenan couldn't get the door open. "Hey, Keenan," yelled director Martin, "even Lassie can open a door!" . . . Pat Kirkwood, fresh over from England to play Van's leading lady, learned to jitterbug for the picture . . . "No Leave, No Love" was the first directorial assignment for Charles Martin, writer, radio producer and violinist . . . For the scenes where Van throws cream cheese pies at Keenan Wynn, Martin had Buster Keaton on hand to give out with expert advice on how to get the gooiest results . . . When the cast noticed a story in a newspaper about a lonely woman who was paralyzed and without friends or family, they started a round robin letter on the set and wrote to her every day . . . Having dinner near the UCLA campus, Van and Charles Martin noticed the students firing their Big Game Bonfire, and wandered over to watch proceedings. The bonfire was forgotten when they saw Van, and they crowded him into the auditorium and yelled for a speech. Instead, Van wowed them with a rendition of "Night and Day."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One Sunday afternoon after a Keenan Wynn broadcast, three girls waited to greet Keenan. After each broadcast, he always stopped and talked to these girls. As they waited this time, an usher came out and told the girls and the rest of the people to move away from the door and go behind the fence, which was awfully far away. The girls tried to stall the usher unsuccessfully, and were about to give up when a voice boomed out, "Let my three daughters alone!" and the usher looked up to see Keenan Wynn standing there. He took the girls' arms and walked triumphantly past the ushers. I certainly felt proud that day, because I was one of Keenan's "daughters."

Helen Holbrook
Los Angeles, California



Mother: A hot tip on housekeeping? I could use it! All I *know* about housekeeping, I've learned just since Daddy got home from the Service!

Baby: A fine job, too! Well, here's the hot tip: Put "Lysol" brand disinfectant in the cleaning water, to *kill germs* . . . like "old hands" at housework do!

Mother: What! Is using "Lysol" *customary* in cleaning?

Baby: *Sure!* Almost *two-thirds* of all housekeepers use this real *germ-killer* . . . to help guard family health.

Mother: Then no more chances on germs, Toots. I'll keep *our* house "Lysol" clean—*all the time!*

Every single time you clean . . . disinfect with "Lysol" Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



"Lysol" the floors: Just add 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water. Won't harm floor finish.

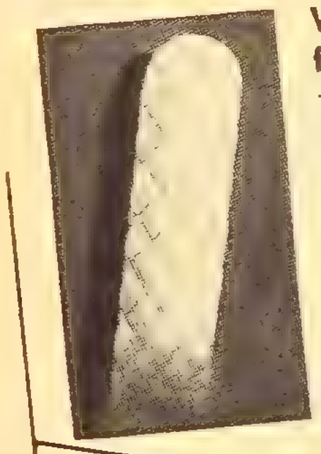
"Lysol" tub, basin, toilet. Kills germs, helps remove stubborn stains. Disinfects. Leaves a nice clean odor.

More women use "Lysol" than any other household disinfectant. Don't ever risk being without it!

For **FREE** *booklet on fighting disease germs, write Dept. G-46, Lehn & Fink, 683 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.*

Take a Test on Tampons



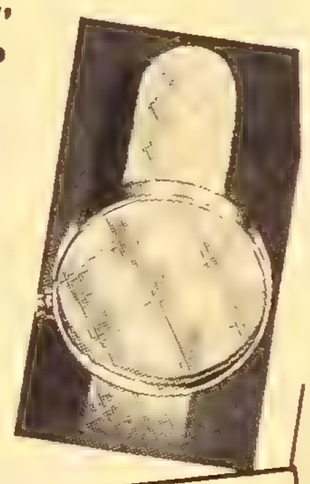


What's the reason for rounded ends?

You can *see* the answer in the picture at left. Those gently rounded ends are a special FIBS* feature, designed to make insertion really easy. You'll see . . . when you change to FIBS.

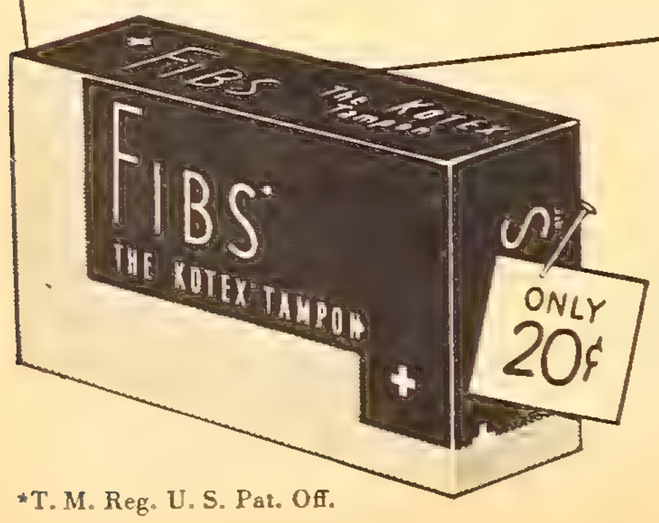
How does "quilting" contribute to comfort?

FIBS are "quilted" to keep them from fluffing up too much—to an uncomfortable size, which might cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal. Next time . . . discover the carefree comfort FIBS can bring *you.*



Why is "quilting" a safety feature?

"Quilting" helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues. Remember . . . "quilting" is an exclusive FIBS feature. So—next month—change to FIBS, and learn the security and assurance the "quilted" tampon gives.



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STEVENS MAKES HIS MARK

(*Continued from page 55*)

Two days later Mark was back on the set, although he should have been in bed. His back was bandaged, his wound fresh. With every step he took, a searing pain shot up his legs. If you'll look close in "The Dark Corner," in some of the last scenes, you can see the limp Mark Stevens' courage couldn't hide. But he finished the picture—acting through gritted teeth.

That's the kind of stuff Mark Stevens is made of. That's how much he's determined to make good in Hollywood. I've a hunch, too, that's one reason Hedda Hopper tagged Mark early for a MODERN SCREEN future star award. Mark knows what he wants and nothing's going to stop him from getting it—not even a wrecked back.

No Hollywood star ever had such a good break, followed by such an outrageously tough one, as Mark has. Since he zoomed to sensational stardom, Mark's had just one week's tantalizing taste of fame. He made a personal appearance at the Golden Gate theater in San Francisco, at the opening of "From This Day Forward," and met the people for the first time.

Even then Mark *would* follow Frankie Sinatra on the bill—the guy who had just broken the all-time box office record for all theaters in all America, right there the week before. What an act to follow!

Mark's back misery traces to a swimming pool accident near Montreal, Canada, his home town. He was fourteen then, and he started to dive off the 20-foot board. But somebody behind him killed his spring and—smack!—his two-and-a-half gainer came to grief when his back cracked the board. He didn't know how badly he'd been hurt until—well—that day on the set when the pain became too hot to handle.

Mark has had another operation since—a serious one. He's just out of the hospital where he spent two agonizing weeks. He had his backbone laid bare and he's booked for another whittling later on. Next time is the main event; he'll be kept off his feet a whole year then. "Okay," said Mark when they told him. "I can take that, too—but not right away. I want to get about six pictures made first."

Not much is going to get this cocky, courageous new star down—not even sawbones and hospitals and shush-shush nurses. One night Mark went to the preview of "The Dark Corner" with his wife, Annelle. Then they shared a sandwich at the Brown Derby and Mark drove over to the hospital. At the door he kissed Annelle. "So long, Baby."

"Aren't you scared?" she asked.

"What for?" asked Mark. "They can't hurt *me.*"

But they could. He'd been taking painkillers for weeks while his back was acting up. He'd built up a tolerance for anesthetic. Halfway through the operation it wore off. He was wide awake. "I can feel that," said Mark.

"No you can't," replied the doc, slicing away. "Shut up so I can operate."

"Ten bucks says I can," came back from Mark cockily. "Make another slice and I'll tell you where it is." The doc bet and Mark won. They put him out for keeps.

Mark is at home now (jogged there by his own jalopy instead of an ambulance!) and Annelle is his favorite nurse. He had to lie for two weeks on one side of his body and then two weeks on the other. He dropped twenty pounds from his lean frame but he's gained ten back—also some perfectly beautiful curly red Jesse James sideburns and a mustache.

A lot of things are out temporarily for Mark Stevens, but he's taking those career raps, too, with a spunky smile. Producers were standing in line to star him when his luck rolled snake-eyes.

"It's really a break for me," cracks Mark. "Now I can fool the public a little while longer."

He's not fooling anybody. Mark has made his mark in Hollywood, in two swell pictures. Out on his home lot they've redecorated Warner Baxter's lavish old dressing suite for the guy who used to change clothes in a cubby hole. He's tops on Darryl Zanuck's new star list for 1946 and '47. Producers are still lining up, lady stars are still clamoring. His next will be "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," with June Haver and Celeste Holm; he will play famous songwriter Joe Howard.

Nick, who runs 20th's Cafe de Paris, has a special table reserved for Mark's back-to-work dinner; meanwhile Nick sends him homemade cakes and goodies at home to tempt his appetite.

Already Mark's up and around, getting strength back hammering nails into an addition carpenters are building on to his house above Pickfair. There's a reason—the Stevenses will soon need a nursery.

Mark celebrated his convalescence the other night. He took Annelle to a movie. They saw "The Road to Utopia" and Mark laughed so hard he split open his incision. "Oh," he cracked, "my aching back!"

So they put him back in bed, but he'll be up again before you read this and you can bet he'll be making a movie. You can't keep a good man like Mark Stevens down.

LEAVE HEAVEN TO HER

(*Continued from page 59*)

And now they were gone.

One morning she rushed to the linen closet to get sheets with which to change Daria's bed. Swish, she pulled out one sheet. Snatch—she tugged at the other. It was weighted down by some heavy object hidden by the stack of linens.

There were the pictures!

Gene is not the only person in the Cassini household who mislays things. One afternoon recently, Oleg and Gene decided to run down to the market to do a bit of last minute shopping. Oleg had been using the car only that morning and had placed the keys, he said positively, right *there*—on that table.

Yet they were gone.

Miss Daria Cassini, aged two-and-one-half, was meandering around the room, humming and looking as innocent as possible. "Darling," said her mother suspiciously, "have you seen the keys?"

"Keys?" repeated Daria, her great eyes big with wonder. "Keys?" She searched the house. Slowly she gravitated to the kitchen.

That gave Oleg an idea. Lifting the coffee pot, he shook it as Daria burst into delighted laughter. There were the keys!

Life in the Cassini household is full of gaiety and laughter. Take, for instance, the case history of Gene's police dog, Butch.

Butch is a ham. He can sniff out a photographer at a distance of one mile, and the lightning of flash bulbs warms his soul like a grate fire. He is also a clown, doing all sorts of things that he knows amuse human beings.

Butch simply ignores Daria. When she was first brought home from the hospital, Butch wandered over to her crib one day, sniffed her thoroughly, and decided that here was someone whose general habits were those of an unmannered puppy. Backing away, he studied the bundle for a few more minutes in an intense effort to see what it was that endeared such an individual to Gene. Giving it up, Mr. Butch strode away, his low opinion written large over his expressive face.

i want my mama . . .

While Gene was in New York, Daria was obviously lonely for her parents, back in California. One afternoon Cobina Wright, Jr., stopped at the Cassini residence, just to see how Daria was getting on. Daria caught sight of her from a distance. Cobina was wearing red earrings, a print dress and cardinal lipstick. "Oh, Mama," called Daria, exhilarated by the sight of the vision, "Mama, Mama, Mama. . . ." Then as she came near enough to recognize Cobina, she slowed to a walk, and said, "Oh, hello," in a small voice.

When Cobina, meeting Gene in New York a few days later, related the incident, Gene broke down and cried. She would have taken the next plane to California if she hadn't made several positive business commitments for the studio.

Even so, when she called at the hotel desk for her mail the following morning, and was handed a package which, opened, disclosed a hand-embroidered baby dress that a fan had made for Daria, Gene was tempted to cancel everything and take the gift, straightway, to her daughter.

While Gene was prowling through New York shops, she discovered some French organza on which tropical fish were printed in formalized design. Gene fell in love with it, knowing that—since it was an original—it could never be duplicated.

Oleg, who is one of 20th Century-Fox' most resourceful designers and who creates all of Gene's professional and private wardrobe, was as intrigued with the fabric as Gene had been and promptly designed

MODERN SCREEN



"First it's me, then Dick Haymes, then me, then Dick Haymes—I wish to heck she'd make up her mind!"

ARE YOU JUST A *Plaything of Nature?*



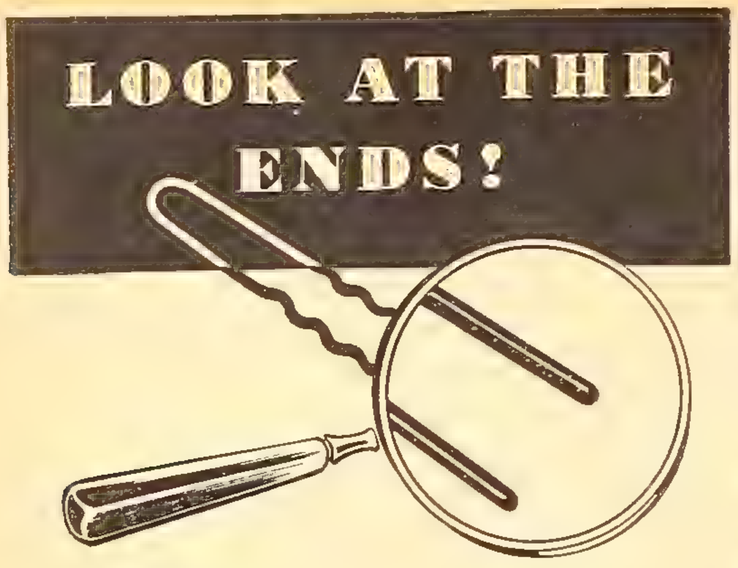
Nature may endow you with breathtaking beauty, a lovely curvaceous figure. She may bestow gifts on you that make you a brilliant actress, a leader in your class at college, sought after at dances, or a charming wife and mother.

Yes, Nature may do all this. But even so—you may find your face mockingly slapped if you suffer these distressing symptoms which so many unfortunate girls and women do.

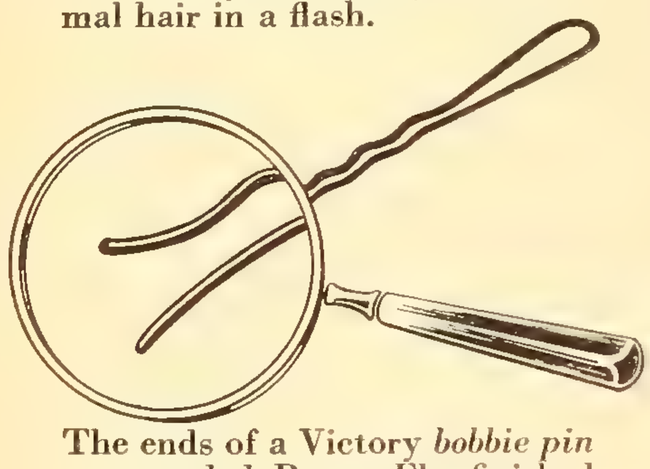
So if female functional monthly disturbances are causing *you* to suffer pain, nervous distress and feel weak, restless, so cranky and irritable that you almost turn into a 'she-devil'—on such days—this is something you shouldn't joke about. Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's *famous* for this purpose. And don't forget—Pinkham's Compound DOES MORE than relieve such monthly pain. This great medicine ALSO relieves accompanying nervous tension, irritability, those tired-out, mean 'pick-on-everyone' feelings—when due to this cause. Taken regularly thruout the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such distress—a thing any sensible woman should certainly want to do!

For over 70 years—Lydia Pinkham's Compound has been helping thousands upon thousands of women in this way. Don't you think this proof enough of its GREAT MERIT and CONTINUING SUCCESS! Pinkham's Compound is certainly *worth trying!*

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND



The ends of a Victory *hairpin* are rounded and smoothed in manufacture, to slip through even kinky hair easily and normal hair in a flash.



The ends of a Victory *bobbie pin* are rounded, Permo-Flex finished and springy; never catch top hair to spoil your carefully rolled curl.

Look for the name "Victory" in your favorite store or beauty salon.

SMITH Victory CORP.
HAIRPINS and BOBBIE* PINS
F. M. Bain, Pres. Buffalo 14, N. Y.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

an exquisite evening gown for Gene.

Gene had planned to wear it to an important party, but on the evening of the affair she reached the hotel in a state of utter exhaustion. Kicking off her slippers and collapsing into a chair, she announced she was exhausted, pooped, dead.

When she was finally gowned, Gene regarded herself in the mirror and commented on the reflection with an anguished moan. "It's awful," she said. "It's the least becoming thing I have ever worn. Why did I buy the material in the first place, and why did I agree to your design! I simply can't wear it, Olie. Really, I can't."

soothing smoothie . . .

Oleg Cassini is a philosophical man. Moreover, he understands Gene's every mood. Soothingly, he said, "Just wear it this once for me. If everyone at the party isn't delighted with the dress, I will never again design your clothing."

This was drastic, so Gene subsided. "I know the evening is going to be a complete failure," she sighed.

The result was exactly what might have been expected. Gene's gown was the rave of the affair, and Oleg took bows until he began to look like a man walking through a low tunnel.

Said Gene in a meek voice later, "I love the dress, Olie. It's the most becoming I've ever worn—just as you said."

Daria is, incidentally, a beautiful child. Her bone structure is exquisite, her coloring lovely. Before she was born, Gene spent a good deal of time wondering about a name that would form a happy combination with "Cassini." Gene was positive that she was going to have a son, but, in order to be prepared, she cast about for a few feminine names. "Toni" was her choice for several months. She told friends, "If the baby should be a girl, and not particularly a good-looking person, I think that 'Toni Cassini' would still give her something to live up to—it's got charm."

Upon hearing this, Gene's sister-in-law said, "If I ever have a daughter, I think I should like to call her 'Daria' after Oleg's great-grandmother. Isn't it a lovely name—the feminine of the olden Persian name, 'Darius.'"

"I'm pregnant and you're not," laughed Gene, "so I'm stealing that name this instant—if I have a daughter."

Having started life with a unique name, Miss Daria also possesses an imaginative bit of jewelry. In the hospital where Daria was born, each infant was marked by a plastic bracelet on which its surname was set. Recently, Gene had this "Cassini" marker set in a larger gold band which can be extended from time to time as Daria's wrist grows.

Gene brought Daria a set of phosphorescent pictures from New York. You've probably seen them, shedding their soft light in the darkness. These were hung in Daria's room and that night, theoretically after Daria had been asleep for an hour, Gene tiptoed into the nursery to find Miss Daria's eyes were wide and her manner was alert.

"Darling, why aren't you asleep?" said Gene. "Why are you staying awake?"

"To see," explained Daria, nodding toward the pictures.

With such an adorable moppet at home, is it any wonder the Cassinis prefer nurseries to nightclubs?

SALUTE TO SOUND

(*Continued from page 45*)

it was a household word throughout the land. In a week it sprang at readers from newspapers all over the world. Motion picture critics, music critics, Wall Street's nabobs and awed actors who had seen and heard Vitaphone in the "Don Juan" production, knew that this innovation had brought motion pictures over the threshold of something startlingly vast.

In their boyhood, the Warners had struggled at all sorts of odd jobs, had tried their hands in prosaic business ventures, and had just about managed to exist. One day, while the family still lived in Newcastle, Pa., Sam Warner dropped into a showhouse to see "The Great Train Robbery," a Western made in 1903. He came home enthusiastic over the idea of getting a copy of the film and showing it as a business venture. He and his brothers had about $50 between them. The film's price, with the machine, was $150. Ben Warner, their father, pawned his gold watch and chain and every cent of the family cash went into the enterprise. They got the use of an empty store and with 96 chairs borrowed from the local undertaker, opened the Warner Brothers' first motion picture house.

Twenty years after their start in Newcastle, when the Warners owned the Vitagraph Studio in the Flatbush district in Brooklyn, Colonel Nat Levinson, who was Pacific Coast radio specialist for Western Electric Corporation, came in high excitement to Sam Warner. He dragged him to the Bell Laboratories on New York City's lower west side to watch a demonstration of a device which made it possible to synchronize motion pictures with music or with the spoken word.

Sam Warner was enraptured. He heard the voluble Colonel expand on the machine's tremendous entertainment possibilities. "You can take the best musicals on Broadway—you could take the great operas, the greatest dramas, and with this invention you could show them in 10,000 theaters at one time. You could bring Broadway into the smallest hamlet in the farthest country." Sam Warner nodded as the Colonel spoke, asked for more detail about the machine, and learned that a Mr. Walter J. Rich already had an option on its use for public entertainment.

He got in touch with his brother Harry. He told him, "Go down to Bell Laboratories. I think we've got the greatest thing that's ever hit the industry." And Harry went. He heard a 12-piece orchestra play faultlessly, in rich tones, while the violinists, harpists and other shadowy images on the screen fingered their various instruments. "But I was suspicious," he confides now. "I got out of my seat suddenly and went behind the screen to make sure they hadn't slipped an orchestra in on me. Of course, they hadn't." He went back to the Vitagraph studios and his eagerness to try the new invention matched his brother's.

big stakes . . .

"Let's get the greatest artists, the world's leading orchestras," he insisted. "We'll get the best of everything from the musical world and from the stage. We may go broke, but we're playing for big stakes."

The Warners formed the Vitaphone Corporation. Walter Rich was chosen president and held 30 per cent of the stock. The Warners put up all the capital and held 70 per cent.

As the Warners toiled on their first production with the Vitaphone, word of their puttering got around. The other motion picture leaders, and most of the great

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GOLDEN GLINT

silent stars of the period, were inclined to feel sorry for the brothers. Ethel Barrymore said "Talking pictures? The public won't put up with them. People don't want their ears hurt or their intelligence insulted." Charlie Chaplin thought that "They'd ruin the art of pantomime, the great beauty of silence. Motion pictures need dialogue about as much as Beethoven needs lyrics." James M. Cain, whose "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Mildred Pierce" were to be top talkies decades later, felt about the same way. He said, in honest belief, "Speaking movies will never be given."

The Warners arranged an unprecedented program for their first showing. Their invitations went out to all the leading critics, to potential Wall Street backers, to important officials. The marquee blazed with the legend "VITAPHONE and John Barrymore in Don Juan."

The show opened with a Vitaphone prelude. The image of Will Hays, the motion picture czar, broke into life on the screen.

"My friends," he began, and the words rang sharp and clear in every corner of the great auditorium.

"No story," the image said clearly, "ever written for the screen is as dramatic as the story of the screen itself. . . . It has been said that the art of the vocalist and instrumentalist is ephemeral, that he creates but for the moment. Now, neither the artist nor his art will ever wholly die."

The screen's pale expanse suddenly showed The New York Philharmonic Orchestra as Henry Hadley conducted it in the stirring "Overture from Tannhauser." As the last perfect bar died away into silence, acclaim rocked the theater.

After numerous other musical episodes, the screen broke into life again, and "Don Juan," done by John Barrymore and his richly-costumed cast, played on to the end, with the special score pacing each motion. The ovation at the end all but brought tears to the Warner Brothers' eyes. They had gambled, and they had won.

A mad race was on. The motion picture industry's skeptics who had sneered at "the novelty," scurried in panic for some share in the great field the Warners had opened. The Warners went ahead with their next feature. It was to be "The Jazz Singer," the story of Al Jolson, adapted from Samson Raphaelson's stage play.

The first part of this film still relied on titles, as other silent pictures did, but when Bobbie Gordon, portraying the Jazz Singer as a child, suddenly launched the tender strains of "My Gal Sal" in a beer hall scene the night of October 6, 1927, in the picture's premiere in New York City, the audience thrill was obvious. It reached high pitch in Jolson's singing of "Mammy" and brought a reaction of sobs and tears in the death scene as on The Day of Atonement, Jolson sang from the screen the stirring hymn, "Kol Nidre."

in fact, in fiction . . .

This second great triumph which was to sweep the Warners far down the road to fame, had its dramatic counterpart in real life. None of the Warners attended that premiere. Sam Warner had supervised "The Jazz Singer" in Hollywood, and had sent it on for the New York showing, but pneumonia had set in and he was rushed to a hospital. His brothers, Jack and Albert, stayed at his bedside and wired Harry Warner to rush westward. A special train got him into Los Angeles the morning of October 5, 1927. He was three hours too late. The man who had conceived "Don Juan" and who had given the world "The Jazz Singer" had died—like the hero's father in that film's most touching scene—on The Day of Atonement.

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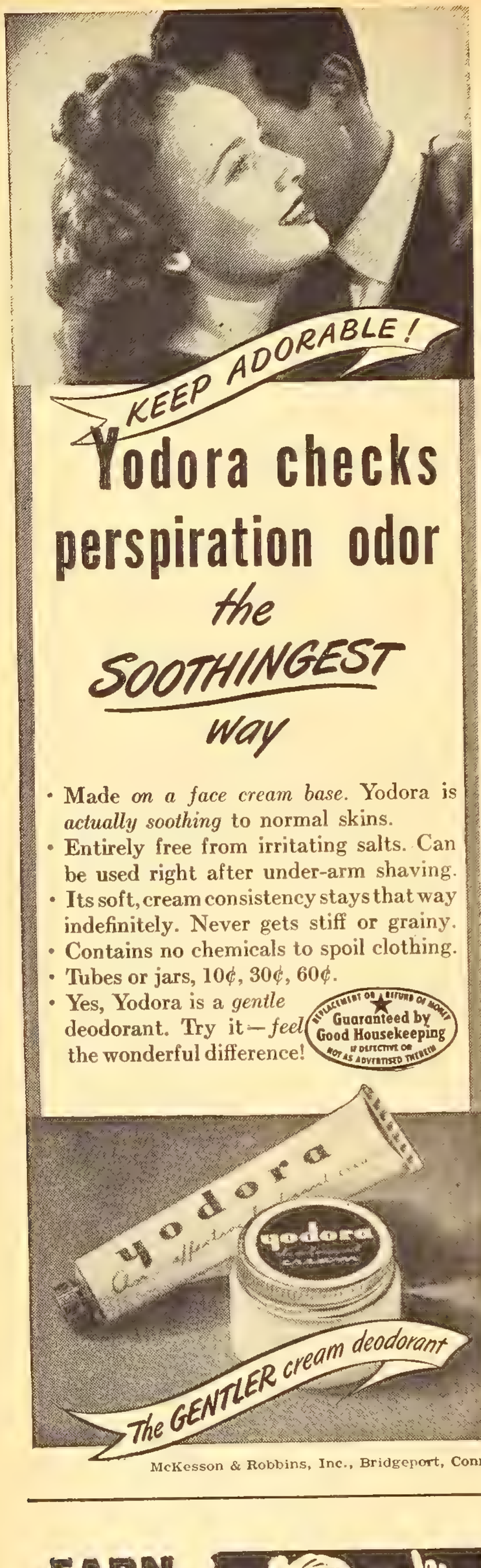
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MODERN SCREEN GOES TO A WEDDING

(Continued from page 43)

"Do you think he is, Mother? Really and truly in love?"

"He's in love, all right." Mrs. Babbs sounded awfully sure. Dorothy wished *she* could be that sure. Then a knock came at the door, and she ran to open it. He stood there, cocky and gay as always, but with that special tenderness in his eyes that came lately when he looked at her.

his nibs . . .

"Hi, Nibs." Such a cute, silly nickname he'd given her. No reason for it. But her heart came up and stuck in her throat every time he said it.

"Hi, Johnny." She was suddenly shy. Johnny said, "Want to go for a ride, Nibs?"

"Love it! Love it!" She got her white woolly coat and tied a purple chiffon scarf over her gold-brown hair. They went out together and Johnny took her hand in his and held it all the way to the car. Small, both of them, and quick, with gay faces.

They drove through the bright, sun-washed town, not talking at all. At last Johnny drove up a little side road that brought them right out on the cliff overlooking the sea.

"Darling," he said, and took her in his arms and kissed her hard. As he kissed her, he took something from his pocket. It was a small jeweler's box, and it was the thing that had brought him from Hollywood today. With his mouth still warm and firm on hers, he slipped the ring out of the box and onto Nibs' finger.

"Probably that wasn't the way to do it," Johnny told her. "Probably I should have said, 'Nibs, will you marry me?'"

"I like this way better," Nibs said. Her eyes were suddenly bright with tears. "Oh, Johnny, I do love you so!"

"I love you, Nibs. I have ever since that first day I saw you. Before I spoke to you, or saw you dance, or anything."

It wasn't so long ago, that first meeting. Johnny remembered it with vivid, Technicolor clarity. Paramount was holding auditions to find him a partner for the new musical, "Ladies' Man." There were about forty applicants for the job. Johnny tried out a lot of them, and then his eye was caught by a small girl, with long-lashed grey eyes, and a lovely smiling mouth.

"I'll try that one next," he told the dance director. "Who sent her?"

The director laughed. "Nobody sent her. She's done some background stuff in Donald O'Connor pictures, and that's all. But she's persistent and she talked us into letting her have an audition."

Johnny beckoned her to come over. "Hello," he said. "I'm Johnny Coy."

As if she didn't know. As if, she thought, *anyone* wouldn't know, seeing him, tanned and dynamic in his black and red checked shirt and practice slacks.

"I'm Dorothy Babbs," she told him. There was a little stammer of nervousness in her voice, but there was no uncertainty in her eyes or her bearing.

"Can you . . ." he began, but she finished it for him.

"Do leaps and ballet? Certainly. I've seen you dance. I know the sort of thing you want."

"Let's try it." Johnny gave a signal for the music. The minute they started to dance, he knew they were right together. The girl could dance. She was light and velvet soft and her sense of timing was perfection. She seemed to read his mind on what he was going to do, and was right there with him. When they stopped, he leaned over and kissed her cheek.

"You're for me," he said. "If I have anything to do with it, you're in."

Paramount agreed with Johnny, and promptly put Dorothy under contract. They rehearsed like mad the next couple of months. They were seeing each other as constantly as they could. They were in love, and they knew it, but somehow they fought putting it into words.

Then Dorothy went to Carmel with her mother for a visit, and by the time she'd been gone for two days Johnny knew he couldn't live without her. So he bought the ring, and here he was in Carmel, and here they were, engaged.

But a lot of things happened to them, both personally and professionally, before their engagement. They did a number for "Ladies' Man" which was called "Lover Boy." Johnny had another number, solo, but this was to be their first appearance together and they were pretty excited about it. The night of the sneak preview they were sitting together in the balcony of the theater. An usher came over and said to Dorothy, "Miss Babbs, Danny Dare wants to see you, downstairs." Dorothy went down wonderingly, and Danny put his hand on her shoulder.

"Kid, I've got some tough news for you. The number you and Johnny did together was dropped. We'll probably use it in another picture later, but for now it's out. I wanted you to know before you saw the show."

For a minute Nibs felt pretty sick about it. Then she put her head up and smiled at Danny. "It's okay. We'll have other chances. . . ."

They did, of course. Republic signed Johnny to dance in "Earl Carroll's Sketchbook." "Do you have anyone special you'd like as a partner?" they asked.

Did he have anyone special! He sure did. Meanwhile, they were more and more in love. One night, Johnny and Nibs were at Ciro's with Buff Cobb and Bill Eythe. Johnny was telling Buffie about his plans for the future with Dorothy.

MODERN SCREEN



"My father is a Republican, but my mothe and I are Frank Sinatra fans."

"Why don't you two get married now?" Buff demanded. "I think it's silly to wait two years until Dot's twenty-one."

Abruptly, it seemed silly to Johnny, too. Why were they doing it? Being engaged was all very well, but being married would be a lot better.

He leaned over to Nibs. "Could you be ready tomorrow night?"

Nibs hadn't heard the previous conversation. She stared at him blankly. "Be ready for what?"

"To get married."

Her eyes grew round with astonishment. "Oh, golly, I don't know. I mean yes, of course. I mean—oh, Johnny!"

who's excited? . . .

It sounded exciting and marvelous to get married in a hurry like that. It sounded simple, too. You just decided to do it and you hired a plane to Las Vegas, and you got married. One, two, three. Only as it turned out, it wasn't like that at all. Johnny chartered a plane for Las Vegas, all right. He told Paramount about the whole deal. Bill Eythe was to be best man and Buff would be maid of honor. Paramount released the news to the papers, while Johnny was making hurried, last moment arrangements. Then the papers started calling Paramount back.

"Bill Eythe just called us and said the wedding would be in Connecticut instead of Nevada. What about it?"

Paramount didn't know. They called Johnny. He didn't know anything about it, either. Until Bill got hold of him and said, "Look, Buff has to go to New York to see her family. I'm going East, too. So we got seats for you on the Constellation and you can be married at Buff's father's place up in Connecticut. He's Frank Chapman, who's married to Gladys Swarthout, and she might even sing at the wedding."

Johnny swallowed. "I'd have to ask Nibs."

"You haven't time. The Constellation seats just came through and you know how impossible they are to get. Go find Nibs and tell her to start packing."

Somehow, in a mad scramble, they made it. They forgot all the things they would need most, of course.

They caught the plane, but were put off in Kansas City. They waited four hours and a half there, then caught another for



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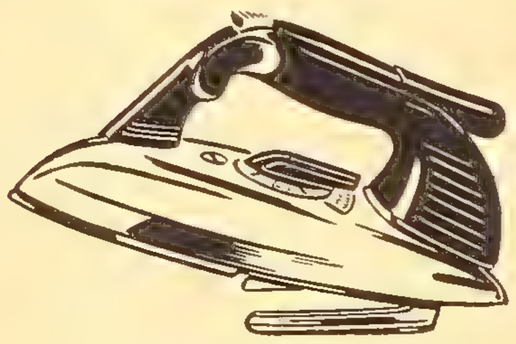
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Chicago, where they had to wait again. By the time they got in to La Guardia field, it was eleven at night. The Paramount representative had given them up and gone home, taking with her the knowledge of where rooms had been reserved.

"Gosh," Nibs said, "what'll we do, Johnny?"

He thought a moment, chewing at his thumb as he does when he's worried. Then he called up the Hotel Roosevelt, where the manager knew him. In spite of the room shortage, he would produce a couple of single rooms somehow.

The next day, when they got to Connecticut, they discovered there was a five-day license law there, and Connecticut wasn't interested in making any exceptions. They came back to New York and went up to Buff Cobb's mother's apartment. She said, "Why don't you get married at the Little Church Around The Corner here in New York? If you're going to have to wait anyway, it might as well be here. And that old church is a sweet place—I should think you'd love getting married there."

i wanna get married . . .

By now, Johnny was beginning to feel he would love getting married *anywhere*, just to get it over. He and Nibs agreed on it, and started out for the City Hall to get their license. It's a long jaunt down there, and then they had to fill out what seemed like dozens of papers. Finally they had filled in all the blank spaces. They stood in line to get to the clerk who issued the licenses—a fierce looking little man, not a Cupid type at all. When they finally got to the window, Johnny handed him the papers. The clerk looked up.

"Blood tests?" he barked.

"Oh, we haven't had those done yet. We thought we'd do this first. . . ."

But the clerk wasn't even looking at them any more. *"Next!"* he said.

Johnny and Nibs were pushed along as the line moved up. Everyone was staring at them. Nibs reached for Johnny's hand, and they almost ran out of the room.

"I could kill that character!" he said.

Nibs was pale. "My gosh, Johnny, it's all so complicated! Maybe we ought to go back to Hollywood."

"No. This was my own fault. I should have found out that you had to have the blood tests first. We'll start over."

They started over. They went back uptown and found out about a doctor who could rush the tests through in a hurry. He was a nice guy, and by the next morning they had the little slips of paper in their hands. They went to City Hall once more, and started wearily filling out papers again. They advanced to the window again.

"Blood tests?" barked the little man.

"Right here," Johnny said eagerly. "We're all set this time. We . . ."

But the clerk wasn't looking at Johnny now. He was looking at Nibs. "How old are you, young lady?"

"Nineteen."

"Birth certificate?"

"Why, it's in Hollywood!"

The little man's eyes slid past her. *"Next!"*

This time when they got out in the corridor, Nibs cried a little. "What will we do now, Johnny? What *can* we do?"

"Nothing but wait till that certificate gets here from California. We'll call your mother right now and tell her to send it Air Mail."

"What's the matter with these people?" Nibs demanded resentfully. "Don't they want us to get married?"

"Take it easy, honey. We'll make it yet."

They went back to the hotel. Bill Eythe had sent for Johnny's mother and three sisters to come down from Canada, as a surprise for Johnny, so they had a big family reunion. And the birth certificate got there in a hurry, and they made arrangements with the minister at the church to marry them the next day, Friday, at five o'clock. Nibs and Buff went shopping for a wedding gown. It was white, of course, but short instead of trailing. The ceremony was to be in the chapel, and there would be just a few of their intimate friends there.

"Look, Nibs," Johnny interrupted the girls' discussion of hemlines. "You know what flowers I'd like you to carry?"

"What ones, Johnny?"

"Daisies. Would you mind? I know that they're not glamorous, like white orchids, but they're my favorite flower, and they sort of fit with you and the way I feel about you."

"I'd *love* daisies, Johnny." Nibs' eyes were clear and grey, like the sea on a misty morning.

The next day at five o'clock, a few people assembled quietly at the small church on Twenty-Ninth Street, just off Fifth Avenue. Nibs and Buff came together, looking like a couple of school children in their white coats. Charley Russell, the handsome blond actor who was to give the bride away, arrived next with the flowers. Johnny and Bill came in the back way. Johnny was as nervous a bridegroom as ever you saw, while Bill was being very calm and soothing. There weren't more than half a dozen people in the charming little chapel. It was intimate, and yet somehow impressive. Johnny and Bill came in and took their places, then the organ began the strains from Lohengrin. Buff, as maid of honor, came down the aisle first. She wore a white pique dress, slim and sleeveless, with a pale blue belt. Her red hair was very long, and she looked dramatic and effective. Then came Dorothy, on Charlie Russell's arm. The white lace veil floated loose over her shining hair, and her eyes were intent on Johnny, waiting for her at the end of the aisle. As he watched her come toward him, all his nervousness lifted. The choked feeling left his chest, and all he could think of was that she was the loveliest thing he had ever seen in his life. Love, and a fierce, protective tenderness, welled up in him. This was his girl, for now and for always.

The minister began to intone the long, beautiful double ring ceremony. The solemnity was impressive. In some strange way, these kids weren't just a couple of dancers from Hollywood getting married. They were young love and all it represents to everyone. They reached right into your heart and stirred up memories you hadn't known were there. When Johnny put the plain gold wedding ring on Nibs' finger, everyone was crying a little, just because it was so sweet. The babes in the woods, who had tried so hard to get married through all this last crazy week, had finally made it! The minister was saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife," and Johnny was kissing Nibs as if he would never let her out of his arms again.

"Mrs. Johnny Coy," he murmured in her ear, and Dorothy thinks they're the sweetest words she's ever heard.

SEPTEMBER ISSUE

Ingrid's the lass you've been raving to us about, so (*natch!*) we'll have a story on that breathtaking Bergman in our September issue—on the stands and in your hands August 13.

PETER LAWFORD

(*Continued from page 37*)

General made reservations on the Rex to sail for England.

There was a fortnight before the Rex sailed. The Lawfords called up their friends. One of them was Ward Price, ace political writer of the London Daily Mail. They had known him for years and they knew his job—covering the capitals of Europe, interviewing and reporting on the men who write history's pages. Ward Price had just come across from a tour of the trouble spots of the continent—Berlin, Moscow, Rome, Paris. What he told General and Lady Lawford was, "The most terrible war in history is just about to break in Europe. It will come any minute."

The General thought that over. He was too old for active service; Peter of course, was too young at fifteen and militarily unfit, to boot, with his crippled arm. They would both be in the way of the desperate all-out preparations England would have to make. He cancelled the Rex reservations.

Pete dreamed of trying out for Broadway roles—but he forgot about his arm. Part of its stubborn knottiness was a psychoneurosis—Hollywood and the wonders the "Lord Jeff" acting job had worked, proved that. But still, a lot of the cure, too, was climate, warmth, exercise. Manhattan was bad for that. The Lawfords took a house in Englewood, New Jersey. There, Peter remembers, the family sat around the radio one night to hear Chamberlain give his hopeless, dismal speech admitting he could not cope with a war bound madman. They knew now that war, indeed, was on its way. In September, Hitler marched into Poland.

southbound . . .

New Jersey was all right in the summer, but the first chill winds of fall gave warning. Pete's hand contracted again dangerously. If he stayed through a rigorous winter all the progress the years had made might be cancelled out. General and Lady Lawford weren't taking any chances. California and Florida, the doctor had said—the two perfect climates. California had, in effect, booted them out. Florida was left. They travelled to West Palm Beach and took a small house. The season was just getting under way. The sun was warm and the surf lazily inviting. They settled down and Peter went to work on his arm. Doctor Smith, a nerve specialist, began charting Peter's reactions. "About thirty percent efficient," he pronounced. He prescribed exercises.

Regularly every morning, Peter swam for an hour, trying to make his semi-numb right arm do some work. He went through a program of exercises in the sun. He bought an electric vibrator and an infra-red lamp. He played his favorite game, tennis.

At first he was clumsy. He had to learn to stroke with his left, but there was a problem there. He couldn't toss the ball up with his right hand to serve. On the court he was horribly sensitive, trying to throw the ball up with his racket hand and serve it, too. It was an uneven battle on the Palm Beach courts; at first most of the girls could beat Pete and that was mortifying. But Pete gritted his teeth, hid his blushes of shame and persevered. It was a battle he knew he had to win or be whipped for life. Peter was sensitive and at an age when his handicap was doubly wounding to his ego. All the other boys and girls were physically perfect. But Pete had one advantage—the tennis pros





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admired him. He was the nephew of the great champion, Herbert Lawford, originator of the "Lawford" stroke. They took him under their wings and worked patiently to improve his handicapped game and that gave him confidence.

One day he came running home flushed and happy. "Look," he cried to his dad and mother, "look what I can do!" Pete threw a tennis ball into the air with his rigid right palm, and swatted a sizzling serve with his left. The ball crashed through a window, but nobody minded. "Break every window in the house," chuckled General Lawford happily. "Good boy!"

From that moment on, Pete began to win. He entered club tournaments and won them. "Sixty percent efficient," pronounced Doctor Smith after charting his new arm reactions. The long drawn out battle of Pete Lawford's crippled arm was ending in victory. Today, Peter Lawford barely notices it.

Pete began to branch out in Florida. He bought a motor scooter and raced around town, steering it with his right and left hand. He started driving the family car and going out with the gang on their parties. Always friendly, his recovery boosted him along socially and he made dozens of new friends. They were American friends and sometimes their ways were strange to the Lawfords, who still believed in the conventions of their aristocratic class.

discipline . . .

One night the gang drove by and tooted the horn. "Hey, Pete," they yelled. "We're going down to Miami on a whing-ding. Come on along!"

"Right!" shouted Pete. "I'll be right out.

"Mother," he said, "I'm going down to Miami on a party. It's all right, isn't it?"

"How old are you, Peter?" Lady Lawford asked.

"Why, sixteen."

"When you're eighteen," said his mother, "you can do what you want. When you're twenty-one you can have your own latchkey and stay out all night, if that's your pleasure. But English gentlemen don't run around wild at night until they're grown up. No, you can't go."

Pete went outside to explain. In his outlook, he was half English, and maybe a little more, but free-and-easy America had already claimed a big part of him. It was tough for him to tell the gang his mother wouldn't let him go on the party. It was like admitting he was a little boy, maybe a sissy, maybe a mama's darling, maybe a drip. He'd fought long months to win their respect in sports and on the beach and it was a pretty important moment. But Pete always had courage and he told the truth, risking derision.

"Mother says I can't go," he said.

"'Mother!'" mocked a sultry little cutie Pete had played around with on the beach. She had her eye on Peter and she didn't like any competition. Her lower lip slid out stubbornly. "Listen, you're a big boy now. You go right in and tell your mother you're going anyway!"

Pete swallowed. He was on the spot and he knew it. None of the others said anything. It was up to Pete. "No," he repeated quietly. "I couldn't do that, you know. You don't understand—and you don't know my mother."

So they drove off and they didn't ask him again. He had created a gulf between himself and the gang, but Pete had no regrets. He had learned to take it before, in another way, and he could take it now.

But if Pete Lawford decided dutifully to skip the hey-hey diversions of teenage America, there were some things he couldn't deny himself. Already an artistic side of his life was crying for expression, and with dramatics out of the question, he found other outlets.

One day he came to Lady Lawford and announced calmly, "Mother, I think I'll join the Beaux Arts Club."

The Beaux Arts was a Palm Beach organization of professional artists—painters, sculptors, photographers — men and women who had made names for themselves in the art world. There were no kids, no dilettantes, no rank amateurs. "I think I can get in, if you'll subscribe," continued Peter. "I'm sick of just snapping pictures. I want to do some serious work and compete with other artists."

Lady Lawford was appalled by his brashness. She should have been used to it by now, after the confident, cocky way Pete had approached his movie jobs in England and Hollywood, after the slick professional way he had handled them without any training at all. But she had to speak her mind.

"Why, that's absurd, Peter. They won't let you in. You're just a boy. You have to have a reputation to belong to the Beaux Arts."

"I'll show them," stated Peter stubbornly. "I'll prepare an exhibition of my pictures."

His mother was aghast, but whatever was in Peter's head, she knew, he'd have a try at. For the next few weeks the whole Lawford family, including Spotty, the pup, were posing for the camera. Peter seemed to be crazy, grouping odd bits of this and that in strange lights and shadows, arranging bric-a-brac in unconventional designs, stalking neighborhood cats and dogs and moppets around with his camera for hours until they hit the right pose. Half the time he was in his dark room staining his nails with developing "soup," chasing unique paper to print on. He came up with some shots that even today have won amazed tribute from the best professionals in Hollywood, things that expressed an artistic appreciation far beyond Pete Lawford's sixteen years.

The Beaux Arts took one look and voted Peter Lawford into the club. Even then Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford suspected they'd just been sorry for an eager-beaver English boy with a bad hand and wanted to encourage him. But Pete hadn't been in the Beaux Arts more than three months before his pictures carried off, in competition with Florida's best, nine first prizes and two seconds.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



It was late afternoon and a transport plane was leaving Amarillo Field, Texas, for San Francisco. It was a special plane and the mechanics didn't have time to check it, which was almost a fatal mistake. However, the giant bird took off carrying servicemen and a few civilians. My buddy tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Say, did you know our pilot is Flight Officer Gene Autry?" Just then, one of the motors conked out and everyone started to yell. As we were only a few minutes from the field, Mr. Autry flew us back and made a perfect landing. Flight Officer Autry claimed he wasn't scared, but I could tell by the way he was chewing gum that he'd have given anything to be riding Champ instead!

Tom Collins, Jr.
Concord, Calif.

You just couldn't sell Peter Lawford short on anything he set his mind to, and a succession of these demonstrations was beginning to make Lady Lawford less and less inclined to oppose Pete on any ideas he had about the grown up future he was fast approaching. In their hearts, both Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford knew their opposition to what Pete longed for—a dramatic career—was rapidly dissolving in the face of all the artistic evidence their son was piling up. In fact, after the next unbelievable episode in their lives, they were more than ever inclined to turn over the reins to Pete in whatever he decided.

It happened the day, after a few weeks of war, that General Lawford went down to the bank to cash a check. "Sorry, sir," said the teller, examining the British draft. "But all English funds are frozen."

The General was stunned. "You mean, I can't get any money from home?"

"That's right, sir."

That was an incredible crisis for the Lawfords. They had lived all their lives off their vested wealth and always wherever they went, letters of credit and British checks were honored, as good as gold. Now, like a tight tap, the flow was shut off. Suddenly, irrevocably, no fooling. Never before had Sir Sydney and his Lady, or Peter either, for that matter, given money much thought. It was always around when you needed it and of course you needed it, but they never realized how much. But just what *did* you do without it—especially in America, especially in Palm Beach? There was a family crisis. Except for a small local bank account, they were—they faced it—broke.

wolf at the door . . .

Sir Sydney put in a call to the Irving Trust in New York, their American bankers. Yes, they said, there was a certain sum on deposit in American dollars, but not much. Just enough to tide them over a bit. The Lawfords went into a family huddle. What to do? They decided to discuss it thoroughly. They could go to Canada, which was in the Empire and in the sterling area, which would allow the checks on England to be cashed. But Canada was too cold and too risky for Peter's full recovery. Then there was Nassau in the Bahamas, warm and balmy but so tiny that Pete objected at once. What could he do there? He had flown over to the British island when the Lawfords' visitors' visa ran out, so they could come back to the States on a permanent passport. But everybody was starting to get busy, a war was on. Sitting it out in sleepy Nassau was out of the question for Peter. He had an idea.

"Why not go back to Hollywood? There I can make money, I know." Pete's voice was eager.

"You'll have to go to school."

"All right—then I'll go to school. It won't be long until I'm eighteen." Pete had turned seventeen. His offer to tackle the baffling American education system when he'd never attended school in his life, was more of a heroic offer than it sounds. But Pete was willing. Lady Lawford, though, wasn't. There was still the old hangover of her opposition to acting.

"I could go out by myself and you and Dad could come later."

"Now, Peter," said Lady Lawford, "you've never in the world been on your own away from us. I wouldn't sleep a wink thinking how you were getting on. No, that's out of the question."

"Come," said the General. "We've a bit of money left. We can make it do for a while. But the thing to do is to cut down expenses."

"I'll get a job," said Peter.

"My word—doing what?" chorused General and Lady Lawford. Peter had never

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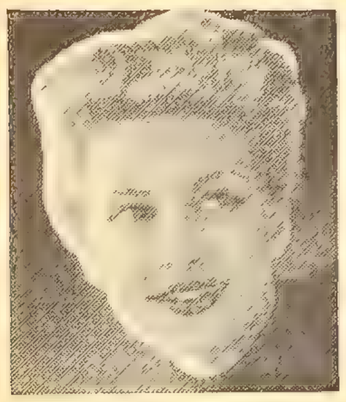
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been trained in any sort of work at all.

"Never mind, I'll get one," said Pete stubbornly. Then he took over the wheel. "That is—if you two will co-operate."

"Co-operate?" Pete's parents were baffled. What was their boy talking about? What in the world? They suddenly felt like kids themselves with this grown up boy of theirs telling them what to do.

"First of all," Peter decreed, "sack the servants. We can't afford them.

"Mother," continued Pete, "will you do the cooking?"

Lady Lawford never had. "I—I'll try," she promised weakly.

"Why," volunteered Sir Sydney, "I can run the vacuum. Nothing to it." He warmed to the idea. "Tidy up a bit, quite a lark. I could wash the car, you know."

"Right," said Pete. "That's what I mean. Now if you'll carry on like that, I'll get a job all right."

royal references . . .

Pete meant what he said, although he wasn't too convinced himself. But he had to come through and with his tenacity of purpose he went right ahead, doing it up properly, going about it in a thoroughly business-like manner. He collected a sheaf of recommendations the like of which few prospective employers ever riffled through. From the British Embassy, from titled people his family knew, from their friend, Alastair Mackintosh, buddy of the Duke of Windsor. Then he piled aboard his scooter and roared over to Palm Beach every morning, bright and early, job hunting. Right away he ran into a friend, a Mr. Bruckenfeld, who had interests in Palm Beach. Mr. Bruckenfeld also owned the parking concession on Worth Avenue behind the Alibi Club, where all the swank New York stores, Saks, Bonwit Teller and such, had lavish Palm Beach branches. It was a busy lot and hard to run, because most of the parking attendants liked to shoot craps instead of hustle the cars and the Northern vacationists were fussy about their shiny autos.

Peter told Mr. Bruckenfeld his story. "I want a job," he said.

"Well," said that harassed individual, "I need some one to manage the parking lot. But have you ever run a parking lot?" He knew Pete hadn't, of course. What he meant was that it took plenty of drive and know-how and an even disposition and a lot of things that you'd never suspect a plush-pillowed English kid, on the artistic side at that, to have.

"I'm afraid," continued the owner, looking over Peter's crested list of recommendations, "these don't mean much when it comes to a job like this."

Pete knew they didn't. But the job paid $26 a week and about $5 more in tips and he wasn't proud.

"I've got to have this job, Mr. Bruckenfeld," he said, "because I've got to convince my parents I'm self-reliant. You see, I want to go to Hollywood and make pictures and you can help me."

That was a clever thought because Bruckenfeld was tied up a little with entertainment himself and he was a self-made American who liked to give a kid a chance.

"Okay," he said. "You're hired. But you'll have to make good and it won't be easy."

"I'll make good," said Peter.

He tore into his job as he had everything else. The Worth Avenue parking lot had never had such a demon manager. Pete ran the place for six months and in all that time he was never out a dime on his reports or had one auto with a scratched fender. Pete also had the knack of pleasing people. He was courteous by nature, well-mannered and ingratiating. No one ever complained. He soothed touchy customers like Castoria soothes babies. When he quit later, his boss wailed, "I wish you'd stay here forever."

Peter Lawford had a good reason for quitting—the best in the world. He had a chance to go to Hollywood.

He had his stake saved up—a few hundred dollars. The family financial revolution had worked; the Lawfords were making the grade without money from home. And right then a dream chance came up to travel West, on his own, and all free.

There was a girl Pete had played tennis with around Palm Beach, Gloria Butler. Her mother, Mrs. George Pierce Butler, was wealthy, as were most of Pete's friends in Florida. Tiring of Florida, the Butlers decided to drive to California. One day on the tennis court, Gloria dropped the remark, "We're going to California, Mother and I, but we can't find a driver."

Pete didn't need a split second. "How about me?" he fired.

"You're joking."

"Certainly not," Pete assured her. "I'd love the job."

"We'd pay all expenses, of course."

"Wonderful!" said Pete, frankly. "When do we start?"

They started in the spring of the summer before Pete's eighteenth birthday. The Lawford cottage in West Palm Beach still had until June before the lease ran out. The General and Lady Lawford would stay there with indefinite plans. If Peter thought California was the place (try and stop him) they could come out later. It gave an anxious tug to Lady Lawford's heart to watch her son drive off, away from her supervision for the first time in his life. But as she saw his lengthening, maturing face, his keen eyes and the self-reliant good nature his smile fairly beamed, she wasn't as upset as she had thought she would be.

Peter drove the Butlers across the country and all over California. They stopped at all the beauty spots, Monterey, Carmel, Santa Barbara, wherever he and Gloria could play tennis. Pete's "job" was really a long pleasure tour. He stopped at all the best hotels, but the stay in Hollywood wasn't long enough for him to look up a friend, or even stick his eager nose inside a studio. Finally they settled in Santa Barbara at the Biltmore hotel where Gloria and Pete could play tennis and lie in the warm sun. June had come then and it was time for the Lawfords to give up their Palm Beach cottage. They were undecided just



"Do you mind starting a rumor I'm dying of a broken heart so it'll get back to Peter Lawford?"

where to go. Summer in Canada seemed to be the best idea, because there they could draw their income from England. But by now, it was Peter who was making most of the decisions. He made this one for his mother and dad and it was, "Come to California."

Pete was lolling in luxury at the Santa Barbara Biltmore when his titled father and mother arrived and put up in a motel. But soon Peter quit his chaffeur-companion job and joined them, in time for a big event in his life—his eighteenth birthday.

too young or too old . . .

The next day the Lawfords drove down the coast to Hollywood. That, of course, was Peter's idea. Now he was "of age"—at least enough to defy the California school laws. Now he could do as he pleased. Peter had unbounded confidence that he'd start his Hollywood career where he left off. If he had looked into a full-length mirror and studied himself he might have had a few doubts. He was stringy, gawky and lank. He was too old to be a boy on the screen, too young to be a man. In fact, Peter Lawford was right at the age that had tossed far better kid actors than himself into oblivion. He was good-looking enough, all right, but there were a lot of other reasons—if Peter had studied his chances—which might have made him back away from the plunge into the heart-breaking task of making his own break.

He was still English, despite his Americanization in Florida. That was bad. The British boy parts were few and far between and he wasn't even a boy. He had no reputation which anyone at a Hollywood studio remembered. His English picture records meant nothing now—so much time had passed. "Lord Jeff," too, was in the dim, distant days, in up-to-date Hollywood. Peter was starting from scratch.

The first day Pete and his parents rolled down to Hollywood they stopped at a tiny motel out on Ventura Boulevard in the San Fernando Valley. Motels were part of Pete's economy plan until he got started. A motel was not what you'd call a luxury inn and after the Santa Barbara Biltmore it seemed downright seedy. Pete rose above that. But he simply couldn't look up his former friends. In fact, being the sensitive chap he was, he bent over backwards to avoid any hint that he needed them.

The exclusive colony of Encino, where some of the best star homes perch, was right down the highway from Peter Lawford's motel. The first day he drove out

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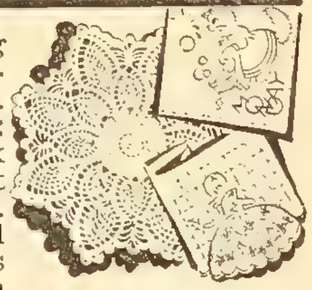


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he passed a face he knew very well, speeding along in a sporty expensive car. Mickey Rooney. He had a house right at the top of the street in Encino. Mickey had been one of Pete's best friends in Hollywood before. They had worked all through "Lord Jeff" and got along like ham and eggs. They'd met at parties with the younger star set. They liked each other—as such directly opposed personalities and backgrounds often do. If Peter Lawford could call any big star in Hollywood his friend, it was Mickey Rooney—but that was the trouble. Mickey was at the apex of his young career. He was tops at the box office, a sensation in the Hardy pictures. He was the most valuable young star at M-G-M by miles. The check he drew each week was out of Peter Lawford's world. And Mickey drove up and down the street of Pete's motel almost every day. It would have been simple to hail him down and yell, "Hey, Mick—it's me, Peter Lawford," and Pete could imagine Mickey, in his direct, slangy, American way, giving him a lift to what he needed—if only he'd make the gesture. But he couldn't do it.

the hard way . . .

He never waved, never stopped Mickey's car. Instead, he turned his head when the Mick, full of confidence and success, rolled by. That sort of thing, even inviting it indirectly by a simple "Hey, Mickey!" wasn't in his code of ethics. Pete knew show business and he knew that Mickey Rooney might think he'd done it to wangle an angle. Uh-uh.

So Peter decided he'd have to do it the hard way all over again—only this time without even security at home and the prestige of an affluent, titled family traveling in style.

The Lawfords moved into Westwood, but all they could find was a hotel and that was too expensive. While Lady Lawford and the General apartment hunted, Peter set out on the lonely, discouraging trek around for a job. He found a new representative, who was working for a small agency, run by a former movie star, a girl named Sue Carol. In private life she was Mrs. Alan Ladd, and she was pretty busy with her husband's career, which was just getting started off to the races. Peter signed up with the Sue Carol Agency, but he never did meet Sue. He wasn't that important.

Peter would call around at the office out on Sunset Strip and always the reports were the same. It was hard even to get interviews with casting directors. They wanted to know what this Peter Lawford had, who he was. English? No—no British pictures on the program now. No use bringing him around. "I'm afraid," the junior partner would smile ruefully, "you're just not saleable."

Pete tried to sell himself. He couldn't crack the studio casting offices but he had to have a job. He turned to radio and haunted CBS and NBC, walking in cold turkey and asking for auditions, just like any other kid could. That was really tough. If there was a faint nibble for a young actor with a British accent he'd beg for a tryout. But it seemed that radio row was lousy with British accents. He'd cram into an audition room with twenty-five and thirty other hopefuls, all speaking as if they'd just stepped off Bond Street. Better than Peter Lawford, because they'd worked at their accents and the broader they were, the better the radio producers liked them. The super-Oxford accents, even though studied and phony, paid off, Pete found. He talked naturally, and with accents from a dozen different countries around the globe, including a nice slice of American. "We'll let you know," they always told him. And they always didn't. He'd go home and haunt the telephone. But it wouldn't ever ring.

Meanwhile, the Lawford economy plan had to be tightened up. The hotel was dwindling the lean Lawford bank account dangerously. Finally, they uncovered an unfurnished apartment, lots cheaper. Lady Lawford was about to say no—after all, you can't sleep on floors, and she, of course, hadn't been carrying around furniture in her cowhide luggage. As for money to furnish up the place, that was absurd. The whole cash reserve would go in that, at Lady Lawford's idea of furniture prices. But Pete knew the answer there, too.

"Downtown," said Pete (no one ever discovered how he knew these things) "there's a furniture store with a bargain basement. Second-hand stuff that's really comfortable—and cheap." They went down and bought a suite for $50. They took the apartment. Then Peter's idea blossomed wider. "They have all kinds of auctions around Hollywood," he said. "Almost every night people sell off furniture. That's where you pick it up cheap." He led his trusting parents around to the hammer-and-block parties, to their utter amazement. This was certainly all new to them. And Pete had definite ideas about that, which paid off, too. He insisted on going late at the night biddings. "But why?" asked his mother. "Why can't we go there early and pick off the best buys?"

"That's not the way it works," explained Peter, cannily. "You see, along toward the end the auctioneer's throat gets sore. He sells as quick as he can and that's when you buy at low bids."

But even bargains are expensive and there wasn't enough in the bank to finance that and living, too. Lady Lawford was getting down to her last diamond ring and her last mink coat. The General was a good sport, but genteel poverty wasn't his dish and now and then he muttered something about going to Canada or somewhere where a British subject could cash a check. It all added up to one thing for Peter and that was—get a job, pronto, or it's goodbye Hollywood again and for keeps. He couldn't let *that* happen.

alone in the crowd . . .

He had swallowed his pride in Florida and he figured he could choke it down again right in Hollywood. It was harder, though. Pete had run into a few old friends like Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew and they'd had him out to a couple of parties. Bonita Granville invited him to one party where all the young, busy, prosperous set of youngsters were gathered. In his busted state, Pete's old shyness returned. He'd never been used to making apologies for anything. He'd never been the one in any bunch who didn't count. Now he was. When the kids all babbled about their new contracts, their pictures and what went on, Peter felt out of it. He'd have to answer "Nothing at present," when one asked him what *he* was doing. So he started ducking invitations to be spared the embarrassment of admitting his failure.

He still couldn't ask anyone, especially anyone he knew, to help boost him along. So he went cold to the offices of the Fox West Coast Theaters one morning and asked for a job. "What kind?" asked the secretary. "Anything," said Pete, meaning it. The secretary liked his looks and took him in to the boss. Pete was tall and handsome; he'd look good in a uniform. "There's a job assistant managing at the El Rey," he said. "I'll send you down to see the manager." Pete thought he'd never find the El Rey. It was clear across Los Angeles—a sleeper jump from where he lived. The job meant he had to close the movie house every night at two o'clock.

y the time he'd get back home, with no ar, hopping the fickle owl busses and treet cars, it would land him in bed round dawn. That wouldn't let him have ny time or energy to keep up the studio ampaign, which he'd secretly resolved to o. He went back to the office and said e couldn't handle it.

"Sorry," shrugged the theater man, that's all we have."

But the secretary saw the sad look on ete's face as he walked out. She asked hat was wrong and he explained. "Where ould you like to be?" Pete said out round Westwood or Beverly Hills, some- here near the studios.

"Wait a minute," whispered the girl. Let me call George Kane. I'll bet he can se an usher." Usher! Pete had to shudder little. He'd been a star when he was nly seven. Now at eighteen he was ask- ng for an usher's job. But he could take George Kane said sure—send the boy ut, he'd look him over.

So that's how Peter Lawford put on his hite gloves and fancy pants to usher at ne Westwood Village Theater.

o false pride . . .

It wasn't such a bad job. Westwood is panking new, and the best pictures played ere and Pete was still a movie fan su- reme himself. It kept him up on what as being played. It was close to home. e made $15 a week, no road to riches, ut enough to keep him going. And there as always the chance some toehold might ome through. Pete wasn't proud. When is friends came to the theater he didn't y to duck and dodge behind a post. That idn't bother him—not near as much as utting on a false front or asking a favor ight have.

He had been working five months when at red-letter Saturday arrived. Pete was aking tickets at the door at noon with a ne of kids streaming past him when the all came. "Wanted on the phone," called ne box office girl. "Take over, will you?" sked Pete of a girl usher. His agent was n the phone. "Go over to M-G-M right way," she said. "They'll interview you for job in 'Mrs. Miniver.'" Pete staggered. was his first definite call on a job. It as like a royal command. He had to go, nd right now. But still, he had a job and he'd been through disappointments before.

He figured it out rapidly. Saturdays, the house opened mornings for the kid trade. Then at two o'clock Pete was off—until six. He could make it. He could show up for the interview and be back in time for the six o'clock hitch. But he had to get away now. Peter called in an usherette who liked him and made a quick deal for her to take over the door. Then he took French leave and hustled over to Culver City. The interview wasn't formal. They barely asked him his name. Just handed him a page of dialogue and said, "Read this." Three other kids read it, too, for Director William Wyler, who sat in his canvas chair, saying nothing. After Pete read he said, "That's good." That's all. Then the assistant director stepped up. "Okay," he ordered, "run up to wardrobe and get your flying suit."

"Now?"

"Not tomorrow. We're making pictures!"

Pete came to. He'd thought he was reading for the part today, maybe doing it in a week or two from now. But he was in the picture as of now, boom! He paled when he thought what that meant. His job! He'd just run out on it without saying a word. Why, he might be here all day and night and who would handle the door at the Village? There wasn't even time for a call to explain to Mr. Kane, and what do you alibi anyway, when you just walk off and leave someone holding the sack?

All he could do was gamble on finishing it fast. Luck was with Pete. In a few minutes he was in his flying suit and back on the set in a scene with Teresa Wright and Greer Garson saying his lines, "The Germans are over London tonight. Looks like a big show!"

A couple of takes and William Wyler said, "Okay, print that."

"All right," the assistant director nodded to Pete. "You're through."

At six o'clock he was back in his suit at the Village Theater. The manager never knew anything about it, never guessed Pete had been away.

usher vs. actor . . .

Pete kept his usher job for five months. Nothing else happened, until his big gamble. That was when the chance came to go on location in Arizona with "Thunderbirds." They needed stock extras to go along, young men to walk here and there in the aviation picture. $100 a week, six weeks. It was a job a bit player or even a busy Hollywood extra wouldn't take. The desert was hot and uncomfortable. But to Peter Lawford the chance meant a stake of $600, and that would tide him over another stretch of studio haunting. He signed on and quit his job.

Peter hadn't been in Phoenix a week before the wire came. It said, "Can you get off the picture and come back to Hollywood? M-G-M is over a barrel. They can't find an English boy for 'Yank at Eton' with Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney. Picture starts next week. Director Norman Taurog says he'll see you if you'll come over. Please advise." It was from Pete's agent.

His brain whirled. What to do? Here was The Chance, if it panned out. But so few of them did. To take it, Pete had to work angles. He was legally all tied up on "Thunderbirds," but the assistant director liked him. Maybe he could break away, but if he did and the part wasn't for him, there he'd be in Hollywood, no $600 stake —and no job either. Pete made his decision —he'd gamble. He put his story up to the assistant director and told him what the chance meant. The a. d. was a good guy, he knew Hollywood. "Sure," he said, "go ahead. What's another extra, more or less? I'll get your release."

Pete felt his face get hot—he thought,

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While I was roaming around NBC last spring, I noticed Diana Lynn entering one of the studios. I followed her and asked if she would grant me an interview. At first she said she was too busy, but I wasn't going to let her get away, so, sitting down besides her, I began asking routine questions for my school paper. She told me about her schooling, how she started in pictures, and also her age: 18. I told her mine: 14. I then asked her if she had any plans of marrying. Looking straight into my eyes, she said—and I'll never forget it—"Are you by any chance proposing to me, Bernard?" I hadn't thought about it, but answered, "Why, yes." We both grinned and if her manager hadn't arrived at that point, who knows, she might have married me!

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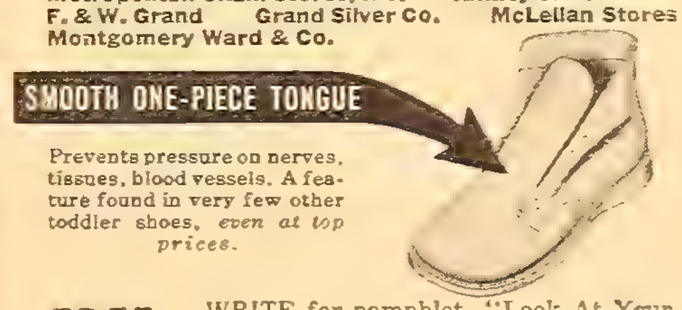
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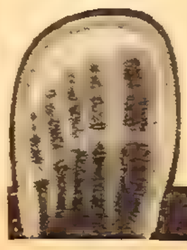
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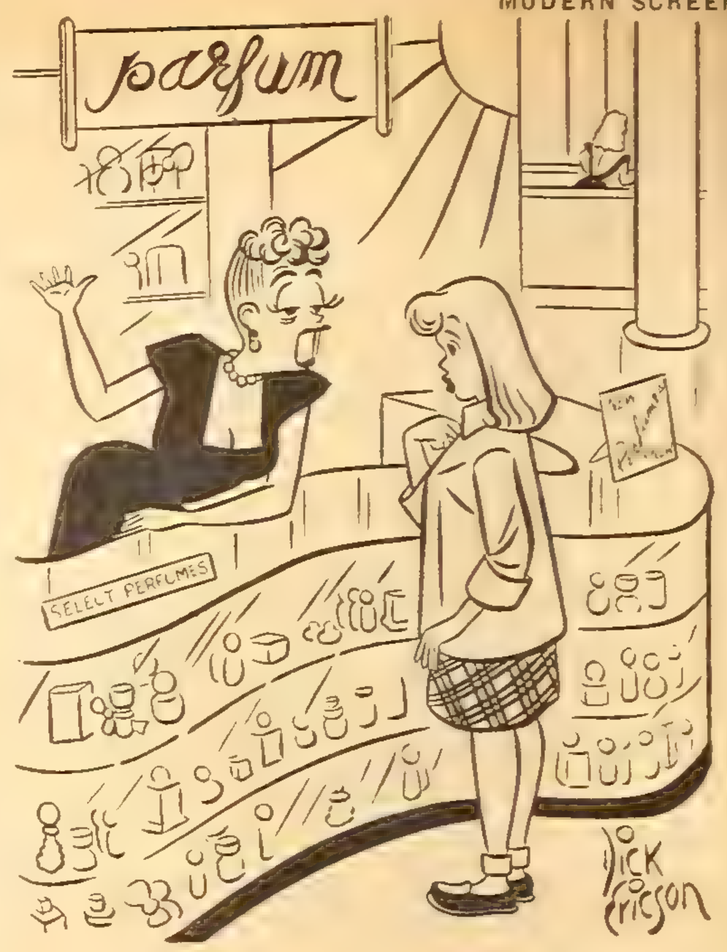
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"In short, you want something to take the place of experience—right?"

with excitement. It wasn't. He'd been working in the hot days and cooling off in the cold desert nights. He had the flu. That was when he began his miserable train ride home and the feverish, unreal ride to M-G-M to read for his part in "A Yank at Eton." That's when Norman Taurog heard him read his lines when Pete could hardly focus on the dialogue through his 103 degree temp. That's when he collapsed on the way home, but on the way home with a real part in pictures tucked in his pocket.

Four days later he was on the set, still weak and still sick but able to navigate. Back with the same bunch he'd made "Lord Jeff" with, Mickey and Freddie. Playing an English bully at the famous British school. Still playing third fiddle to those two young stars. But, as he told his mother, Lady Lawford, the day he started, "I'm not always going to be in third place!" And of course he isn't—not any more.

In Peter Lawford's first scenes in "A Yank at Eton" he ran a race, hopped a brook and fell in. He did it time and again. The water was cold and he still had his flu. He caught a worse cold. He could have had pneumonia, but by some stroke of luck he didn't. He finished the picture all in one piece and went home gloating, "At last I'm in. They'll sign me up now and keep me busy." But nobody made any offers; nothing happened when the picture was through. Pete realized dismally that M-G-M had used him only because they had to. Parts for English boys were still very few and far between.

Still, he sweated out the preview in Inglewood, with a case of eager jitters. A cutter tipped him off and Pete went to the Hollywood suburb at three o'clock that afternoon. It's against the rules for players to view sneak previews. Pete was careful. He stood in line for his ticket with all the rest, slipped down in his seat. He wouldn't even let his parents sit with him. Somebody might spot them. He got away before the M-G-M crowd came out and he felt better than ever. He knew he'd done a good job and every day he expected the call to come, "Get over here and talk contract." But it didn't come.

In fact, all that "A Yank at Eton" did for Peter Lawford's career was to type him as an available English boy for bits. He could be sold more easily for a couple of days at Republic, for shorts, for one line bits—just a hop and a jump above the extras. It was a living and it helped out at home. But every time Peter Lawford got a call it was for an English flyer, soldier, sailor, or younger son to walk in and then out. He made four pictures at Republic, had a bit in "Mark Twain" at Warners'. He played in a Pete Smith short or two, and did a bit in "Random Harvest." But the promise he made himself before "A Yank at Eton" seemed a mighty long way off.

hollywood-happy . . .

But in a way, Pete was happy. He had a chance, even a slim one, of helping his parents when they could use the help. And still, anything around a movie set thrilled him, no matter how small. He'd rise and shine happily at five-thirty to chug the long, wobbly ride on his scooter (he couldn't afford a car, so he'd bought a scooter in California) to make a quickie set at Republic by nine. He made friends on every lot, with the camera crew and the extras. He was English, but he wasn't snobbish and he learned a lot that has come in handy since. Best of all, he kept his independence and his self-respect. He was doing it still the hard way, strictly on merit, so when he did get somewhere, he'd know it was because he was good.

Another headache for M-G-M gave Peter Lawford his real pay-off chance. Again, it was a lucky headache for Pete. The trouble spot in "White Cliffs of Dover" was casting Irene Dunne's son, "John." Director Clarence Brown ran off "A Yank at Eton" and saw Peter Lawford's bully boy-role. "No," he said, "not right." But again the shooting date drew near and again M-G-M was desperate. Again his agent called Pete with the same message. "They're reconsidering. They want to test you. They're on a spot."

Pete made his test. He knew it was good, but that week of waiting almost brought back a nervous breakdown. He had a hunch if he made it this time M-G-M would get used to him. They'd be convinced he ought to be hanging around with English locale pictures coming up.

He picked up the telephone. "You've got it," said his agent. "But that's not all. M-G-M wants a term contract. How about it?"

Pete didn't answer. He dropped the receiver and fell off the chair. Then he rushed into the room where Lady Lawford and Sir Sydney sat. He spilled out the good news. They could see what it meant to him. They knew Peter had done it all by himself. They each said, "I'm glad." And for the first time they really meant it.

Of course, Peter Lawford was not sitting right on easy street just because he had an M-G-M contract. Like every new studio player, he was miles down on the list. Like every one, from Van Johnson on up and down, he had his worries, his heartbreaks, his anxious moments of doubt, his maddening months of frustrations, waiting, and disappointments.

Yet Pete wasn't too unlucky. "Canterville Ghost" was a hit and so was "Dorian Gray" and he had respectable parts in both. But in "Mrs. Parkington" he got all steamed up over a chance to show he wasn't just a juvenile. He played a juicy part, the lover of an older woman, and he knocked himself out with it. Then—the whole part was cut out and all Peter had left was one scene and one line, "Hello, how are you?" He could have fallen through his seat at the preview. But—and that's the way it always goes in Hollywood until fame fastens on for keeps—the very next job was Peter Lawford's first full fledged lead and the part that was to make him a postman's nightmare. "Son of Lassie" had its preview—of all places—right in the Westwood Village Theater where only months before Peter

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ABSORBINE Jr.



Lawford was ripping off ticket stubs and saying "This way, please." Peter sat in the balcony that night, trying to keep calm. On one side was Lady Lawford and on the other, the General, both beaming proudly. When the show was over and the audience was shaking the house with applause, Pete learned what it meant to play a mob scene in real life.

And so Peter Lawford, at long last, found himself stepping into the world he had dreamed about ever since he was old enough to dream about anything. It's a world that Pete Lawford made for himself, and he's one of the very few from his side of the tracks who ever did. As such, Pete can take a long, deep bow.

But he never will, because he isn't the type. If you ask Pete about it all he just shakes his rebellious hair wonderingly and says all it proves to him is that there is a Santa Claus, after all, which isn't true—but if it makes Pete Lawford happy to think that way—that's his business.

Certainly last Christmas you'd have had a hard time talking back to that strictly Lawford slant on success. Pete had just finished "Two Sisters from Boston," and as Christmas came along his Hollywood Christmas tree started dropping so many presents in Pete's lap that he got dizzy.

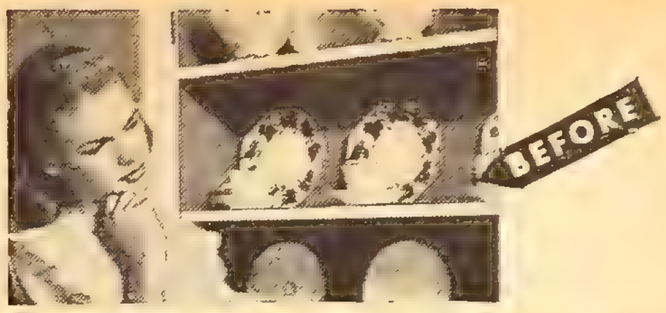
Twentieth Century-Fox called up. "Would it be possible to borrow Peter Lawford for 'Cluny Brown'?" they asked anxiously. "Ernst Lubitsch wants him particularly." Peter walked into the great Lubitsch's office with his eyes popping and heard the man who's been one of his particular Hollywood gods since childhood tell him, "I want you for the picture. I hope you can do it for me." Him—Pete Lawford! That was just a sample. Next, Louis B. Mayer called Pete into his private office and congratulated him on his work, —the first time Pete had even been in the big boss's private office. How long could this Merry Christmas last? A little longer, it could anyway. Until Christmas Eve, when his agent called up.

"By the way," she said, "this seems like a good time to tell you. You've got a new contract with M-G-M—signed today. A big boost in salary and a big Christmas bonus. And you're a star in your next picture. So—may I say Merry Christmas?"

So perhaps Pete Lawford is right—maybe there is a Santa Claus after all. Only, if you ask me, he doesn't wear a long white beard and a fur trimmed coat. He has laughing blue eyes and hair that won't stay combed and he's happiest in a Hollywood wardrobe in front of a camera. And if you want to write him a letter, send it to Hollywood, California instead of the North Pole, and you might address it "Peter Lawford." Because it was Pete himself who actually hung those Christmas presents on his own tree, whether he'll admit it or not.

AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

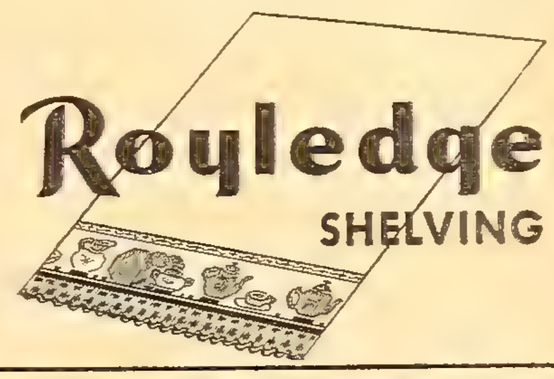
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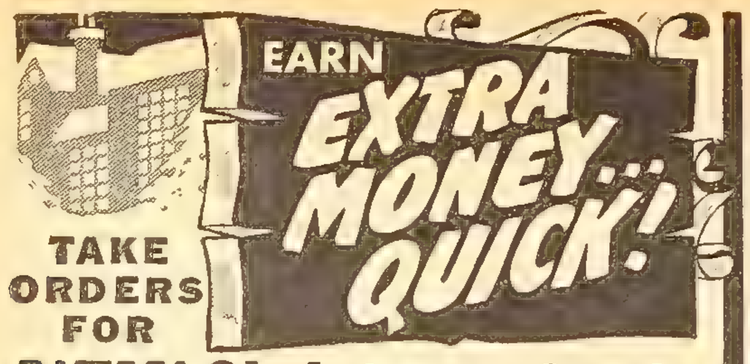
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WATCH MARSHALL THOMPSON!

(Continued from page 63)

youngsters have who walk around with their heads in the clouds.

I almost opened the door and said, "Young man, you get that lawn mower right out and mow the grass!" He didn't look like any up and coming Hollywood movie star at all! Marsh Thompson was a dead ringer for the kid next door.

I was thinking this as I said, "Come in, Marshall," and he said, "Yes, Ma'am," looking for all the world like Jimmy Stewart did when he first came to Hollywood, tall and awkward and shy and nice.

I was thinking what my friend, Bob Montgomery, told me when I saw him on the set making "They Were Expendable" months ago—before that picture put Marsh in solid with the fans—"Hedda, watch this boy playing the ensign. He's got it." And Wally Beery, that lovable veteran one-man Hollywood roughhouse, breezing back from Wyoming after "Bad Bascomb," chuckling about the kid who made him step to keep even in their scenes. And the same from Judy Garland and Greg Peck and Bob Walker in "The Clock" and "Valley of Decision." No wonder M-G-M is hot and bothered about this shy, gawky guy. Off a college campus and on a Hollywood lot barely over a year—and ten big pictures under his belt! The lead in his last one, "A Star From Heaven," and "The Secret Heart" coming up with Colbert and Pidgeon. Fan mail pouring in.

glimpse of the future . . .

"Marshall," I said, "you know, you're darned lucky!"

"I sure am, Miss Hopper," nodded Marsh, "luckier than you know."

"Have yourself a Gruen wrist watch," I grinned, "and explain yourself."

Marsh Thompson grew up in Westwood Village just a whoop and a holler from where he's making a name for himself, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. So he's practically a home town boy who made good and thought it might be fun to be a movie star. Not that he ever took it too seriously. He'd see Tyrone Power, Gary Cooper and Fred MacMurray, who lived right over the hill from him, strolling around the Village and he'd think, "Gosh—swell guys; boy, are they lucky!"

Marsh used to gawk at crowds around the Westwood Village Theater, a favorite M-G-M preview spot. He'd see the arc lights striping the sky and figure something grand and glorious was going on. One of his first baby talk lisps was "pee-chee pee-voo." Get it? Picture preview. So there was plenty of movie bug in the air to bite him. But it didn't—or if it did Marsh didn't feel the sting. Not until loads later. He wanted to be a doctor first. Then he wanted to be a minister. Being an actor instead just sort of happened, but now Marsh agrees it was a swell idea.

His dad was a dentist, a graduate of Northwestern, and Marsh's dad is his idol and best pal still. Dad Thompson fought in the First World War and was gassed. That's how the Thompsons happened to leave Peoria, Illinois, where Marsh was born. They wanted a good climate for weak lungs. When Marshall was just a moppet, Dr. Thompson set up practice in the Village, and by now he's the town's leading dentist. Marsh can remember when the coyotes wailed and jackrabbits scurried over the hills where homes cluster today. That's where he was most of the time, up in the hills. Because as a kid, Marshall Thompson was a sort of problem child. He hated school, he was shy, slow in his studies, clumsy in sports, weighted down with a terrific inferiority complex. For years, until a certain something happened in high school, Marshall added himself up to a total loss.

Marshall Thompson can grin with an honest twinkle in his grey-blue eyes and confess, "The truth is, I was pretty much of a jerk and a drip." He was the kid the bullies chased home from school, cornered on the recess ground and pummeled, played cruel jokes on and dismissed as a pantywaist supreme. He couldn't make an athletic team. He was skinny as a stork. And because his mind was always wandering here and there, he got the reputation of being just plain dumb. Of course, it was all in Marshall's head, but he kept selling himself short all through Fairburn Grammar School, Emerson Junior High and halfway through University High before he came to.

Principals and teachers used to tread a path to the Thompson house, shaking their heads sadly. Master Marshall was flunking this or fizzling that. He couldn't spell or write; he couldn't add—gosh—to hear Marsh tell the tale you'd think he ought to have been in reform school.

It's a scream, really, to hear Marshall Thompson rattle on about his frustrated school days. Seeing him sharp as a tack today, funny as a barrel of monkeys and knowing he's steady on the beam (my director friends at M-G-M tell me you can't hand the kid a part he doesn't go to town in), it's hard to believe there's a speck of truth in any of it. But I've known kids like that. Before they find themselves, well, anything's liable to happen.

Sometimes he'd try to bluff his way to boyhood distinction. It didn't always work so hot. In Junior High, for instance, Marsh realized he was strictly from nowhere without some kind of athletic prowess. Somebody once told him he'd make a swell basketball player (he was tree-top tall even then), so when the athletic director quizzed him about his sterling worth in the field of sport, Marshall popped out with a big bluff. "I'm a basketball player," he said. "Yeah, I play center. Yeah, I'm a high point man," etc., etc.—all a pack of fibs, but the poor kid was desperate. He'd never had a basketball in his hands!

liquid enjoyment . . .

"Fine," glowed the coach. "Since you know all about basketball—you can referee this game. Okay, guys, let's go!" and he blew his whistle.

That bluff was a sad mistake. Poor Marsh didn't know which way was up, down or sideways on the court. He started play, tossing the ball in the air—he could figure *that* out—but from then on! They ran over him like freight trains, sent him skedaddling all over when he got in the way. He balled up the game, mixed up the baskets and finally the fellows heaved him out of the gym! He didn't try bluffing that way again.

Dad Thompson worried a lot about Marsh from the time the first tough kid chased him home from school. He tried to teach Marsh to box, wrestle, race and swim. But it was an effort. The family went to Laguna Beach and Coronado in the summers. Doctor Thompson would toss skinny Marsh into the surf, and while the waves would pass over any other normal kid, they'd scramble poor Marshall around like an egg, bang him on the sand, half drown him. He just wasn't gifted. Today, it's a lot better. Marshall's an ex-

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pert sailor; he has even taught classes in sailing. But I'm talking about his dog days.

He had a pretty fair physical excuse. He wasn't strong. He had had sinus trouble (it later made him 4-F in the draft and about busted his heart). Marsh shot up like a hollyhock, but he looked as if a gust of wind would snap him in two. The sinus sent him to Arizona a few summers on the ranch of a friend of the family's, where he herded cattle and learned to ride, and that's one department where he always was and still is good. The sinus also packed him off to mountain camps and woods, and while there something happened that gave him an idea. Maybe the first touch of the limelight virus struck the time he went on a "coonsie hunt" with some pals.

The first night they organized a coonsie hunt and explained very seriously what went on. It seems a guy went up into the lonely peaks and yelled "COONSIE! COONSIE! COONSIE!" at the top of his lungs and kept it up—it was very important not to stop. Who was the coonsie shouter? Marshall, of course. This, the wise woodsmen explained, startled strange little animals out from their homes, behind rocks. They were about the size of rats, had ears like rabbits, tails like foxes and made a shrill, bleating noise. They tasted, when fried, like a cross between chicken and strawberry shortcake. Marsh promised to yell plenty of coonsies out so the gang down below could smack them with clubs as they came whizzing past.

Well—you know what happened. It was the old "snipe hunt" with improvements. Instead of holding the sack, Marsh hollered himself hoarse all night and in the morning staggered into camp to find—no mess of luscious coonsies—but a tent full of snoring jokesters who'd been happily in the hay since they sent him off. He was greeted with roars of laughter. And the funny thing was—despite his shredded tonsils, red-rimmed eyes and chattering teeth —he liked it. He liked being the center of attention, for once. Even though he was the butt of the deal—it was worth it to have guys slap him on the back and—well—even admit that he was alive.

From then on Marsh was spoiled. He'd run into a door, on purpose, just to collect a laugh. He'd trip himself, act goofy, play simple, learn silly tricks to make the kids chuckle, because when they did he was, in a screwy way, important. Underneath that, of course, was a budding acting urge and a sense of humor that Marshall Thompson is still busting with.

Like the time, a couple of years ago, when Marsh was getting the once over from Uncle Sam for the draft. He was sitting in a long row of candidates, all in their birthday suits, and all pretty bored. Marshall started entertaining them with his clown tricks and the whole "Greetings" gang was fascinated. He was right in the middle of one called "Exercises, exercises —we must take our exercises," and it's really a scream the way Marsh Thompson can make his digits dance. He didn't see the Army medic coming down the line tapping all the bare knees for reflexes. So

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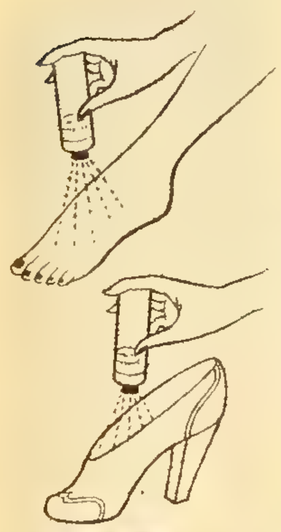
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he was still acting goofy when they tapped his and it barely kicked. "H-m-m-m," said the doctor, "come with me," and led Marsh straight into the psychiatrist! They thought he was a goon for sure, but of course discovered he wasn't. What kept him out of uniform was that old sinus.

Marshall Thompson toted around his inferiority complex all the way up to his senior year in high school. It wasn't helped by the fact that his face started to blemish and his hair wouldn't stay combed and he was sure he was the unhandsomest character in school. Funny thing, though, the girls didn't think so at all. Marshall had a weakness for them and he had one puppy love romance after another.

But it was about time for our worm to turn and I'll tell you just how that happened. There was a class play at University High—"Our Town." There was a drama teacher, Grace Barnes, who could look beneath Marsh's posing and clowning and shyness. Marsh tried to duck the play at first, but Miss Barnes wouldn't let him. She put him in a small part, "Editor Webb," not the star job at all—but that was enough to snap Marshall right out of his inhibitions.

Because the minute Marshall Thompson strutted his stuff in "Our Town," he was a new man. Gosh—it was the first time in his life he'd ever been the focus of any respectful attention. His natural gift of comedy cropped out in the part and people laughed—and liked him. Girls swarmed around him in the halls the next day and football letter men actually spoke to him. Teachers didn't shoot him dirty looks and he didn't get a hitch in his tongue answering questions. It was pure magic.

personality kid . . .

There was a girl in his class whose papa was a Warner Brothers' talent scout and after "Our Town's" last curtain had fallen, she told Marsh, "My dad thinks you're good."

Marsh simply couldn't believe that. People were always telling him how terrible he was. And if they weren't, he was telling himself.

"No!" was the best Marsh could do.

"He says for you to come out to the studio and read for him."

The flattery of it all tempted Marshall.

He went out to Warners' and he ended up making a test for a part in "Janie." Bob Hutton and Joyce Reynolds made the test with him and they got parts. Marsh didn't—but he didn't care. He got an agent out of that experience, too, but the agent got nothing from casting directors about Marsh except "Too skinny, too homely, too green, too young." But still Marsh didn't care. He didn't expect a thing and he didn't get it, but just having people take an interest in him was terrific. His real idea then was to go on to college. He wanted to be a doctor and maybe join the Army when he got his M.D. He'd gotten that much confidence in himself. He had his eye on U. C. L. A. right in his own home town of Westwood, but up came a dismal "D" in physics and they wouldn't let him in. So he took his usual summer makeup course and signed up at Occidental, a smaller school. It was a lucky thing for his ego's rapid emancipation.

Because Oxy was where Marshall Thompson really blossomed from a shrinking bud into a wonder man. In two weeks he'd pledged to a good fraternity, Phi Gamma Delta. Two weeks more and Marsh was elected to the honorary drama society. He organized the freshman class, became student minister. He made the Players, the drama group, in no time flat. He even went out for the 'Varsity two-mile cross-country team. Before the year was up, Marshall Thompson was a real BTO—Big Time Operator—on the campus, as much to his surprise as to everyone's. He'd written four plays and acted in twice as many more. Single-handed he'd staged a show with the entire student body. He'd collected a bunch of swell grades.

Just when he was going great guns on the campus, up came a decision for Marsh. The agent called one day. "Chance for a job at Universal," he said. "Hurry over for an interview."

Marsh had classes. He'd really tossed Hollywood out of his mind. The big career idea started out to be medicine, like I said. But one of those aptitude tests switched him away from skull and bones. Rated on a 100-perfect standard, Marshall got a grade of 1 for technical skill. He got 10 for science. But he got 90 for "social and artistic." So he switched to Theosophy and decided he'd be a minister. He'd already found out the Army wasn't for him when the Air Corps turned him down and the draft said "No," too—that sinus.

But about this movie interview. He played hookey and made it and Universal offered Marsh a part in "The Reckless Age" with Gloria Jean. It meant laying off from college two whole weeks. Marsh was pretty wrapped up in his campus activities but he figured he could make up the work, and he knew a part in a movie wouldn't lower his stock on the campus.

So he played a young store clerk in "The Reckless Age," right up his alley, because one summer he'd sold shoes at J. C. Penney's in Westwood. I don't think the part was exactly Academy calibre, but it was all a big thrill to eighteen-year-old Marshall Thompson. He fell for Gloria Jean, of course—another hopeless love (Marsh's young past is full of 'em) because Gloria had a sailor overseas then. Marsh could have weakened and stayed on at Universal if they'd offered him a contract, but they didn't. Donald O'Connor was filling the juvenile bill very nicely then and Marsh hadn't any knockout qualities.

He was directing a campus play one day when a pal ran up, out of breath. "Hey, Marsh—they're previewing your picture at the Alexander in Glendale!" That night a score of his fraternity pals crowded the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



When my son was discharged from the Army, he told us many fascinating stories about Army life. One of the most interesting was his account of the time Betty Hutton visited his camp. "Upon arriving," he said, "she changed into some feminine outfit and made her way up to our wooden platform in the open field. She really wowed the boys with her first song, but then our luck changed. The sky seemed to open up and pour forth all the rain it had saved up for days. As all the boys began to throw raincoats around their shoulders, a sweet voice called above the downpour, 'We can take it if you boys can.' Then, grabbing a large raincoat which one of the boys handed her, she wrapped herself up and continued bouncing all over the stand. She had all the boys convulsed with laughter as the coat was well down to her ankles and her wet hair was clinging to her face." I say hats off to Betty for so unselfishly cheering my son and his buddies.

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balcony at the Alex, dying to see Brother Thompson make his glamor debut. Marsh won't forget that night.

First place, they forgot to put his name on the title sheet. Then half the picture reeled off without a peek at his face and figure. The brothers groaned and razzed him plenty. He began to think himself he'd been cut out until suddenly there he was all over the screen. The brothers got impressed then, but they still had enough college gall left to give him the old razz outside.

"Here he is, girls!" they yelled. "Marvelous Marshall—step right up for an autograph—only twenty-five cents, the fourth part of a dollar. Hurry! Hurry!"

Poor Marsh turned beet red and ran the heck out of there. So his brothers signed the autographs themselves very happily, and only two audacious fleet-footed girls finally caught him. His first fans. He'll never forget them, you can bet.

college chronicler . . .

Marshall was a Personality, with a big "P" around Occidental after that. But not for long. The really big decisions came up a couple of weeks later. That's when M-G-M needed just Marsh's type for "Blonde Fever" and again his agent gave him that tantalizing telephone call. What to do? If he quit school again he'd really mess up his academic career. Marsh talked it over with his parents and the upshot was everybody agreed he was still on the young side, not quite nineteen, and a year out of school at that age wouldn't hurt a bit —might even help. Of course, by now it's unnecessary to point out that Marshall Thompson was pretty badly bitten by that camera bug. And M-G-M didn't let him down. The minute he finished "Blonde Fever," they grabbed him on a contract—and since then Marshall Thompson has been on an ever faster revolving race track. "The Clock," "Bad Bascomb," "Valley of Decision," "Twice Blessed," "They Were Expendable," "Star From Heaven"—he's done ten in a little over a year, and that's making pictures!

But while Marshall Thompson has been putting in long hours on M-G-M's sound stages, his heart's still on the campus at Occidental College—and that's another reason I'm putting my money on him to be a star. Sound funny? Here's why: Marsh is right in touch with the college kids. He knows what they like. He's a perfect college kid himself. His favorite hangout is still the fraternity house at his Alma Mater. He goes to the school dances, dates the Oxy co-eds. He steers clear of Hollywood parties and Hollywood night clubs for the most part.

Being socially a Jekyll-Hyde character, half Hollywood and half college, gets Marshall Thompson in some steamy water now and then. He had to let his curly locks grow and sprout sideburns when he made the costume picture, "Valley of Decision," and that caused a few raised eyebrows around Occidental in spite of Marsh's explanations about art.

break of hearts . . .

As for Marshall himself, he learned early to expect about anything in the land of make-believe. In "The Clock," for instance, Marsh smoked cigarettes, although they make him turn green. He doesn't drink, either, yet he played a drunk as Greg Peck's younger brother in "Valley of Decision" and—what Marsh thinks is most fantastic of all—he played a cocky ensign in "They Were Expendable"—and he has never been cocky.

The college kids still ask Marsh Thompson when he's coming back to school—especially certain young ladies who say they miss him. They probably do, too, because that's one department Marshall



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doesn't overlook—romance, and one where it seems to me he's done all right—although to hear Marshall relate his tragic romances you'd think he was a long-suffering soul who never got a break. The fascinating, *affaires de coeur* chapters go like this:

"I fell in love. Then this girl's soldier came back. Naturally, I was out." (Sigh.) Or, "This girl didn't know who she liked, me or a guy in Texas. Well (sigh), of course it was the guy in Texas." And "I hung my pin on her. She lost it. That made me mad, but what really busted it up was when I found out she had three other fraternity (sigh) pins!"

He used to take pretty Jane Powell around. Last Christmas Eve, Jane invited Marsh over to help trim the tree. But that day people around the lot gave him pipes and tobacco for presents and he showed up proudly puffing one. He should have known better. In a minute he was dizzy as a top and had to go home. Right now Marilyn Maxwell tops his Hollywood phone number list and the other night, coming back from a party, he suggested dropping in Mocambo, his first look-in at a Hollywood night spot. Poor Marsh had to borrow five bucks from Marilyn to pay the whopping bill!

kissing double . . .

Marshall lives at home with his family at Westwood and they're still his favorite people. Mom and Dad have inspected every set Marsh has worked on and caught him doing his stuff in every picture. They even took their vacation last summer to tour up Jackson Hole, Wyoming, way to watch Marsh make "Bad Bascomb." Incidentally, he thinks that's the dreamiest film he's ever made. "Imagine," says Marsh, "playing cowboys and Indians with two hundred people to help you."

He's got just enough kid left in him to get a bang like that out of all his picture jobs. With Jimmy Lydon, Marsh about drove his director nuts when he made "Twice Blessed." That pair had a scene where they get their romances mixed up with the Wilde twins and kiss the wrong girls. Well, Jimmy and Marsh pulled a gag. They kept shuffling the pretty twins around, so that half the time they picked the right-wrong girls to kiss and kept smacking away at them for an hour while the director tore his hair. "You're gonna kiss those girls until you get it right," he cried. Which was exactly what the wily Jimmy and Marsh had intended.

Ever since he was born, Marshall Thompson has been a string bean, and his lack of weight and heft still worry him He eats five eggs for breakfast, cake, candy, cream and potatoes by the scoop—but it's no use. He's still lanky. He still thinks he's the un-handsomest guy on wheels. Won't even keep mirrors in his room.

That mirror allergy is just a hangover from Marsh's old complex. Actually, he's nice looking—no Bob Taylor the Second, or anything, but attractive. He has gold-brown, wavy hair, ruddy cheeks, a nose that tilts up humorously, a good grin, a pleasant, scrubbed Scotch-Irish look, and that funny twinkle in his eyes that makes me twinkle back, because really Marshall has a very keen funnybone. He inherits it.

family funnybone . . .

The other day Marshall and some of the Occidental College gang were hanging around his Westwood house with nothing much on their minds, when the phone rang. A flirty girl's voice said she thought Marshall Thompson was just grand and she was up in her beautiful Bel Air home with swimming pool and tennis courts and things with nothing whatever to do and she wondered if he'd like to run up. Marsh demurred, but the frat brothers listening in, said "Hey, how about this?" When he explained he had three guests, the girl giggled my, what a coincidence—three of her best girl friends, all beautiful, were there too, and she knew they'd all get along like peaches and cream.

That was too much, so Marsh and the boys hopped in the jaloppy and raced up to the address. It was a big Bel-Air mansion all right, but—no girls. Only a peevish old man who sicced some dogs on the Romeos. Not till he dragged back home did Marsh find out the flirty voice was his Mom's, calling from a friend's house. And he hadn't even recognized her!

In most other respects, Marshall acts his own age. He likes to read chilling mysteries, craves good swing music, loves to roar off in his Chevvy on trips with his college chums, has a new girl every month, and sometimes oftener, is sort of vague about money matters, scribbles tons of stories and plays and never tries to sell them, studies his scripts in bed with a soft drink and a straw, has pernicious telephonitis, size eleven feet, and a perpetually sun-peeled nose.

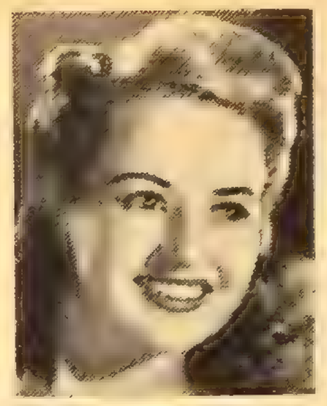
But Marshall Thompson has something else that's maybe a bit beyond his years. He has a goal and a good one.

Marsh knitted his brows thoughtfully, as he told me, "I still would like to be a minister some day. Why have I been lucky like this? Why is it *me*? Well—I think I know why. If you get yourself some fame—in movies or anywhere else—so people know who you are, they'll listen to what you've got to say. Maybe some day I'll have something to say that can help people and I'll be in a spot where lots of people will listen, because they'll know me and like me.

"Like Frank Sinatra," finished Marsh. "Know what I mean?"

Sure I do. I think Frank's doing a grand job and making his fantastic fame work for plenty of good. If Marshall Thompson has that kind of an ambition for his screen future, he certainly can't go very far wrong, no matter what happens. And no matter what happens, I think he'll go far.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My 16-year-old brother and I had spent most of our vacation in Hollywood, hoping to glimpse some stars — but no luck. We were just walking out of the Farmers' Market when Johnnie nudged me. Ahead of us was a cute blonde with pigtails, wearing a blue chambray dress, with a very neat figure—what we could see from the back. "Look at those legs," whispered Johnnie. "It's an actress," I said. "Naw," replied Johnnie, "it's some high school kid. Watch me give her a thrill." Hurrying ahead, he caught up with her and said, "May I have your autograph?" "Certainly," she answered, and signed her name on a piece of paper torn from her grocery sack. Then she flashed a 14 carat smile and said, "You know, you might do very well in pictures—the Andy Hardy type of thing." Then she was gone, and we didn't need to look at the book to know that it read "Betty Grable." Was Johnnie's face red!

M. Draeger
Des Moines, Iowa

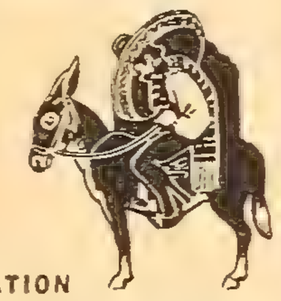
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"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"

(STORY)

(Continued from page 47)

nurse firmly.

There was another nurse on duty at the reception desk on the Maternity floor. She watched the tall young man coolly.

"Yes?" she said.

"I'm having a baby," said the tall young man.

"How unusual," said the nurse. "They taught us that it was usually the female of the species that bears the young."

"I mean—"

"I know what you mean," said the nurse. "Your name?"

"Mike."

"Your last name," said the nurse gently. "We're all your friends here, of course, but we usually keep our records by last names."

"Oh," said the tall young man. "Hanlon. But my wife'll know who you mean if you just say Mike. Tell her—"

"I'm afraid she's a little busy just now," the nurse said.

"Oh!" said Mike Hanlon.

"Now if you'll just sit down," the nurse said. "There's nothing you can do now except wait."

There was a long, hard bench set against the wall near the elevator and there was no one on it except a very quiet and mild man reading a movie magazine.

The little man said kindly: "This must be your first . . ."

"First what?" Mike said.

long voyage home . . .

"Baby."

"I haven't got any," Mike said.

"Couldn't be your first if you did," the man said patiently. "Been married long?"

"Couple of years."

"Where did you meet your wife?"

"It was funny how it happened—"

"Was it?"

"Well, maybe not really funny. I mean—"

"Tell me about it," said the little man.

Now as he started to think about it and tried to tell the little man just how it had happened, it all came back so vividly that he could almost hear Slinky and Susan, Lucy and Mom and Old Man Stiles.

It was all Slinky's fault to begin with. They were just back from the Islands, out of the foxholes for the first time in years, with thirty days terminal leave handed them like an unexpected gift Christmas morning. Mike knew what he wanted to do. He'd been thinking about it long enough through all the dark nights and the death filled days. Lucy was waiting back in Rhodesville, Indiana; there was going to be a marriage and Mike wasn't the boy to be late for his own wedding.

But Slinky had other ideas . . .

"What's so terrible about what I'm asking you to do?" Slinky said.

"I don't want to. That's all."

"What's a little radio program? You're not afraid of a radio program, are you?"

"No Marine is afraid of anything."

"All right. Check. So you go on this Susan Duncan radio program. They give out a lot of dough on those programs. You get your bite, I get my ten per cent—"

"What ten per cent?"

"I'm your agent, ain't I?" Slinky said.

"No Marine needs an agent."

"There's nobody alive who doesn't need an agent," Slinky said. "That's all I'm asking you to do. Go on this program. Right after it, we're out of town on the first train to Rhodesville."

"No," Mike said.

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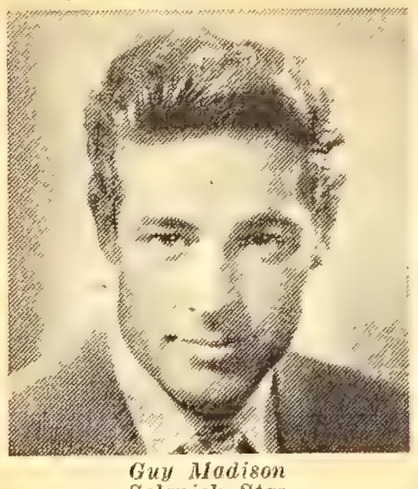
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"That's it," Slinky said. "That's a pal. I ask you to do one little thing and you turn me down. Look what you got ahead of you. A girl like Lucy. A job. A little house with a white picket fence. No problems. Nothing. And look at me. An agent without any clients."

Mike gritted his teeth: "What do I have to do?"

"You just go on the air. You tell them how you won the Congressional Medal of Honor. You tell them what a hero you are."

"No."

"I'm not begging," Slinky said. "If I'm on my knees it's because I'm tired."

"All right," Mike said suddenly. "We'll do it."

"Mike!"

"Only you'll do it. Get it? It's your idea. And for tonight you're Mike Hanlon. Call me Slinky."

"Mike—"

"Take it or leave it."

Slinky groaned. "The things I got to do for a measly ten per cent. . ."

hi mom! . . .

It was wonderful. Standing in the wings, Mike watched, grinning as Slinky stumbled red faced and sweating, through the "hero" routine. It wasn't that Susan Duncan was at fault. As a matter of fact she was a pretty sweet kid and deeply sincere about the whole thing. Mike felt a little sorry about fooling her. But he shrugged it off. In a couple of hours, they'd be gone, on the train for Rhodesville and Lucy.

So it would have been a wonderful gag except for what happened at the very end. Susan came out on the stage carrying a phone. She smiled at Slinky.

"Sgt. Hanlon," she said, "we have a surprise for you. At the other end of this phone, your mother is waiting. We put through a special call for you."

In the wings, Mike gulped and clenched his fists. He turned to Susan Duncan's assistant who was standing beside him. The girl was smiling broadly, nodding her head happily.

"Isn't that a nice touch?" she said.

"Wonderful," Mike groaned.

"It makes me feel so sentimental," she said. "Did I tell you you can call me Rosalind?"

"Thanks," Mike said.

He watched while Slinky slowly took the phone and began to mumble into it. He didn't know how he got through it. Slinky mumbled, stumbled and mumbled some more and then finally an angelic smile covered his face and he wiped his brow and handed the phone back to Susan.

"Mom wants to talk to you," Slinky said.

Mike heaved a sigh of relief. Mom must have been pretty excited if she didn't recognize that it wasn't his voice on the other end of the wire. Well, he'd be seeing her in a day or so and they'd have a laugh over it. Onstage, Susan Duncan was still holding the phone.

And in Rhodesville, Indiana, Mike's mother was talking slowly and distinctly, her face very grave and troubled: "Miss Duncan," she said, "I want to thank you for this chance to talk to my boy. And there's another favor I must ask you. Mike's got a girl here, you know. He thinks he's coming home to marry her. But he isn't. Lucy is married. It would break his heart if he came back and found it out just like that. If you could just keep him in Los Angeles for a few days until I could get there, I could break the news to him and it would be easier that way. Could you do that for me . . .?"

And on a stage in Los Angeles, Susan Duncan hesitated only a moment. And then she said slowly into the phone: "Of course I will. I'll try . . ."

It was morning. The birds, which sing

everywhere in Los Angeles, were singing outside of Susan Duncan's window. Susan wasn't fully awake yet and the scattered fragments of the night's dream still scurried through her mind.

Slinky . . . no, Mike . . . Mike was the hero, but Slinky was nice . . . funny, you'd almost swear Slinky should have been the hero . . . tall and handsome and very nice . . . what was it he said last night at the night club after the show? . . . doesn't want any more out of life than the next fellow . . . a girl and a chance to earn some happiness for both of them . . . that was nice . . .

It was just about then that the bell rang, and a moment later the maid peeked in and said Ben Belamar was outside and had to see her. Ben was from the advertising agency.

Ben was excited.

"We told a lie last night," Ben shouted.

"What?"

"Over one hundred and seventeen stations. Coast to Coast!"

"What are you talking about, Ben?"

"Hanlon. Mike Hanlon. Our hero! Only he isn't!"

"Isn't he a hero?"

"Of course he is," Ben yelled.

"Then what are you shouting about?"

"He's a hero. But he isn't Mike Hanlon!"

Ben was still sputtering. He had a magazine under his arm. His hands trembled as he opened it. On one page was a spread of pictures. And under one of them was the legend: "Mike Hanlon, Sgt.—Congressional Medal of Honor. Though wounded, Marine Sergeant Hanlon—"

"Wait until Stiles finds out about this," Ben was groaning. "He'll have us off the air quicker than you can say Mike. No! Not Mike! Say anything but Mike!"

"For the love of Mike," Susan said softly.

"Don't you understand?" Ben screamed.

"Of course I understand," Susan said. "Slinky is really Mike. It's the most wonderful news you could have brought me—"

"Wonderful!"

"Don't worry about anything, Ben. I'll take care of Stiles. You know Popsy listens to me. And I'll take care of Mike Hanlon, too. Don't worry about anything—"

"Who's worried?" Ben said.

And collapsed on a chair.

goin' home . . .

She was over to the hotel where Mike and Slinky were staying—courtesy of the Susan Duncan Program—as fast as her convertible could weave through the California traffic, which was fast enough. She went through the lobby on the run, caught the express elevator to the Terrace Suite and dashed down the hall. She knocked on the door like a small flurry of hail.

Slinky opened the door.

"Where's Mike?" Susan said.

"Here I am, darling," Slinky said. "Come in."

Susan said impatiently: "I mean Mike. I know all about it, Slinky."

"Oh," Slinky said.

"Where is he?"

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"Back to Rhodesville. He's taking the ten o'clock train."

Susan said: "No!"

Slinky said: "Yes!"

Susan looked at her watch quickly: "I can still stop him."

"Let him go," Slinky said expansively. "I'm still here. Come on in—"

But Susan was already back down the hall, punching the elevator button. Slinky started after her. And it was only then that he noticed a curious thing. He wasn't wearing any trousers. For that matter he wasn't wearing a shirt. He had a towel wrapped around him and an overseas cap perched over his right eye.

He looked down at the towel, looked across the hall at Susan, and then in a mad dash slammed back into the room and crashed the door shut.

"Women!" he said. "They don't even let you take a shower in peace . . ."

It took the Stationmaster's crew and a bevy of Shore Police to locate and to stop Mike. They brought him back to the Stationmaster's office and he was still sputtering when he saw Susan.

"What's going on?" he yelled. "I missed my train."

"Hello, Sgt. Hanlon," Susan said sweetly.

"Don't give me that," Mike yelled.

"Why, Sergeant," Susan said. "Didn't you promise to have breakfast with me?"

"I did not."

"Especially after that wonderful broadcast you did for us last night. My sponsor was so pleased with it—"

"Broadcast?" Mike said. "What broadcast?"

"You've forgotten already," Susan said. "How sad. Our Coast-to-Coast broadcast in honor of Sgt. Mike Hanlon, winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor. It was so good of you to help us—"

"I didn't—" Mike began. And then he realized what he was saying. His eyes narrowed: "What do you want, Miss Duncan?"

"Let's talk about it over a cup of coffee," Susan said.

And so they went back to her little house in the hills. Susan marched into the kitchen, began to get out the makings of griddle cakes and coffee. Mike trailed in after her stormily.

"All right," he said. "So we switched. What harm did it do? No one knows it wasn't me on the program last night—"

THREE'S A CROWD? NOT WHEN IT'S THREE STORIES ON VAN J.—AND ALL IN OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE!

"I do," Susan said.

"So what?"

"And my sponsor does. He's furious about it. We have a reputation for honesty on the Susan Duncan program. All I want you to do is to explain it to him."

"All right. I will. Where is he?"

"In New York."

"New York!" Mike yelled.

"But he's on his way out here now. As soon as he gets here you can tell him the whole story. You wouldn't want him to blame me, would you?"

"But I have a girl in Indiana," Mike exploded. "We're going to get married. I can't hang around here forever."

"Just long enough to clear my name," Susan said sweetly.

"When is he due, this sponsor of yours?" Mike grated.

"Any day."

Mike groaned: "Any day. And what do I do until then?"

"You have that lovely suite at the hotel. All expenses paid. It shouldn't be hard to take."

"I don't want to take it," Mike said. "I want to go back to Rhodesville." He paced down the kitchen, swung around: "Do you have a phone here?"

"Of course," Susan said.

It wasn't until he gave the number that she realized what he was up to. Miss Lucy Reilly—Rhodesville, Indiana— Sgt. Mike Hanlon calling.

But there wasn't anything she could do now except pray and hope and listen. He was already putting the call through. There was no way to stop him. She held on to

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the edge of the shelf, not daring to turn, and she heard his voice spilling eagerly into the phone.

"Lucy . . . is that you, Lucy . . . look darling, don't say anything, just listen . . . I'm going to be held up a little . . . I won't be able to get back for a couple of days . . . it's nothing serious . . . so don't worry . . . just remember I'll be there as soon as I can . . . gee, it's certainly swell to be able to talk to you . . . well, pretty soon we won't have to do it over a phone, either . . . I'll tell you all about it when I see you . . . be good . . . take it easy."

At the closet Susan's body was still tense. She turned slowly. Mike was pushing the phone away carefully. He sighed.

"It was certainly wonderful to talk to her."

"What did she say?" Susan said slowly.

"Nothing much. I guess she was crying, a little. I didn't give her much of a chance to say anything, anyway—"

"Oh," Susan said.

the fat man pays . . .

So he had to stay in Los Angeles a little while longer. Susan promised to have the sponsor at her house that night since he was due in from New York. Mike walked slowly back to his hotel. It had been wonderful to talk to Lucy. But . . . well, but what? He couldn't really say. It was this California sunshine. It made you feel so strange. It would be all right once he got back to Indiana . . .

He opened the door to the hotel suite. For a moment he thought he was in the wrong place. Someone was banging on a piano, briskly singing a song in some strange tongue that sounded as if it could have been Russian.

It was Russian . . .

A girl was singing out the lyrics and she nodded at him briskly and called between choruses: "Countess Ilanovich Marina Strogoff—at your service!"

At the mirror a large and pleasantly fat man was trying on derby hats. He turned and waved: "Come on in," he said.

Slinky came in from the shower rubbing his hair. He saw Mike and stopped.

"Who are these people?" Mike said.

"Boarders," Slinky said confidentially. "The tall gal is a Russian Countess from Texas. The fat gent is a guy named Stiles. I figured that as long as you were going back, I'd get lonely in the joint. So I rented out part of it. It's all right. I cleared it with the OPA—"

Mike said, "Slinky, it's not our room. Susan Duncan's paying for it."

"Her sponsor is. Let the fat ape pay a couple of more bucks—"

"She's in enough trouble as it is. Get them out!"

Slinky shrugged: "It's too late. The deal's made. You wouldn't want me to get a reputation as a liar—"

Mike groaned and sat down.

Susan was waiting for him when he came by that night. That is: Susan and some sixty or seventy other people. Her house was jammed.

"I didn't expect a party," he said.

"It's for my sponsor," she said.

"Where is he?"

"He's not here yet. He'll turn up."

"Where can we talk alone?" Mike asked.

"The patio?"

It was cool and dim out on the patio. The moon hung trembling over the rim of the hills that fell like dipping roller coasters to the ocean beyond. There was a small rose-enclosed arbor in one corner. Mike sat down on the bench.

"Susan," he said. "I've been a lot of trouble to you, I guess."

"Not so much, really, Sergeant."

"Well, you've been a lot of trouble to me."

"Have I?" she said. "I'm sorry."

"No, not that way. I mean—"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean if we hadn't been on your program I'd never have met you and if Slinky didn't . . . or I mean . . . if I didn't . . ."

"If you didn't what?" Susan said.

"I don't know," Mike said desperately. "I mean that I'm glad I met you."

"So am I, Mike," Susan said softly . . .

"Susan . . . !"

They came out of the kiss slowly, hardly hearing the voice that was calling from the front of the patio. Then they heard the bellow again and they turned.

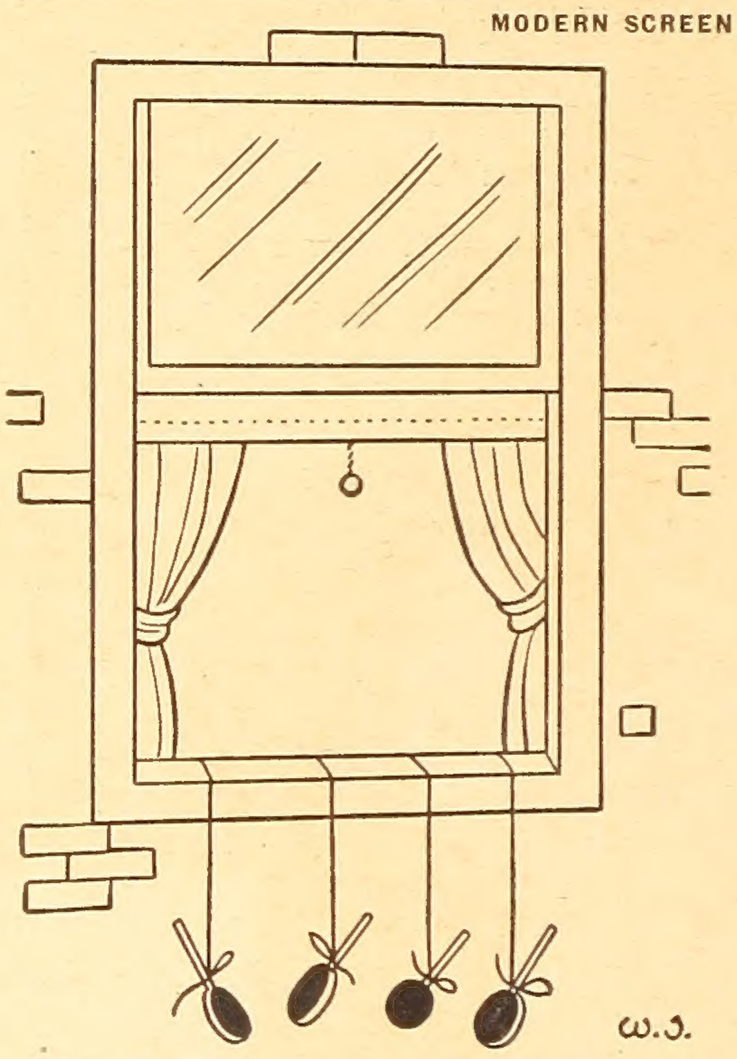
"Susan . . . !"

It was a fat man in a neat blue suit and he was peering into the darkness.

"Popsy," Susan said.

The man heard her voice and came toward her. "Susan," he was saying, "what's all this nonsense Belamar's been telling me about a mistake on the program? Why should it be so much trouble to find a few heroes? I don't understand—"

"Mr. Stiles," Susan was murmuring, "this is Sergeant Hanlon. This is my sponsor."



And Mike was looking into the eyes of the fat man he had left not so long ago in the hotel suite trying on derbies. They stared at each other.

"The Russian Countess," Mike said. "And you!"

"The Marine!" Stiles said.

"Our room—" Mike began.

"Whose room?" Stiles roared. "I'm paying for your room. And then on top of that I'm paying you to share it with me! Susan," he shouted. "Do something."

"I was trying to," Susan said demurely, "when you came in . . ."

"Let's get back to the hotel," Stiles shouted. "Young man. Come with me!"

On the way back Mike told him the whole story. Stiles listened quietly. And at the end, he said: "Sergeant, would you take some advice from an old tired man?"

"Yes, sir?" Mike said.

"This girl back home. How long do you know her?"

"We grew up together," Mike answered.

"Go back to her," Stiles said quietly. "Susan's a wonderful girl. But you're just infatuated with her. Take my advice, go back to Rhodesville."

Mike didn't answer for a long time. And then he said in a low voice: "Yes, sir. That's what I think."

It was just a little after dawn. Two scrubwomen were patiently washing the floor and they hardly turned when the two Marines appeared from the elevators and started across the lobby.

Slinky said: "Why so early in the morning? It isn't civilized."

"We're taking the first train out," Mike said grimly.

And they continued to walk silently toward the doors of the hotel. They were almost across the lobby when the door swung inward and a grey haired woman came through and looked uncertainly around. Mike stopped abruptly. And at the same moment her eyes met his.

"Mom!" Mike said.

And then she was in his arms. It wasn't until they were in the little Coffee Shop that he thought to ask her why she had come.

"Mike," she said. "Lucy didn't wait for you. I wanted to be the one to tell you—"

"Lucy . . ."

"I told Miss Duncan to keep you here until I came. I didn't want you to come back home . . . and then find out. I'll have to thank Miss Duncan for all she's done."

"Yes," Mike said bitterly. "Thank her."

"Mike," his mother said softly. "Don't be hurt about Lucy."

"The funny part is," Mike said, "that I'm not. I think I was almost hoping something like that would happen—"

"Then why are you angry?"

Mike said slowly: "Because a girl I thought was doing things for me, was only doing it because . . . it was her job . . ."

He never let Susan tell him her side of the story. He went back to San Diego without trying to see her. And he wouldn't answer when she tried to call. He wouldn't listen to anybody, not to Mom, not to Slinky, not to Mr. Stiles. He was bitter and hurt and angry. He thought the world had cheated him. And maybe it had . . .

But on the day before they were to receive their discharges from the Corps, there was a special event. On the Colonel's order they assembled in the Rec Hall. There was a radio program to be broadcast from San Diego. Mike watched, fascinated, as Susan Duncan slowly came out on the platform . . .

it's a boy! . . .

The next thing he knew he was up on the platform beside her and she was talking: "On our last program," she said, "we made a mistake that we're here to rectify. We want you all to meet Sgt. Mike Hanlon, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor. Will you tell us about yourself, Sergeant? What are your plans now?"

"To get as far away as possible as soon as I can—"

"Far away from what, Sergeant?"

"You—"

"Sergeant, we're on the air!"

"Fine."

"If that's the way you feel, then I have a few things to say—"

"I'm not interested."

"I don't care whether you are. When I first met you, I thought you were one of the finest men I ever knew. It was even something more than that. I fell in love with you. And then—"

"You what?" Mike Hanlon shouted.

"You heard me," Susan yelled back.

"Do you love me?" Mike said.

"I do," Susan yelled.

In the hospital waiting room the little man was still sitting forward, listening intently as Mike finished his story. He looked toward Mike and smiled.

"And then what happened?"

The swinging doors at the end of the corridor opened and a nurse came swinging down the long hall: "Mister Hanlon?"

Mike stood up tensely.

The little man tugged at his jacket.

"And then what happened?" he repeated.

"It's a boy," said the nurse.

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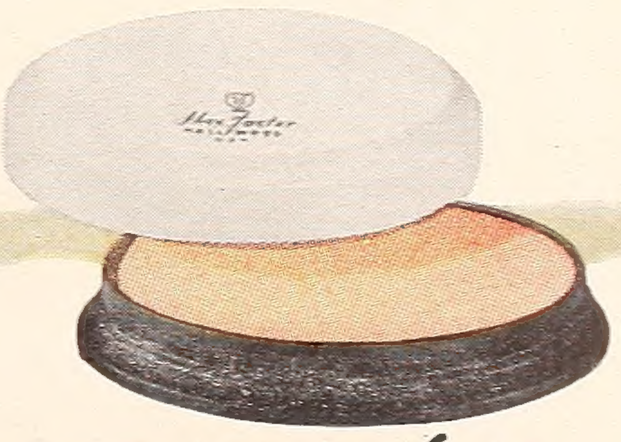


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